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THE

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WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., EDITOR

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METHODIST REVIEW

JULY, 1916

AN AMERICAN GIRL AT THE FRENCH BATTLE-FRONT[1]

December 8, 1915.

Among the countless incidents I might tell you there is one I think you will find especially interesting. It is a *leg*—No. 19, the oldest inhabitant. He was in the Salle before I arrived, and the only one of the thirty-three whom I had never dressed. It was not because he was more serious, because I had much graver cases, but the doctors in the *Salle d'Operation* were interested in his particular fracture—both tibia and peronee—and he kept on going day by day. (Poor fellow, how many changes of comrades he has had!) Occasionally, when I had time, I went with him for his *pansement*—of course I always go for operations—but I never could see that he made any improvement, and one day they put him in plaster. From that day the calf began to swell until you would have thought he had elephantiasis, and a little over a week ago the surgeon told him he would have to amputate the following morning. I shall never forget the look in the poor fellow's face—to suffer so long and for nothing! Besides he is thirty-six, and at that age one's nerve is less buoyant. I asked the surgeon if nothing could be done. He replied that it was retention of pus, and that would produce general infection. Quite

[1] These are private letters to friends at home, dashed off hurriedly with no thought of publication, in that bloody and tragic place where the mangled and dying are brought through the lines from the battle-front to the hospitals in the rear. These informal letters, written artlessly, but with unconscious art, are by a brilliant American girl who is regularly militarized in the French army with the Red Cross, holding the rank of Lieutenant and receiving her orders from the Quartermaster General. The name she passes by in the army is "Mademoiselle Miss." The sick and wounded soldiers under her care call her "La petite mère"; and she speaks of them as "my babies," "my nestlings." What a life for a delicately reared and refined young woman to be living amid such awful scenes, in a foreign land far from anyone belonging to her in any way!

obviously it was a fearful leg, but the wound itself was bright red and perfectly healthy and foot and thigh absolutely normal. Remembering my face last winter, it seemed more like a nest of abscesses, which do often come when fragments of bone have not been removed.

Before I realized it I was asking for twenty-four hours' grace to try a special treatment. It was granted. The treatment was simple enough. Hot *lavages* of *eau iodée* and huge hot envelopments of *eau borignée* every three hours. I used litres of *eau borignée,* to the despair of the *pharmacien,* and I know everyone thought I was "touched," for I already had so much more than I could do and this was no mean supplement. At the end of the twenty-four hours when the surgeon made his rounds—"In fact, that is curious; that is no worse," and he gave me twenty-four hours more. By that time those dear little abscesses had begun to run. "That is doing well, Mlle. Continue." The next—"Continue," and the next—"My old man"—to the poor fellow—"you are in luck. Mlle. has succeeded; you will keep your leg."

I hardly dared believe it, but it has been confirmed by the *Médecin—Chef,* so it seems sure. Now another difficulty arises. You see it's *my* leg! How to arrange we don't quite know. We discuss the matter every day!

Of course, now I see why I had an abscess last winter, and that grievance against Fate is canceled. But oh, imagine the blind leading the blind like that! Do you remember Tissot's picture? It is awful enough, but I could change the setting and make it worse. Speaking of pictures, I believe I never thanked you for "Physics" (Puvis de Chavannes). It rejoices me daily. It symbolizes my situation exactly; hooded, blinded, clinging to the wire of Destiny, impelled by a cosmic force, and overhead the glistening hope of *France Victorieuse* of 1916.

You ask about young Americans and the rescue of our wounded. I cannot imagine anything grander or more needed, and if I were in a *Formation Auxiliaire* I should say, "Come," and I should find places for them, too. But, alas! I'm not. I'm only a poor soldier. ("In military life one must never try to understand"—old adage.) It is easier for a camel to go through

the needle's eye than for a foreigner to get into this sacred circus-ring of a French military system. How I ever managed to squeeze in under the flap of the tent is more than I know. Probably because I didn't try very hard, but only seized my chance when it came. However, say to any aspirant, with my salute, that if he does not aspire to the blue, gray and crimson, there are plenty of lambs to snatch from the slaughter, and plenty of independent *formations* ready to receive him.

December 27, 1915.

There is such a terrific flow of things in my head that nothing less than a *trépannation* could give them outlet.

It is worse than trying to write up a month of journal when you have stopped a night in each place and are still on the go. I am afraid I have lost the fine grip on essentials; but you must make allowance for the most *mouvementé* Xmas that I've ever known, and perhaps you've ever heard of, and the fact that I never have more than ten minutes' quiet at a time.

This being an essentially Christmas Number we'll omit professional data, and all the tragic things, and the weakness of the *Service de Santé* that makes one gnash one's teeth, to show you the bright side of the battle. Don't forget there is one, and it is good to reveal it from time to time lest we lose faith in living and get bound to the wheel. One can lay too much stress on the shambles, the misery, the cruelty, at the expense of finer realities, and if R. L. S. were here he'd perfectly agree with me. All of which goes to show that the Star of Bethlehem has shone very close above our humble shelter at this blessed season, and the Angel of Death has not passed over it. For which I am so utterly thankful that my heart is as light as a lark's—to-day, and it has learned—as our *poilus* learn to sleep in the trenches—not to forecast alarms for the morrow.

(Later.) Well, it was over a month ago, when the stress of death and quick changes was at its height, that for once in my life I had a flash of forethought for Christmas; and when the Government offered me six days' leave of absence, to which we are entitled at this time, I refused it instantly. Mothers who love their children don't go off and leave them with empty stockings then. And

the *poilu* more than any other creature in the world, I believe, does love to be diverted.

I happened to tell my scheme to the young chemist who assists in the operating room. As he is enthusiastic to forward me in every way, from carrying *blessés* to providing me with chocolates, which quickly disappear down thirty-three throats (to his great disappointment), he said it was a great idea but too much for me alone, and he suggested interesting his mother and her Paris friends. A tremendous lift, as I didn't hold a lone hand. Then there is a dear bonnie *vieille* who plays the role of fairy godmother to my *salle*. For a long time I never knew who she was, or where she came from, but twice a week, just at soup time, in would trot the dear quaint creature all tied up in a woolen fichu and laden with a huge basket filled for the whole family. Sometimes it held baked apples all sticky with jelly, sometimes a thick, savory potage steaming hot, sometimes tarts or ripe pears—always a digestible inspiration. She'd slip in, set the basket on the table, and slip out before I had time to thank her. Later I found it was Mme. Nebout, who keeps the tiny *mercerie* in the Rue de Frignicourt, and I am almost sorry to place her, she was so like a figure out of Hans Andersen. One day I caught her on the fly to ask if she could help me order a tree. The keen, wrinkled eyes just danced. Not only she'd help me, but she knew a *horticulteure* who'd give me one if she said so, and she'd give me all the ribbons, and some handkerchiefs, and there was a confectioner who had bonbons to spare. So immediately I took heart and saw my little *festa* taking stately proportions. A little thinking at night after I had cuddled under my eiderdown, and three pilgrimages to town, of an hour and a half each, three days before Christmas, did the rest, and Christmas Eve you couldn't have found a prettier tree in the whole Republic than lifted its glimmering branches toward the rafters of Pavilion V.

December 29, 1915.

Mme. B., my young friend's mother, sent me a portly case with many bonbons, cigarettes, twenty pipes, and biscuits in confusion; my good dames who house me so cheerfully tucked ten francs under my plate, and I myself stretched several points,

"for Christmas comes but once a year." So that at half-past six on Christmas Eve, when the *Médecin Chef* came, very nervous, to preside over the lighting of those precarious candles, permission for which I had planned and plead so ardently, he saw a quite enchanting sight: All the fourteen windows of the *salle* garlanded with ivy, for which a faithful *infirmier* had ferreted in the neglected environs of Vitry; all my 29 *blessés*—the family is lacking four—propped up on their pillows in anticipation, and in the midst *our tree,* all aglitter with bright globes and dozens of candles, pinned on with many prayers that they would not make mischief, and bent under the weight of my tiny gifts—attached with tri-color. At the top a tinsel star, constructed by me and an able-handed *blessé,* with the tri-color at the topmost point—*au dessus des étoiles,* mark you!—and little silk flags of all the Allies below, with a microscopic Stars and Stripes.

All this was surprise and excitement enough, but no one was prepared for the *grand coup* that was to follow.

After the tree was lighted I flew off to the *Salle de Pansements* with "Grandpère" and a few minutes later out stepped as perfect a Père Noël as ever walked through the pages of a story book—a French Père Noël, no Santa Claus. A blue-gray cape—mine, but don't tell—covered him from top to toe, and on the long white beard and peaked hood the frêsh snow glittered cheerily—a combination of mica, boracic acid and *coton cardé* not at all banal; in his hand a knotted cane and classic lantern, feet tucked in deep, turned-up sabots, and on his back a basket with oranges for the whole hospital.

You should have seen the joy and astonishment that accompanied his triumphal progress from pavilion to pavilion, several of us following to distribute the goodies!

Once, when we went into a *Salle d'Isolement* where a poor fellow was languishing in the last stage of septic poisoning, there happened something strange and infinitely touching. He must have taken the apparition for something heavenly, for first a dazed look came over his face, then a marvelous smile, and he stretched out his arms. I bent down and whispered a Christmas message and put an orange in his hand. It was his last consciousness.

"Grandpère" acquitted himself masterfully, made enchanting little discourses as if he had been a real actor instead of a simple peasant from the Oise, and *Médecin-Chef,* who at first had been dubious of the undertaking, was enchanted.

When the distribution was over I filled the arms of Père Noël with red roses (ordered from Troyes) to distribute among the *infirmières,* and he made an effect in *bleu, blanc, rouge*—blue mantle, white beard, red roses—altogether delightful. After that he gave each of the doctors a little box daintily engraved with a wreath of flags and filled with dates I had stuffed at midnight. And then I began the distribution in my *salle.* Each *blessé* had a *"Pochette de la Victoire"*: four sheets of writing-paper, four envelopes, and an ink-pencil tied with tri-color, a tiny mirror (they adore to look at themselves), a tiny comb in a case, a bright package of bonbons and a package of cigarettes. Tiny things, but all I could afford, and you would have thought Paradise had opened for them.

There were fountain pens for my three *infirmières,* and Christmas Day I made Russian tea with a "big stick" in it, and there were lots of cakes. Thus passed Christmas of 1915, and to think I didn't have to endure even the least pang of uneasiness for anyone!

December 31, 1915.

The last hour of the old year, and since I have been so ineffective as to let this letter languish on like this I want to "ring out the Old, ring in the New" with you. There have been changes of which I will write in my next. Gauze, cotton, gloves and needles all here, last three in these days, but *pulverisateurs* not yet. Thanks, thanks, and God bless you! It's a new year of promise. I believe we ought to be joyous even if men do make it a vale of tears, and the more suffering I see the more I think so.

(Postcard) January 1, 1916.

Happy New Year! You see I keep greeting you after the fashion of French rustics, for I assure you this is the most splendid card the village affords. A dramatic thing happened just before midnight. At five minutes to twelve, after closing my letter

to you, I blew out my wee lamp and knelt by the window. The heavens were shrouded and it was raining, but just as the first stroke of midnight sounded, as if a veil had been rent in twain the cloudy roof split and vanished, and at the end of the twelfth as gorgeous a firmament stretched over us as Johannes Agricola ever contemplated. Off northward the cannon growled more fiercely, but Orion himself directed the *tir* and one knew all was well.

They've sent away many of my children (a decided lull everywhere) but I love all the better those that are left, and just delighted in spoiling them to-day. Thank God they don't die any more.

January 10, 1916.

It is despairing—the fewer *blessés* the more I work, and consequently the less time I have to outlet my heart on paper. That may be a slight exaggeration, but it is perfectly true that with nineteen patients all in serious case one undertakes a great many minute *soins* that one wouldn't dare think of for thirty-three, and under the delusion that one has plenty of time one does things with a sort of refined thoroughness, so that the day is gone before one realizes. That accounts for the utterly unsatisfactory jottings you have had lately. You will be noble enough to rejoice that my babies are fed, washed, bathed, and powdered as they never could be in the days of an attack. In a day or two I'll write a big letter with photographs, and tell you some interesting tales. You will like to hear of the living skeleton with double *arthrotomie,* and wounds in back and hands and shoulder, that they brought me filthy and nearly dead from another pavilion. That was nine days ago and I hadn't even a doctor. I diagnosed him as a case of neglect and slow starvation and treated him accordingly—malted milk, eggs, soap, and alcohol to the fore. His *pansements* took one and one-half hours every day, and all nourishment given a few drops at a time and nearly all the time, for he was almost too weak to lift an eyelid, much less a finger. This morning he actually laughed with me and tried to clench his fist inside his *pansement* to show me how strong he was. He's saved, and that makes up for much.

As I have several times written, *pulverisateurs,* cotton, gauze, needles, and gloves have finally all come—the last a week ago—a gift from the very gods, all of it, but just now the gloves and needles are my special joy. I have bestowed gloves on a few worthy, who of course never saw anything like them, and now I am able to protect myself from danger I realize what a serious privation I underwent before. If you knew the sort of cases I handle you would realize what an armor you have given me. And how perfectly satisfactory they are!—strong as steel and so light and elastic that one's touch is rather sensitized than impaired, even in the most delicate operation. The needles are great, and as for the cotton and gauze, I breathe freely to think that at the next attack there will be one pavilion in the Ambulance fit to receive the wounded.

January 12, 1916.

I send some photographs taken long ago, at the beginning of the campaign; the landscapes date from September 24—that one time that I passed the gates of Vitry. As you have probably read, the Boches have attacked fiercely these days at La Main de Massiges in Champagne (near here), consequently my *salle* is full, and I have several terrific cases.

(This sketch is written on the back of a picture of a *poilu* "enjoying a manicure"):

The stuff that will make *la France victorieuse!* He's a little *poissonier* of Paris, staunch and sane of soul and limb, the kind that goes out alone on *patrouille* and brings down his Boche every time, and wears the cross at nineteen without bragging; the kind that is equal to anything, from writing patriotic verse that brings tears to your eyes to outwitting his nurse and always getting his way. He was a *petit blessé* and got into my service by mistake, but that wretched little wound in the thigh would not heal despite my most intelligent efforts. When we parted he confessed that every night he had carefully wet his *pansement*—excellent cure-preventive—because he didn't want to leave "Mlle. Miss." After a while he was well enough to get up, and suddenly, without any suggestion or instruction, Gaston became my *aide-major;* he cut my cottons, folded compresses, helped with *pansements,* polished

my instruments, did a thousand little fine things that I could never trust to my *infirmières;* and when we were alone at work after "lights out" we talked philosophy. We didn't cry when we separated only because we're good soldiers.

(This story was written on the back of a picture of "Mademoiselle Miss" standing by the bedside of a wounded black man):

We called him "La Blanchette." He was a good Catholic and a brave fighter and he'd come from the sunny shores of Guadeloupe to die for France. When they amputated they didn't look to see that there was a ball in the back, and it was that that killed him. I found it out when I took Pavilion V, but then it was too late. Every day the fever mounted higher and every day the black cheeks grew thinner, but he always kept saying, *"Ca va bien"* in sweet caressing tones that recalled early lullabies; never a murmur, always a smile. The last day our faithful priest confessed him—he knew just enough French for that—and it was moonlight when he went, one of us kneeling either side. After the extreme unction he pressed my hand and suddenly a marvelous change passed over his face, as if it had grown white and luminous. *"Mama,"* he murmured, *"Louis,"* then fainter and sweeter, *"O mon bon Dieu,"* and it was over and nothing remained but a radiating smile. I went to lay him away among the heroes, and if ever I doubted how to die my black pearl-fisher from Guadeloupe has shown me the way.

January 16, 1916.

Before I touch on my daily doings, such a swift monotony of change that they show a still white on the screen like the shadow from a spinning rainbow—a rather unduly flowery phrase, incident on my returning home by the light of a lunar rainbow last night, whose beauty quite turned my head—I will try for once to be "definite." I have already written several times—pray Heaven that you get all I write—that I have been the radiant recipient of a thousand yards of gauze, one hundred pounds of absorbent cotton, two *pulverisateurs,* six needles, and a dozen pairs of gloves, made in a practical corner of Paradise, and 25 lbs. of ether, and a box from the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital which I will acknowledge separately, plus such a lot of encouragement as will

last me for the rest of the war. Please keep it up, though, it "keeps one warm in the raging of the storm." All this seems opulence enough—it is quite evident you are thinking all the time and Christianizing the science; and now this morning comes that glorious list of fresh blessings from our golden shores. All at once America has become Cathay to me—a far more luminous discovery than Columbus ever dreamed of—a promised land, flowing with ether, cotton, and all sorts of surgical delights! All on a sudden I find myself growing patriotic to a degree I never knew in former days, though it's quite true that whenever I turn my eyes to the end of my *salle,* where hangs the bright trophy I told you about, the little American banner below with the light shining through gives me a wee thrill that is quite peculiar, and makes me think that some day I may be a better American.

But you mustn't be worried if things don't arrive. It is true that the transfer somewhere has been "powerful slow" and that is trying, but, ah, in such a post as this one learns—not fatalism, for that is to unlearn—but to accept the changes and chances of the days without question. Otherwise one couldn't get along. And if anything wounds you, you have only to fly to give *teinture d'iode* or an anti-tetanus injection—to someone else—and that arrests the infection of worry. But in the present case no philosophy is needed. It is perfectly true that during the months of October and November the cases would have been an inestimable boon, but one managed somehow living on the hope of plenty to come and scheming to squeeze all one could from one's surroundings. Now—ghastly simile—it is the "dull season," when the number of *grands blessés* has greatly diminished and the ends meet better for the *Service de Santé.* Besides, as my patients have a way of saying—*"On s'habitue a la misère!"* But be happy in the thought that you have done something much better for me. What is past is past and as well as could be, but now I am provided for a future which I simply couldn't face without this help. If the dearth was great last autumn it will be ten times worse in the spring when the attack begins, and I haven't the nerve to nurse with nothing so near what ought to be the source of supplies. Now I will use my new supplies gingerly, hoarding them till then.

Needles, however, which don't wear out will be a joy forever. The doctor who doesn't know how to give an injection has depointed my platinum one, and it is a perfect misery to boil the others, which don't preserve well even in alcohol. As for the gloves, I believe I told you they are a provision of my guardian angel. I have given them among serious people whom I like—a convincing proof of the superiority of all things American.

January 19, 1916.

All sorts of changes, *bruits de départs* (rumors of departure, which have been current since the beginning of the year and disturbing to all but me, who am rarely disturbed by futilities these days), visits of Generals, evacuations, etc., have kept me too busy to write and I have to relinquish the hope of telling you some interesting tales. It's a thousand pities that I can't give you as much as a penny glimpse of this weird and wonderful theater, where I play the rôle now of leading lady, now scene shifter, and anything between except, let's hope, the villain, and where such dramas and comedies are enacted as no stage ever saw. Well, *tant pis!* only I warn you I shall be intensely interesting the next time we meet.

I am desperately excited over the future possession of rubber bottles and cushions, and, oh! malted milk and oil-cloth!! That was the time you were inspired. It was not until six weeks ago that I succeeded in getting a little table for each bedside—a poor enough affair to be sure, of frail wood casually put together; but impossible to get anything to cover them. I used the blue wrappers of my cotton but that was neither pretty nor successful. Every day I bedevilled the *officier gestionnaire* until at last he said he'd give me the oil-cloth if I'd arrange to get it tacked on—he never dreamed that was possible, for he knew I was taxed to the utmost and the personnel is so limited. I said Yes, of course—then he had to give it to me, and the next day between twelve and two I covered them all myself—profiting by my experience with canvases. The *Médecin-Chef* was quite dazzled, and the very day arrived a new *Inspecteur Général* who is fastidious about night table!

Pavilion V was beyond criticism, but the oil-cloth is not famous and it will be great to change to yours. When this gives out I'll never get any more.

You ask what is most needed. For the moment, bandages, wider ones and flannel ones and medium ones; not any gauze, because that is too æsthetic and not resistent enough for our work; but they should not be clumsy either—7 to 10 meters long. We are washing and rewashing our bandages even now, and since they are not over-well washed I'm greatly tried. There is a certain pride in having a faultless-looking dressing that every nurse must feel.

Before I close to-day I must tell you that I have one Tuffier case, and that I have demonstrated quite satisfactorily to myself the truth of his method if doctors and nurses are faithful. This is a success because there is a new and conscientious surgeon and I can trust the night attendants to do their work when I am not there.

January 21, 1916.

My No. 19 has long since left *with his leg* for a sunnier clime.

January 30, 1916.

A picture of "L'Arbre de Noel," Dec., 1915, with group of soldiers, orderlies, and "Mademoiselle Miss."

It was the day after, and a storm of enthusiasm had stripped our little tree almost bare. Imagine it laden and lighted. Those are flags below. On the left a number of *petits blessés* that came in to have their pictures taken. Beside me is my good Pepère—*alias* Karbiche.

Deux vues générales.

You can see there were roses that day; the palm, a hardy phœnix, was given me by one of my rich *blessés,* a constant joy, and I never forget to water it! No. 22 sitting in full light with a frame before him was a man of energy. Despite a ghastly heel which will lay him up for the rest of the war, he would have his clothes and was always "doing things." Here you see him occupied in weaving a silk *tapis*—design and frame invented by himself. Grandpère at the extreme end.

The Story of "Croya"

They brought him half unconscious with seven suppurating wounds. It was late, the *médecin-de-garde* was lazy and I did the first examination and dressing unassisted. The next day they overhauled him at the *Salle d'Operation,* decided he was *fichu* (done for) and handed him over to me with instructions to *"le laisser tranquille."* It is one of the few *pansements* I have had that really frightened me; for it was so long, and every day for a week or more I extracted bits of cloth and *éclats* (splinters) sometimes at a terrifying depth; besides my patient was savage and sullen, all that is ominous in the Arab nature coming out. Gradually, however, the suppuration ceased, the fever fell (we gave him uretropin), and suddenly one day Croya smiled! It was so utterly surprising and transforming that we all of us rubbed our eyes. From the first I had tried to win his confidence with little gifts and caresses, but I was always repulsed with a kind of grave scorn, not a little distressing and disconcerting when we all thought he was dying. The day after he smiled he said, *"Merci, Maman,"* when I gave him an orange, and when No. 15 asked why he called me that he explained, in his weird French, that I was just like a Maman. After that it was all simple enough. Maman and Croya were perfectly devoted to each other; when Croya got better he used to help to do his own *pansement* by squeezing the rubber tube when the *lavage* flowed too fast; sometimes he'd tease me by stopping it altogether; and when Maman had a minute she'd go and sit beside Croya and he'd lay his cheek against her arm and teach her Arab words. As he grew better he was crazy to *"jouer de la musique,"* so when Karbiche went to Paris on *permission* he brought back a flute; then Croya would half sit up in bed with his shaved head tipped against his *feuille de temperature,* and play soft, strange, wild melodies that had all the mysteries of the Algerian plains in them. Every night the last thing I did was to give my child a good-night caress, and slip some edible jest into his hand—a cold orange or a sticky bonbon, or cracker crumbs that got lost in the bed unless I lit my electric lamp to find them; and we'd stifle our amusement so as not to

wake the others. I explained to the *Médecin-Chef* that I had tamed my Arab and pulled him through and I wanted to keep him till he was well enough to go back to Constantine. He said I might, and then that heartless General B. came and sent away everybody, nearly, and Croya had to go. His despair was poignantly touching. Orientals do not weep, but he wouldn't eat, he developed a temperature, all the light left those wide brown eyes, and he kept repeating all day, *"Je n'y va pas—Je n'y va pas."* You see him in the picture, just a few minutes before starting, with the ticket pinned to his cap on which I had written careful instructions to treat him attentively. I had asked him how much money he had: he answered *"riche beaucoup."* That was all the satisfaction I had till I found his pitiful little purse with just five sous inside. I put ten francs with the rest, midst incoherent protestations from Croya: and may Heaven forgive me if I was extravagant, but I couldn't let my child go out into the wide world like that. I tucked him in his blankets in the auto and the last I heard was *"Au revoir, Maman,"* in tones I can never forget. He reached Toulouse a week ago and every day since I've had a card written by some comrade and signed *"L'enfant qui n'oublie pas sa maman."* One, illustrated, had a rather too passionate couplet. The next day I got one representing a child who says to its mother, *"Petite Maman comme je t'aime,"* and Croya overwhelmed me with excuses. It was a comrade who played a joke *"parce que je ne savais pas lire. Excusez-moi, Maman."* Think of the fineness of that!

Perhaps Croya is the only son I shall ever have, but I thank Heaven for giving me the blessing of saving and loving this poor wild child of the desert.

February 1, 1916.

I foresee miserable conditions when the spring attack begins. There will be inevitably at times a lack of everything. If you but knew the moral support I derive from the thought of those boxes that are already on the road! As I told you, I simply couldn't go on doing with nothing as before in a place and season when conditions generally warranted otherwise, and the most exasperating part of it is that the people here don't seem to under-

stand the lacks. "It is the war," and that covers all irregularities, faults of management, and all the rest of it. Not the first time that misplaced philosophy has caused dire results. But this does not prevent me from always loving and appreciating more the French people—their spirit, their sweetness, their *dignity,* which, though not of the Anglo-Saxon variety, is none the less determined.

And since we're on the psychological side, and as you asked it, I have had one revelation since I have been here of the nobility of the priesthood. It was the *aumonier* we had at the time of the September attack and he stayed with us until November, when he applied to be sent to the trenches. At that time there were deaths repeatedly, night and day, but no surgeon or nurse in the Ambulance worked like *M. le Curé.* He knew every *blessé* in the Ambulance; he went constantly from bed to bed with a kindly word for each, so that his presence in the *salle,* instead of bringing an ominous savor of extreme unction, was always a bright event for nurses and patients alike. His experience was so wide that he knew better than anyone when the end was approaching, and one never had to summon him—he was always *there.* Night after night he never went to bed, and when the drive was at its height for over a week he was never off duty, snatching a few minutes' sleep on the floor beside some patient. I used to give him often sandwiches and little cakes for his night-watches, and he received them humbly and gratefully, reminding me of St. Francis. He has probably been killed by an *obus* or overwork by this time, and has merited a "large place" in Paradise. Since his departure, with the exception of the silver-haired *Curé* of Vitry who saved the town at the moment of invasion, and who occasionally pays as a fleeting patriarchal visit, a priest rarely darkens our doors.

February 5, 1916.

If by striking while the iron is hot I could only forge you an adequate image of the surprise and wonder and delight that possessed me when I opened my long-awaited Christmas box an hour ago! The *vaguemestre* had it carried into my *salle d'isolement* (fortunately empty pro tem.), and so I could gloat alone and undisturbed while my children were digesting their breakfast. What

a fairy-box and how delightfully packed!—so well, in fact, that it made me think of poor Gracieuse in the forest when he tried to put back the contents of the magic coffer! The bell rang in the midst of my investigations: of course it would have been a heinous crime to leave any package lying about, and I had all the difficulty in the world to get them back where they came from. Such riches! . . .

How did you know the slippers I bought at the Galerus Lafayette were a constant thorn in my flesh? They are ugly and don't keep me a bit warm. Yours are simply royal, and when I put my toes into them at night I shall forget the chilblains that are annoying enough from time to time, and imagine I have a fire and a carpet and all the other superfluities that you civilians indulge in. I didn't have any gloves, or at least any that counted, for my white woolen ones are soiled and holey, and it is difficult to find any more. Now, instead of hiding my hands in the pockets of my cape, I shall wear them outside to show the gauntlets! What a pity French deceptions about propriety forbid my accepting the invitation of the captain of the St. John's Ambulance (stationed here temporarily) to motor to Rheims! They would add such distinction to the expedition! Apropos, what do you think of that? He's a charming captain and his cars have brought us many wounded. I nursed one of his chauffeurs who had a sharp attack, and out of gratitude, I suppose, he asked me to come to tea in the chateau where they are lodged. I explained to him that we weren't in either of our countries, and that it would never do in the world. Moreover, I never had the time to go anywhere. Later, however—it was during those days when I had almost nothing to do except clean shelves and get ready "to receive"—he asked me to go motoring toward the front through the devastated district. That appealed powerfully—not surprising, is it, when you think I haven't had two hours off duty since the 24th of last September? I asked the *Médecin-Chef* if I might go. He was evidently very sorry to refuse me, but he explained that there had been so many *"histoires"* connected with officers and nurses that it would never do for the honor of the army, etc., etc. Ye gods and little fishes—what it is not to be Anglo-Saxon!

But peppermints and biscuits and marshmallows are more interesting. The first have been gleefully sampled, and we shall have a marshmallow roast this evening for the children. . . .

The handkerchief case is a superlative bit of daintiness. My *blessés* scented its vague delicious perfume when I was unpacking, and were very curious. So I gave each one a sniff and a glimpse, and they decided they had never seen anything so pretty, and that I ought to wear that perfume all the time. The electric lamp is the last thing in practical luxury. When one thinks of "the lady with the lamp," however, one is almost ashamed to have such an elegant indulgence.

You see it has been an important day, and America has decidedly scored. Such wonderful things couldn't come from anywhere else.

February 6, 1916.

The enclosed notes have just been handed me both written by Karbiche, who, being the only one of the two who can write, did the honors for Grandpère. (Orderlies.) You may not be able to read them—it is almost too much for me—but the fact is they were both terribly excited over their socks. I believe I told you both the poor fellows have their wives in the invaded district. Karbiche has, if it is alive, a little child whom he has never seen. If they are difficult to manage sometimes, and call for all the tact I can muster, it is not surprising, and I am really much attached to them. Karbiche is not immaculate, and I am trying to change his point of view on this head. I'll admit it's a bit difficult, seeing that the only waistcoat he has he took off a dead man at the beginning of the campaign. I am going out to buy him one to-day. One would like to do things like that all the time, but everything is cruelly expensive here, and the actual professional needs are so many that one doesn't allow oneself too many indulgences on the side. . . .

Yesterday I sent you *"Paris Qui Chante"* which contains a song and picture of Botrel, the Bard of Brittany, who has done such heroic work singing in hospitals and trenches. He is the author of the popular "Rosalie"—patriotic song. To-day as I was looking over the paper with a patient (imagine having time

for that!). I came across this article. So our gallant Botrel is wounded! What a century ago it seems since I used to meet him in the cheery little streets of Pont with his velvet hat set jauntily atilt on his handsome head, whistling one of his airs, and smiling at all those witching young Pontaises whom he made to swear, every year at *Pardon* time, never to abandon their costume! An utterly romantic figure, but without the least touch of the *poseur.* How adorably he sang duets with his wife that day in a sunny glade of the Bois d'Amour; and the night of the Fête everybody in the village came down to hear their poet sing. He sang, and paced up and down the deck of an old barge stranded there on the flats and known as M. Botrel's *Atelier,* where he often worked and talked when he came down from his cottage on the hill; and now one would catch his stalwart figure in silhouette against the warm, round moon, and now a stray firework from across the stream would light it up weirdly, and ever the splendid notes rose and fell as if some inspired corsair were encouraging his crew. . . .

Ah me! what a long loop in space I've taken and how far from the present. But no Botrel or anybody else could be so impressive as my No. 18, who sang to me a patriotic verse last night, beating time with his poor thin hand. It is he who was once the "skeleton," and whom everybody gave up; but food and massage and constant vigilance have done their work, and he's saved for his wife and children.

February, 1916,
Ambulance 1/2,
Secteur 63.

Perhaps you don't believe it, but I write and write as if my life depended on it, and if the censor or the sea swallows my letters I really can't help it. I've acknowledged everything up to date so far as I know, except the lamp and the handkerchief-case, to their respective donors, and I'll try to slip a few lines in this unless the unforeseen happens—it usually does these days. After a frozen silence the cannon booms and booms, the munition trains are redoubled along our lines, all autos available have been ordered to the front, they've telegraphed for *"lits d'urgence,"* and it appears

that the Boches are trying desperately to take Tahure. My cottons and compresses are all prepared, so if I'm inundated I'll have material to work with. . . . (Ten minutes later.) Excuse me for stopping, but a stream of *"galons"* has just passed through the *salle* to take cultures from all our throats, beginning with the *infirmière*. A quite unexpected, undesired and unexplained diversion which obliged us to chant Ah in many keys. Probably there's a case of diphtheria somewhere—happily shorn now of its terrors —or perhaps the profession got tired and wanted to do something. Certainly unless the victims of the early attacks are shipped straight into the interior, which is possible, with a view to reserving the *Ambulances de l'avant* for the big shock later, we shall have all we can do in a few days. That is, if the Ambulance is still here. We never know from one hour to the next what we are going to do. All of which may be interesting enough, but it leaves me with an embarrassment as regards my cases. No less than six have been *signalés* from Paris, and until we have an idea approximately definite (if such a thing be possible in war-time) I don't want to bring them here. Those cases may contain material which I want to control personally; if I brought them here, and we pulled up stakes, it would be a terrific nuisance and expense to transport them elsewhere; and I couldn't make the Ambulance responsible by making a wholesale gift even if I wanted to, for the supplies are all inventoried and loaded on wagons (we are not automobilized) according to weight, and not one pound is supposed to be added or subtracted on the march. By the way, I think I didn't tell you, but this is one of the original ambulances that made the retreat all the way from Belgium. It is thrillingly awful to hear B. tell about the highways crowded with starving, dying women and children, the days when, after walking 70 kil., he spent the entire night dressing the wounded, and the two whole months when they knew absolutely nothing of what was going on, or why those terrible forced marches, except through one stray journal that said *"Les Français reculent."* O, we don't admire the French half enough!

Just now, as I told you, I have only six *grands blessés:* the rest on the wounded side are other troubles, and on the other side

that odious specialty that has nothing to do *in kind* with the war, and nothing whatever with an *infirmière.* But the poor things have to be cared for by somebody, and since this is the one surgical ward left, the others being now converted into medical—grip, bronchitis, rheumatism, etc.—these, being semi-surgical, are given to me. There are not many nurses who wouldn't raise serious objections, as the entire spirit of the thing is different, and I don't understand anything about it. But having entered this business for better or for worse, and being an enlisted soldier, I simply do as I'm told without asking questions.

Later. I've just read this over and it looks as if I were unable to hold to my subject—American gifts and American givers. Please encourage both to the utmost, and don't be discouraged because, pro tem., I'm indefinite. It is a magnificent work, and you'll see later better than now how it tells. Do you suppose, later, that some more of those magnificent gloves could be forthcoming? —sizes seven and a half and eight. The syringes are *wonderful,* but the thing *always* needed, any time, anywhere, is thermometers. Those you sent are a little small, perhaps, since we don't take temperatures by the mouth, and it's a shame that three were broken.

But nothing American has been such a success as the marshmallows! (Peppermints and triscuits next.) I toast them one at a time on a fork, and you should see my nestlings open their mouths! The box isn't empty yet. We'll have another orgy this afternoon, when the dressings are finished, and that will console us for the weather. Great Guns, how it pours! A perfect equinox. This morning there were puddles all over and they're busy stopping the roof. The *salle,* however, is very cheerful, and now we have lots of plants—the palm, a cineraria, a mimosa, and a cluster of yellow jonquils. I took a walk Sunday, my second since September, and found a plant in tight bud by a stream. I uprooted it with a little earth, and planted it in a glass jar. Now the buds are all out—a golden joy.

"Mademoiselle Miss"

PERSONALISM AND PROPERTY

The past twenty-five years have witnessed an astounding thing: the universities have become more Christian than the churches. Personalism, as an expression of philosophy, has waxed to giant strength; personalism, as an experience of faith, has attenuated almost to a shadow. A boy at the university to-day—if he be given his unquestioned right to take his courses under qualified men—is not likely, as his father was, to be spilled upon the shallows of intellectual doubt. He learns, crudely perhaps and yet sincerely, to think of "the world-ground as personal." That, of course, is "philosophic stuff" and proper enough for a collegian! He may be actively religious, though more frequently he is not; but he recognizes the validity of religion, and that with a quickened intelligence. "It is based"—he says it with college urbanity—"on good philosophy." And then he leaves college, and the jar comes; and the jarring of a clear-eyed college boy is a tragedy in any generation. He discovers that "the world-ground as personal" must remain a college memory, for, in the churches, the people do not talk, and not often the minister, of that personal and thrilling Presence where adoring worship brings what Phillips Brooks called "the passionate pursuit of perfectness." The stress of philosophy may be personalism, but personalism is not the emphasis of religion. Nor will it suffice at all that the social message of the churches is emphasized with strength. Social regeneration is the heart of the gospel of the kingdom, and its new emphasis indicates an enlarged conception of the teaching of Jesus. But social regeneration is stifled and estopped because God himself is not real in the thought and experience of the people. It is not suggested that "the former days were better than these"; indeed one is prepared utterly to discredit such a suggestion; nevertheless, few will question this: Personal Christian experience has faded into a dim religious background; it is no longer an insistent and compelling emphasis.

To some it may seem an abrupt if not a startling transition

when it is affirmed with deep conviction that this fading of the God-consciousness is a plain matter of property. But let us keep our thinking clear. What is property? Is it some actual and material substance of known or estimated value—such as gold, silver, coal, corn, horses, land, money? Or is it some bond or security that represents them? It may be any of these, but always on one condition. Gold has veined the western ridges of Pike's Peak since the earth's crust hardened into form. Was it property? Not until the year 1890, when prospectors "located" it. Wild horses, fleeter than the steeds of Solomon, still drink the air of the Numidian desert; are they property? Not yet. The buried treasure of Captain Kidd still lures adventurous youth; is it property? It might be—if they found it! For property is *value related to personality.* It signifies the presence or power of a moral and intelligent being, capable of exercising dominion. Apart from personality property cannot exist. To the Christian mind personal dominion inevitably postulates God, to whom is all power and dominion forever. Property, therefore, is the nerve-center of our life upon the earth. And so it ought to be, for property opens directly into the Presence room of the Most High. The primal law of the sacrifice shows this completely, and the nature of property, *value related to personality,* is the sufficient reason. The constitution of things does not change. Property to-day, as in ancient days, is the easiest and surest doorway into vital personalism. When, therefore, an entire generation sets itself to the accumulation of property, and men behold actual property values leap to an appraisement that baffles their own imagination, the religious reflex must be profound. Property becomes at once the prime religious factor in our generation. Nor is it a theme to be treated sagely under "Special Advices," as implying a basis of conduct or a program of efficiency. Property is the blood-red topic of the preacher and the prophet; it brings him at one breath to the foundation of Christianity itself, the personality of God.

There need be no confusion of terms, therefore let the philosophic background of personalism be defined with clearness. This from William V. Kelley is almost complete: "By personality we

mean intelligence, feeling, moral perception, and will, gathered up into a center of self-conscious, self-contemplative, and self-determining being—a being who can say 'I,' and who is both a subject who knows others and an object knowable by others." This from Francis J. McConnell adds the other necessary word: "The value set on the personal in human life comes largely from conceiving in personal terms the God who is set before us as the Father in heaven by the personal revelation in Jesus." There would seem no need to add this further illumination from Borden P. Bowne, except that in every discussion of personalism that master is entitled to the final word: "Personality is not to be confounded with corporeality, or with form of any sort. . . . By personality we mean only self-knowledge and self-control. Where these are present we have personal being; where they are absent the being is impersonal." With this background in constant memory three things ought now to be written down; they are pivotal to the life of our generation if not of our very Christianity:

1. Personalism and paganism are separated by an impassable gulf. They are not antagonistic to each other. They simply are not related. The pagan mind should not be censured for refusing to accept Christian teaching, for it is actual foolishness to him. The whole task of the missionary is to lay new foundations and reestablish the minds of the people. If the writer again should be privileged to preach to pagan men he again would approach them as was his wont—after he had learned the secret—during ten crowded years in India. He would preach as other missionaries preach when they, too, have discovered how. He would choose such a text as "Emmanuel, God with us," and there are many such. Nor would he spend any time at all to show that God is *with us;* for nearness of the divine, that is, of the supernatural, is a constant pagan belief. It has been always so. But he would use the minutes of his sermon and all the years of his service to make real and vital one great transforming word: *God* with us. Immanence is a familiar human conception throughout the pagan world although God himself is not in all their thoughts.

Then paganism is partly true? Pure paganism is altogether true, and that is the terror of it; for paganism is unrelated truth.

Paganism never can lead into all the truth; it does not eventuate. Pure paganism (one would as readily name it pure humanism) recognizes the immanence of "divinity." But what of that? One could as intelligently say that scientific chemistry recognizes the diffusion of "vapor," but this explains nothing. Vapor is simply a state or condition of matter; it discloses nothing concerning the nature of matter. Vapor of what: of water, sulphur, magnesium? Here is where chemistry enters its real field of investigation. So, also, to recognize the immanence of "divinity" affirms nothing. Immanence is but a mode or expression of being; concerning the nature of being it has nothing whatever to say. Immanence of What? of Whom? Here we turn to rational philosophy and press the question home. How do men reply? The answer of paganism is multiform. To the Greek Platonist absolute being is identified with universal reason, hence reason becomes the divine immanence. To the Greek and Roman Stoic natural law is the all-pervading soul of the universe, so law becomes divinely immanent to every man. To the Zoroastrian creative energy is eternal, to the Hindu, more subtle than they all, one essence is the ultimate reality, hence these in turn become the divine immanence to millions of intelligent minds. Yet these, and all other expressions of the pagan mind, agree together in this: there is no breath in them at all, no person. The pagan mind is marooned upon the fearful gulf of impersonalism, and no bridge can reach from thence. Pagan thought must personify, and presently deify, the forces and functions of nature. This is inevitable. How Prometheus brought fire from heaven, and how Hanumán builded a bridge of rocks, torn from the distant Himalayas, that he might rescue the imprisoned Sita, these and a thousand other stories are the pitiful attempts of pagan people to bridge the impassable gulf into personalism. It is like bridging the Pacific with matches—the very pity of it forbids contempt.

The simple fact is this: Personal things are personally discerned, and that is the whole of it. A preacher stands before his congregation to declare the truth. But he does more than this. He pours himself into his message, and through his message into the minds and hearts of his hearers. Personality is here, and in a

real and vital sense personality is poured forth. Like answers like, and personality as a brooding presence saturates the moral atmosphere. But another impalpable presence is here which silently, persistently, pervades the place. It is the immanence of gravitation, and it swathes the entire assembly as with a garment. Here is immanence as actual as the immanence of personality itself, and apparently more constantly pervasive. Both are absolutely real, identical terms might be employed in declaring that reality, yet no legerdemain of words could ever link these two together. They simply are not related. Who can explain the difference between personality and gravitation? He who can do this can explain the difference between Christianity and paganism. Between these two an impassable gulf is fixed. The pagan mind is not opposed to Christian personalism; it simply cannot comprehend. Personal things are personally discerned.

2. But what has all this to do with property? Much, every way. Property is the surest and simplest doorway into Christian personalism, property is the most compelling human appeal to which the average man will listen, property is the nerve-center of our life upon the earth—and yet property through all the Christian centuries has been absolutely shadowed by the impersonalism of pagan philosophy. For, consider: property means the presence of power of *personality,* and to the pagan mind there is no person, that is, no moral and intelligent being capable of exercising dominion, except himself, and other persons like himself. The conception of divine ownership is a clear absurdity which the intelligent pagan mind cannot even imagine. Can natural law *own* anything? Can divine essence exercise *dominion?* One might as well think that the flying clouds over Pike's Peak could "own" the ore of Cripple Creek! A fog-bank might possibly hold within itself vast cosmic energy, but it could not conceivably "own" the gold of the mountains or say, "The cattle upon a thousand hills are *mine.*" If there is to be divine ownership there must be divine personality, and in all the world paganism and personalism have been separated as wide as thought. In all the world, therefore, except in Israel (mark well this one exception), human laws of property have been based on necessary pagan conceptions of human

ownership. Our own commonly received notions of property, how did they come down to us? From well-ordered Christian teaching? Not at all. The source of our common property conceptions, either directly or remotely, is the old Roman jurisprudence, which, after the decline of the Roman Empire, gradually overspread the whole of Europe and came to be the basis of common and statute law, both in Europe and America. But Roman jurisprudence was not founded upon the Christian conception of a sovereign and personal God; it was founded upon the Greek-Roman conception of Stoicism—of a necessary and impersonal law, that is, in legal phrase, "the law of nature."

Let there be no confusion at this point. Of course, men are to possess property. God himself has given us the earth "for a possession." Many of our laws of possession are just and right. But possession is not ownership. "When, therefore, our common jurisprudence argues that uninterrupted and unchallenged possession culminates in absolute ownership, the appeal is to pagan and not to Christian ethics." Possession, or tenure, rightfully belongs to a man, but ownership, that is, *dominion,* inheres in God alone. This is Christian teaching. This should have become the basis of Christian law when Christianity supplanted Roman paganism. But pagan conceptions persisted, and that in the face of Christian protest. The Roman law of property passed bodily into Christian civilization, and the Stoic doctrine of personal human ownership has influenced all of us profoundly. The average Christian man, to this day, considers that he *owns* what he is permitted only to *possess.* He says, "The earth is the Lord's," as Stoic Aurelius might have said it—meaning "I must make worthy use of material resources"—but, as for rendering personal acknowledgment that he is occupying and using the property of another, the average Christian man simply does not consider it. Can it be doubted that this disinclination to recognize the simple law of property acknowledgment, in relation to God, grows out of impersonal conceptions of God himself? A Christian vocabulary befogs our thinking, while paganism itself creeps back like an atmosphere.

The result is inevitable: The Christian law of stewardship has no place in the program of most Christian men. Nor can it

have until they recognize, as Bishop McConnell has said, "in personal terms the God who is set before us as the Father in heaven by the personal revelation in Jesus." Whoever imagines that spiritual regeneration creates at one breath Christian standards of property never has looked upon the moral chaos of the pagan world. In Israel the tithe of God, set apart and "holy," was the open acknowledgment that Jahveh held primary title to all material value. Whatever national narrowness attached to the later Jahveh doctrine, the God of Israel was not a personification; he was a person. During all his ministry Jesus never once accused his nation of that subtle beginning of all paganism—impersonal conceptions of deity. Jahveh was a living Lord. To the Jew divine personality was basal to popular and legal conceptions of property, and property is the one compelling argument which men do not forget. For this reason it is easy to understand why the Jerusalem Christians intuitively recognized stewardship as a primary Christian obligation. They were heirs to the fundamental truth of Jahveh's property dominion. The Holy Spirit quickened into living experience a familiar law. Therefore "not one said that aught of the things which he possessed was his own." Not so the Gentile Christians. Theirs was the same victorious gospel, and upon them the Holy Spirit was poured forth with special gifts. Nevertheless they were but babes in Christ. Their moral fiber was flabby, steeped in the property conceptions of pagan impersonalism. How could they suddenly forget it all, and reconstruct inbred notions of ownership? The simple fact is that stewardship never reached the thinking of the Gentile churches. They were partakers of the material prosperity of great commercial cities, and they were sincerely Christian, but they were straitened in their own affection; it was difficult to be enlarged. It is a very bitterness to behold Paul's anguish as he pleads, cajoles, argues, for some token of bounty in behalf of the stricken mother church. As for Paul himself, he worked with his own hands lest any should count him burdensome. Nor are the Gentile Christians, whom Paul dug out of heathenism, entitled to just censure that they could not understand their privilege of stewardship. The pagan mind knows nothing but personal property

dominion, and stewardship cannot build on this foundation. Whether in the first century or the twentieth, stewardship will remain a closed book so long as Christian men remain caught in a pagan conception of ownership.

3. A final word is quickly written. During the past twenty-five years property has become a problem of such amazing import that its pagan interpretation has swelled into a towering menace. Through all the centuries property has been the peculiar pest of an elected few. The pagan shadow of it has blighted spiritual life, but this shadow has not touched the masses; the people have been poor. They have toiled in obscurity and the rigors of poverty have been softened by the gentle hand of religion. Nevertheless the poor have remained uninstructed, with this result: as men have emerged from poverty into competency property has numbed them with its pagan shadow. Personal ownership, as always, has obscured the dominion of God and the deceitfulness of riches has ensnared them. But, though acute poverty is accentuated, widespread poverty is slowly passing away. In 1846 the Corn Laws were repealed in England. In 1848 gold was discovered in California, and in that same pivotal year every enlightened government of Europe opened a new door of opportunity to the common people. From then until the present hour the area of material wealth has widened beyond the dream of other generations. Of the European nations no word can now be written; the cataclysm of war makes valueless any possible survey. But of the American people one may write with confidence. Since the year 1890 property increase among the people has shattered every known record. The figures can only startle and amaze, there is no way to measure their vast significance. From 1890 to 1900 the increase of national wealth revealed a giant bending to be girded. During the first five years of the present century the national wealth increased at the rate of thirteen millions of dollars per day; during the last ten years the increase has been at the rate of twenty-two millions of dollars per day. The Bureau of the Census estimates the present wealth of the American people at one hundred and eighty-seven billion dollars; a gain of eighty billions, or seventy-five per cent in the last ten years. The Gov-

ernment Bureau at Washington declares that "during this short period the United States has *added* to its resources a sum within five billions as large as the total wealth of Great Britain, an amount equal to the wealth of Germany, thirty billions more than the wealth of France, twice the wealth of Russia, more than three times the wealth of Austria-Hungary, four times the wealth of Italy"—*added* within ten years! It is staggering, bewildering.

Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" amused with its quaint conceit a self-satisfied generation:

> "Dosn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters awaäy?
> Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'ears 'em saäy!"

But American farmers would count a short-legged cob slow traveling. The bard who gets the ear of this generation must click "proputty, proputty" with the shift-gear of an automobile. "Proputty, proputty"—the swift staccato beat of it has drilled into the life of the nation; many songs the people sing, and love to sing, but the beat does not change—"proputty, proputty!" To name this a crude and barren measure is fine blundering. Not so hath God declared it. "Replenish the earth and subdue it" is the divine program for the sons of men. "Property" shall name God, and "Stewardship" shall name the uttermost of human brotherhood. Nevertheless the issue is tight drawn. A bloodless or a stupid generation would not feel the strain of it, and piety might still remain the heritage of poverty. But the American people have pronounced the banishment of poverty. The social emphasis of Christianity demands material enlargement for every man. It is his human right. Meantime the pagan base, on which property has ever builded, is ready for the rearing of the coming social structure. Shall social amelioration become the last exalted temple of pagan impersonalism? The thinking at the universities is emerging into evangelical truth, but the people, and not the professors, shall decide the age-long issue.

It is manifest folly to impede the inevitable and, we dare believe, the God-ordained movement of wealth into the hands of the American people. Rich our people are, and richer they are to be. Therefore the pagan interpretation of property must be thrust

absolutely from us and the ancient protest of Christianity be made at last effective. Shall it be so? This much is true: stewardship is emerging slowly from the background of good-natured benevolence to become the central drive of Christian ethics. Property, both small and great, must be spiritually enthroned, or pagan impersonalism will as profoundly change the character of modern Christianity in the West as Persian dualism affected the character of mediæval Christianity in the East. The name of Christ shall still be named, then most when human rights are urged with harsh vociferation; but prayer that waits and love that worships shall be remembered as waters that have passed away. The patient God shall not fail nor be discouraged, but his salvation must tarry until some other generation, better taught than our own, shall intelligently recognize the ancient word, "The earth is the Lord's." For property is "propria." It is the first ethical expression of personality. It will remain the first acknowledgment of God's personal dominion so long as men shall live upon the earth.

LORENZO DOW[1]

THIS is the record of a remarkable and eccentric individual who devoted himself to a life of singular labor and self-denial. In any consideration of the South one could not avoid giving at least passing notice to Lorenzo Dow as the foremost itinerant preacher of his time, as the first Protestant who expounded the gospel in Alabama and Mississippi, and as a reformer who at the very moment when cotton was beginning to be supreme presumed to tell the South that slavery was wrong. He arrests attention—this gaunt, impassioned preacher. With his long hair, his flowing beard, his harsh voice, and his wild gesticulation, he was so rude and unkempt as to startle all conservative hearers. Said one of his opponents: "His manners [are] clownish in the extreme; his habit and appearance more filthy than a savage Indian; his public discourses a mere rhapsody, the substance often an insult upon the gospel." Said another as to his preaching in Richmond: "Mr. Dow's clownish manners, his heterodox and schismatic proceedings, and his reflections against the Methodist Episcopal Church in a late production of his on church government, are impositions on common sense, and furnish the principal reasons why he will be discountenanced by the Methodists." But he was made in the mold of heroes. In his lifetime he traveled not less than two hundred thousand miles, preaching to more people than any other man of his time. He went from New England to the extremities of the Union in the West not less than fifteen times. Several times he went to Canada, once to the West Indies, and three times to England, everywhere drawing great crowds about him. Friend of the oppressed, he knew no path but that of

[1] Very little has been written about Lorenzo Dow. There is an article by Emily S. Gilman in the New England Magazine, Vol. 20, p. 411 (June, 1899), and also one by J. H. Kennedy in the Magazine of Western History, Vol. 7, p. 162. The present paper is based mainly upon the following works; (1) Biography and Miscellany, published by Lorenzo Dow. Norwich, Conn., 1834; (2) History of Cosmopolite; or The Four Volumes of Lorenzo Dow's Journal concentrated in one, containing his Experience and Travels. Wheeling, 1848; (3) The Dealings of God, Man, and the Devil; as exemplified in the Life, Experience and Travels of Lorenzo Dow. 2 vols. in one. With an Introductory Essay by the Rev. John Dowling, D.D., of New York. Cincinnati, 1858.

duty. Evangel to the pioneer, he again and again left the haunts of men to seek the western wilderness. Conversant with the Scriptures, intolerant of wrong, witty and brilliant, he assembled his hearers by the thousands. What can account for so unusual a character? What were the motives that prompted this man to so extraordinary and laborious a life?

Lorenzo Dow was born October 16, 1777, in Coventry, Tolland County, Conn. While not yet four years old, he tells us, one day while at play he "suddenly fell into a muse about God and those places called heaven and hell." Once he killed a bird and was horrified for days at the act. Later he won a lottery prize of nine shillings and suffered great remorse. An illness at the age of twelve gave him the shortness of breath from which he suffered more and more throughout his life. About this time he dreamed that the prophet Nathan came to him and told him that he would live only until he was two-and-twenty. When thirteen he had another dream, this time of an old man, John Wesley, who showed to him the beauties of heaven and held out the promise that he would win if he was faithful to the end. A few years afterwards came to the town Hope Hull, preaching, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners"; and Lorenzo said, "I thought he told me all that ever I did." The next day the future evangelist was converted. But he was to be no ordinary Christian, this Lorenzo Dow. Not satisfied with his early baptism he had the ceremony repeated, and with twelve others formed a society for mutual watch and helpfulness. At the age of eighteen he had still another dream, this time seeing "all mankind in the air suspended by a brittle thread over hell"; and he heard a voice saying, "Woe unto you if you preach not the gospel." Then Wesley himself appeared again to him in a dream and warned him to set out at once upon his mission.

The young candidate applied to the Connecticut Conference of the Methodist Church. He met with a reception that would have daunted any man less courageous. He best tells the story himself: "My brethren sent me home. Warren and Greenwich circuits, in Rhode Island, were the first of my career. I obeyed,

but with a sorrowful heart. Went out a second time to New Hampshire, but sent home again; I obeyed. Afterwards went to Conference by direction—who rejected me, and sent me home again; and again I obeyed. Was taken out by P. W. on the Orange circuit, but in 1797 was sent home again: so in obedience to man I went home a fourth time." As a matter of fact there was much in the argument of the church against Lorenzo Dow at this time. The young preacher was not only ungraceful and ungracious in manner, but he had severe limitations in education and frequently assumed toward his elders an air needlessly arrogant and contemptuous. On the other hand he must again and again have been offended by the advice so frequently given him in gratuitous and patronizing fashion. However, soon after the last rebuff, just recorded, he says, on going out on the Granville circuit, "The Lord gave me souls for my hire." Again making application to the Conference he was admitted on trial for the first time, in 1798, and sent to Canada to break fresh ground. He was not satisfied with the unpromising field, and wrote, "My mind was drawn to the water, and Ireland was on my mind." His great desire was to preach the gospel to the Roman Catholics beyond the sea. Accordingly, on his twenty-second birthday, relying solely on his own resources, the venturesome evangelist embarked at Montreal for Dublin. Here he had printed three thousand handbills to warn the people of the wrath to come. He attracted some attention, but caught the smallpox and was soon forced to return home. Back in America he communicated to the Conference his desire to travel the country "at large." The church, not at all impressed in his favor by his going to Ireland of his own accord, would do nothing more than admit him to his old status, of being on trial, with appointment to the Dutchess, Columbia and Litchfield circuits. Depressed, Dow gave up the work, and desiring a warmer climate he turned his face toward the South. From this time forth, while he constantly exhibited a willingness to meet the established church half-way, he consistently acted with all possible independence, and the church in turn as resolutely set its face against him.

Dow landed in Savannah in January, 1802. This was his

first visit to the region that was to mean so much to him and in whose history he himself was to play so interesting a role. He went on foot for hundreds of miles in Georgia and South Carolina, everywhere preaching the gospel. Returning to the North, he found once more that he could not come to terms with his Conference. He went back to the South, going now by land for the first time. He went as far as Mississippi, then the wild southwestern frontier, and penetrated far into the country of Indians and wolves. Returning in 1804 he became one of the first to cultivate the camp-meeting as an institution in central Virginia. Then he threw down the gauntlet to established Methodism, daring to speak in Baltimore while the General Conference of the church was in session there. The church replied at once, the New York Conference passing a law definitely commanding its churches to shut their doors against him.

A new interest, however, now entered into the life of Lorenzo Dow. In courtship he was as unconventional as in everything else. One day while tarrying at a Methodist tavern in Weston, New York, he heard that Peggy, the sister-in-law of the tavern-keeper, was resolved never to be married except to a preacher who continued traveling. Lorenzo saw the comely young woman and the rest of the story is best given in his own words: "When going away I observed to her that I was going to the warm countries, where I had never spent a warm season, and it was probable I should die, as the warm climate destroys most of those who go there from a cold country; but, said I, if I am preserved, about a year and a half from now I am in hopes of seeing this northern country again, and if during this time you live and remain single, and find no one that you like better than me, and would be willing to give me up twelve months out of thirteen, or three years out of four, to travel, and that in foreign lands, and never say, Do not go to your appointment, etc.—for if you should stand in my way I should pray God to remove you, which I believe he would answer—and if I find no one that I like better than I do you, perhaps something further may be said upon the subject; and finding her character to stand fair, I took my departure." After an absence of nearly two years Dow returned, late in 1804. He

insisted upon a speedy marriage. Contrary to what one might expect from such an unusual beginning, the union was a very happy one. Always faithful to duty, Dow nevertheless cherished for his wife a very deep and genuine love. He was at no time satisfied to leave her behind, as he had warned her that he might do. She became the constant companion of his wanderings. In the spring of 1805 she went abroad with him, and their only child, a girl, Lætitia Johnson, was born and died in Great Britain. For fifteen years Peggy inspired her husband, without a murmur enduring all hardship with him, until she died at Hebron, Conn., in 1820. Then there came a day when in an open air sermon under the great elm on Bean Hill Green at Norwich, Dow extolled the virtues of his former companion and at the end of his sermon asked, "Is there anyone in this congregation willing to take the place of my departed Peggy?" Up rose Lucy Dolbeare from Montville, six feet high, and said, "I will." Whether Lorenzo and Lucy had previously arranged this dramatic proceeding we do not know. We do know, however, that she too made a loyal companion, surviving her husband for several years.

About the time of his first marriage Dow was very busy, speaking at from five hundred to eight hundred meetings a year. In the year 1805, in spite of the inconveniences of those days, he traveled ten thousand miles. Then he made ready to go again to Europe. Everything possible was done by the regular church to embarrass him on this second visit, and when he arrived in England he found the air far from cordial. He did succeed in introducing his camp-meetings into the country, however; and although the Methodist Conference registered the opinion that such meetings were "highly improper in England" Dow prolonged his stay, and planted seed which, as we shall see, was later to bear abundant fruit. Returning to America the evangelist set out upon one of the most memorable periods of his life, journeying from New England to Florida in 1807, from Mississippi to New England and through the West in 1808, through Louisiana in 1809, through Georgia and North Carolina and back to New England in 1810, spending 1811 for the most part in New England, working southward to Virginia in 1812, and spending 1813 and

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1814 in the Middle and Northern states, where the public mind was "darkened more and more against him." More than once he was forced to engage in controversy. Typical was the judgment of the Baltimore Conference in 1809, when, in a matter of difference between Dow and one Mr. S., without Dow's having been seen, opinion was given to the effect that Mr. S. "had given satisfaction" to the Conference. Some remarks of Dow's on "Church Government" were seized upon as the excuse for the treatment generally accorded him by the church. In spite of much hostile opinion, however, Dow seems always to have found firm friends in the rather independent state of North Carolina. In 1818 a paper in Raleigh spoke of him as follows: "However his independent way of thinking and his unsparing candor of language may have offended others, he has always been treated here with the respect due to his disinterested exertions, and the strong powers of mind which his sermons constantly exhibit."

His hold upon the masses was remarkable. No preacher so well as he understood the heart of the pioneer. In a day when the "jerks," and falling and rolling on the ground and dancing still accompanied religious emotion, he invariably knew how to give to his hearers lessons that were wholesome. Frequently he inspired an awe that was almost superstitious. Sometimes he would make appointments a year ahead and suddenly appear before an expectant congregation like an apparition. At Montville, Connecticut, a thief had stolen an ax. In the course of a sermon Dow said that the guilty man was in the congregation and that he had a feather on his nose. At once the right man was detected by his trying to brush away the feather. On another occasion Dow denounced a rich man who had recently died. He was tried for slander and imprisoned in the county jail. As soon as he was released he announced that he would preach about "another rich man." Going into the pulpit at the appointed time he began to read: "And there was another rich man who died and—." Here he stopped, and after a breathless pause he said, "Brethren, I shall not mention the place this rich man went to, for fear he has some relatives in this congregation who will sue me." The effect on the audience was irresistible, but Dow, with all possible dignity,

took another text and did not once again refer to the text on which he had started.

Dow went again to England in 1818. He was not well received by the Calvinists or the Methodists, and of course not by the Episcopalians; but he found that his camp-meeting idea had begun, twelve years before, a new religious sect, that of the Primitive Methodists, commonly known as "ranters." The society in 1818 was several thousand strong, and Dow visited between thirty and forty of its chapels. Returning home he resumed his itineraries, going in 1827 as far west as Missouri. In thinking of this man's work in the West we must constantly keep in mind of course the great difference made by a hundred years. In Charleston in 1821 he was arrested for "an alleged libel against the peace and dignity of the State of South Carolina." His wife went north, as it was not known but that he might be detained for a long time; but he was released on payment of a fine of one dollar. In Troy also he was once arrested on a false pretense. At length, however, he rejoiced to see his enemies defeated. In 1827 he wrote: "Those who instigated the trouble for me at Charleston, S. C., or contributed thereto, were all cut off within the space of three years, except Robert Y. Hayne, who was then the Attorney-General for the state, and is now the Governor for the *nullifiers.*"

The year 1833 Dow spent in visiting many places in New York, and in this year he made the following entry in his Journal: "I am now in my fifty-sixth year in the journey of life; and enjoy better health than when but 30 or 35 years old, with the exception of the callous in my breast, which at times gives me great pain. . . . The dealings of God to me-ward, have been good. I have seen the delivering hand, and felt the inward support of his grace, by faith and hope, which kept my head from sinking when the billows of affliction seemed to encompass me around. . . . And should those Hints exemplified in the experience of Cosmopolite be beneficial to anyone, give God the glory. Amen and Amen! Farewell!"

He died at Georgetown, District of Columbia, February 2, 1834, and rests under a simple slab in Oak Hill Cemetery in Washington.

There is only one word to describe the writings of Lorenzo Dow—Miscellanies. Anything whatsoever that came to the evangelist's mind was set down, not always with good form, though frequently with witty and forceful expression. Here are "Hints to the Public, or Thoughts on the Fulfilment of Prophecy in 1811"; "A Journey from Babylon to Jerusalem," with a good deal of sophomoric discussion of natural and moral philosophy; "A Dialogue between the Curious and the Singular," with some discussion of religious societies and theological principles; "Chain of Lorenzo," an argument on the eternal sonship of Christ; "Omnifarious Law Exemplified: How to Curse and Swear, Lie, Cheat and Kill according to Law"; "Reflections on the Important Subject of Matrimony," and much more of the same sort. Just now, however, we are especially interested in the utterances against slavery, and those that we may read show Lorenzo Dow to have been as outspoken a champion of freedom as lived in America in his day.

In "Hints to the Public" warning is given that the world must be redeemed before the second coming of Christ. America has her sins just as well as the rest of the world. "Slavery in the South, and religious establishments in the North, are National Evils, that call for national reform and repentance."

"Strictures on Church Government" has already been referred to as bringing upon Dow the wrath of the Methodist Church. The general thesis of this publication, regarded at the time as so sensational, is that the Methodist mode of church government is the most arbitrary and despotic of any in America, with the possible exception of that of the Shakers. Dow questions the far-reaching authority of Bishops Coke, Asbury, and McKendree, and accuses Asbury of being jealous of the rising power of Richard Allen, founder of the African Methodist Church. He refers at considerable length to the incident in a Philadelphia church which ultimately made Absalom Jones a rector and Richard Allen a bishop: "The colored people were considered by some persons as being in the way. They were resolved to have them removed, and placed around the walls, corners, etc.; which to execute, the above expelled and restored man, at prayer time, did attempt to pull

Absolem Jones from his knees, which procedure, with its concomitants, gave rise to the building of an African meeting house, the first ever built in these middle or northern states."

"A Cry from the Wilderness—Intended as a Timely and Solemn Warning to the People of the United States" is in every way one of Dow's most characteristic works. At this distance, when slavery and the Civil War are viewed in the perspective, the mystic words of the oracle impress one as almost uncanny: "In the rest of the southern states the influence of these Foreigners will be known and felt in its time, and the seeds from the HOLY ALLIANCE and the DECAPIGANDI, who have a hand in those grades of GENERALS, from the INQUISITOR to the Vicar General and down . . . !!! ☞ The STRUGGLE will be DREADFUL! the CUP will be BITTER! and when the agony is over, those who survive may see better days! FAREWELL!"

Here at least was a man with a mission—that mission to carry the gospel of Christ to the uttermost parts of the earth. He knew no standard but that of duty; he heeded no command but that of his own soul. Rude, and sharp of speech he was, and only half-educated; but he was made of the stuff of heroes; and neither hunger, nor cold, nor powers, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, could daunt him in his task. After the lapse of a hundred years he looms larger, not smaller, in the history of our Southland; and as of old we seem to hear again "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

B. G. Bradley.

SHELLEY: FOR PERSONAL REASONS ONLY

If, as someone has said, "To like Shelley is an act of pure grace," then I am indeed living under a very dispensation of that quality. I think it has never been demonstrated that one must justify to the world his reasons for loving his sweetheart. To love is enough. It is superlative. But just as every lover delights to enumerate the qualities of his beloved, and to dwell lingeringly upon even those peculiarities which single her out from the rest of the world, so does one love to put himself face to face with a favorite poet to muse and speculate upon the mystic fascination of that personality.

This is not to be a critical essay—not so pretentious. So, farewell, scientists and teachers of rhetoric. You have your admirable uses, but not here. The value of a poet to me must be judged by his reaction upon me, told in my own way, however inconsequential that reaction may appear to formalists of thought and style. For once I beg to be my own authority and critic, appealing to just one other (with whom I do not ardently agree, great as he is) for the sake of a rather sane balance. The fastidious Matthew Arnold is surely an astute and just critic. He is sane, comforting, never dangerous in his ideas, rarely and harmlessly unconventional. He possessed that nice subordination of feeling to intellect which every good Briton is wont to look upon as the very bulwark of the nation. So I can imagine that, when he characterized Shelley as "a beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain," the sigh of British relief, because a clever but dangerous oddity is thus deftly catalogued and pigeon-holed, was very audible. The wielder of this humble pen has no quarrel with the great critic. It would profit nothing for a pigmy to swagger before a Titan. But even a worm may turn when he is trod upon, and I cannot but question Mr. Arnold's sweeping generalization, beautifully poetic figure that it is. A beautiful angel Shelley certainly is, somewhat wondrously compounded of Israfel, with his "burning measures" pouring from

his lute-stringed heart; Raphael, who brings to man the new glad tidings of his free estate; and Michael, the radiant revealer of things yet to come. But, with such qualities as these inherent in Shelley, I am ready to leave his case with any out and out materialist and trust even to such a one to deny that such a spirit is "ineffectual" or that his efforts in the cause of truth and liberty are "in vain." To be sure, there is also much of Lucifer in Shelley. He delighted to be the hated thing. However, there was another very good Man who was in his own time called a devil on several occasions, but who has since been recognized as the Son of God. And Shelley goes a step farther to show that man, Prometheus, possessed a secret that emasculated the great god, Jupiter, so that the god of yesterday becomes the devil of to-day, or he who was yesterday worshiped as a god is to-day recognized as a devil, man's mistaken idea of God.

Unorthodox Shelley certainly is. Breath-taking blows he aims at all we have been taught to hold sacred. It is a passion with him to prove that "An honest God is the noblest work of man." But if he errs it is on the side of his passion for liberty at any cost. Not license, mind you, for Shelley of all men is least willing to do or say the thing which will harm society or its individual members. His poems and even his life—a delicate test for so perfervid a nature—bear out what both his wife and Robert Browning have observed of him, that whatever he was he was with an admirable sincerity. He believes that the way to free society is to free the individual and that the way to free the individual is to give him more personal liberty. And the freedom which is to do all this is freedom from the tyranny of fear and ignorance, freedom from laws, from creeds, from social and political abuses, and even from marriage vows, to him the greatest of all tyrannies. But my poet is not merely destructive. He would cast off the worn-out shell only to build more stately mansions. It is an error of judgment, rather than any lack of good intention, if instead of living in the old house until the new is built beside it, as any sane carpenter would do, Shelley insists upon tearing down the unsightly structure and upon living in the open, under the smiles and storms of Nature, until the new dwelling is habitable. I suspect here lies

the fundamental difference between carpenters and poets. The one prefers comfort, the other liberty and beauty—the ensuing vicissitudes being feverishly embraced.

If, as Plato says, "Poets utter great and wise things which they themselves do not understand," the mere fact of not understanding is a trivial thing. It is an achievement, in a world of bickerings and doldrums, to be able to utter great and wise things if only for old apoplectic Earth to wag his head over. Motion induces circulation and circulation relieves congestion. So, when Shelley brings before me wonderful images of things as they are to be when good finally triumphs, if they appear to my wondering eyes as sparks from a comet's tail I remember the useful fact, taught me by science, that nothing can really perish, and with gratitude to the poet for the vision splendid I am content to wait. And perhaps some day I shall see the fulfillment of his dreams in a form more glorious than even he dreamed of. Thus, when Shelley speaks in Prometheus Unbound of the disappearance of

> the dull sneer of self-loved ignorance,
> Or other such foul masks, with which ill thoughts
> Hide that fair being whom we spirits call man:

he paints the cosmic change which will be brought about by the union of man and his ideal through love, in these winged words:

> There was a change: the impalpable thin air
> And the all-circling sunlight were transformed
> As if the sense of love dissolved in them
> Had folded itself round the sphered world.

In all of Shelley's apparently iconoclastic attacks upon things as they are I find this same ideal of a definite evolution from a lower to a higher stage. Freedom from man-made laws is to be secured by the liberty which comes from obedience to Nature's law. Freedom from what he sees as inelastic, miracle-mongering creeds is to come by belief in a God so universal as to be free from partiality to a world which is only a third-rate planet and only one in millions. Freedom from the tyranny of social and political abuses will come, according to Shelley, when love in the individual for

the individuals of society induces those who are healthy, educated, and wealthy to secure justice for those who are not.

Shelley's ideas on marriage are a bomb. The ground is thorny here. Yet even the most ardent follower need not enter the bramble bush and get both his eyes scratched out just to be on the ground. Shelley already has the doubtful honor of being there ahead of us, and we are willing to pursue a policy of watchful waiting outside for the outcome of trial marriages. When he says, "A system could not well have been devised more studiously hostile to human happiness than marriage," we are inclined to murmur an excuse for the poetic temperament. Yet, here as always, Shelley is sincere. He sees the many abuses of marriage, the hollowness of broken vows, the futility of trying to force the duration of love, the unholy unsanctity of relations in marriage when love has died, and as usual he chooses to abandon a distasteful dwelling and trust his fate to the uncharted wilds. But to him this region is not what the world sees it, but is rather a beautiful constancy to one woman only so long as love reigns; for to Shelley union of the sexes exists for love only, and is intolerable without it. The unfortunate fact that love frequently continues to burn in one heart after the other has cooled is a problem which Shelley was no more able to solve to the satisfaction of both hearts than is the much married world. But the world, knowing its own weaknesses, has chosen to bind itself by marriage vows and to worry along with a faulty system until a better presents itself. Not so my poet. Being a law unto himself, when his heart cooled, or, more accurately, when it warmed toward another, he took his departure from a heart still warm for him; from a wife not quite a mother. We have to admit it and we deplore it. Is it possible, this episode leads one to ask, for a man to be too impartial to his ideals? Cruel as this thing appears in Shelley, I believe he would have stood the penalty unflinchingly had he himself been the victim instead of the agent of the injury. Individual liberty of choice is a thing inherent in his philosophy. He allowed it to others and demanded it for himself. My wish is not to justify Shelley in this dastardly act, but simply to show that it is consistent with a certain phase of his philosophy. He makes his ideal man, Prometheus, say, "I wish

no living thing to suffer pain." That is Shelley. Yet, in another place, Prometheus says to the fury, "Pain is my element." But the supreme law which Prometheus gives to Jupiter is "Let man be free." Although he does not want to cause pain he realizes that pain is sometimes incidental to securing freedom. He accepts this element to pain when it falls to his lot and expects others to do the same.

No one of sense would attempt to defend this wife-deserting episode of Shelley's life, and in applying to it the second Mrs. Shelley's contention, that in all he did he at the time of doing it believed himself justified to his own conscience, one cannot but agree with Matthew Arnold that the evidence points to the fact of Shelley's possessing a "superhuman power of self-deception." Indeed if one were to place the emphasis upon the life of the poet rather than upon his work, one's better reason might indeed cry out, as did his first wife, "My God! he had better have thought like other people!" However, the Shelley which remains for us, and is immortal, is not that Shelley whose private life offends, but the ideal Shelley whose ideas are pregnant with a great love and gentleness toward the oppressed of humanity, an ideal which is still dynamic in the world of to-day. "Our ideal Shelley was the true Shelley after all."

Each poet has for me his peculiar message. Shakespeare in his lyrics brings to me that "light which never was on sea nor land." Burns makes publicans, sinners, lords, and paupers my brothers. Coleridge sings me the wild music of unknown spheres. Wordsworth brings to me the infinite calm of Nature, "breathless with adoration." In Byron I hear the thunderous music of sea caves when an angry ocean dashes about their mouths and storm clouds roll high overhead. Keats brings to me all the sensuous fragrance of a June meadow bathed in dew and moonlight. Tennyson is a stately cavalcade of knights and ladies with a calm background of English forests and downs. Browning is a fine and vigorous spirit who throbs with the joy of this life and is held steady by the conviction of immortality. But Shelley is much of all this and yet more. He comes to me like a flood of golden sunlight drenching the sordid commonplace with the transcendent

glory of the ideal. He fills me with a divine unrest, a longing for the secret things of the universe. He gives life to shadows and voices to the winds. The very spirits of the air become tangible, ministering angels, singing beautiful, unearthly music, until one can fancy that he hears the thousand-toned harmonies of the "choir invisible."

If you want pure lyricism in rainbow hues of the most delicate fancy you can find it in the speeches of the four Spirits of the Air to Ione in Prometheus Unbound. The Spirit of Imagination recalls Ariel's song in these exquisite lines:

> On a poet's lips I slept
> Dreaming like a love-adept
> In the sound his breathing kept.
> Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
> But feeds on the aëreal kisses
> Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.

If you delight in imagery and music rivaling the wonders of Kubla Khan listen to Asia in the same poem:

> My soul is an enchanted boat,
> Which like a sleeping swan doth float
> Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
> And thine doth like an angel sit
> Beside a helm conducting it.
> Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
> It seems to float ever, for ever,
> Upon that many-winding river,
> Between mountains, woods, abysses,
> A paradise of wildernesses.

If you would know what the passion of love can be to a highly sensitive nature, you have it crystallized in the following delirious lines from Epipsychidion, the equal of which I have not found in English literature, unless it be the equally sensuous and more objective but less delicate apostrophe of Faustus to Helen.

> And we talk, until thought's melody
> Become too sweet for utterance, and it die
> In words, to live again in looks, which dart
> With thrilling tone into the voiceless heart,
> Harmonizing silence without a sound.
> Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms bound,

Our veins beat together; and our lips
With other eloquence than words, eclipse
The soul that burns between them, and the wells
The fountains of our deepest life, shall be
Confused in Passion's golden purity,
As mountain-springs under the morning sun.

Or if you would like to know the splendid vision and optimism that make Shelley my poet you have the quintessence of it in the final words of old Demogorgon:

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength;
And if with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many facts and hours, should free
The serpent that would clasp her with his length;
These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite:
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates,
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory.

Here surely is a reincarnation of that spirit of divine fire which breathed from the glowing coal-touched lips of Isaiah, and bespoke such a heart within as could no more be silent in the face of oppression and tyranny than could Vesuvius when her internal caverns felt the rebellion of earth's seething core.

Literature as an end, no matter how artistic, is perilously near futility. But literature as a means of expressing great ideas and illuminating life has always inspired epoch makers of history. The ministry of such literature is a quiet one and the results are not told in one age. But that Shelley has added to the world's history, and will continue to add to it as the world grows up to his message, is my firm conviction. A world steeped in a competitive commercial system and in a brutal war of extermination between

brothers has still much room to grow before it measures up to the Shellian principle that even

> The spirit of the worm beneath the sod
> In love and worship blends itself with God.

But the world is always listening for the message of the optimist, and Shelley is

> Like a Poet hidden
> In the light of thought,
> Singing hymns unbidden
> Till the world is wrought
> To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Nor is Shelley that exasperating type of perpetually smiling optimist who refuses to see the misery that exists about him; for to the drudges of earth he says

> "I am the friend of the unfriended poor."

And he meant it and lived it. The man who gives to charity reaps in time, but he who plants ideas of hope and freedom in hearts bruised by oppression sows for eternity. Shelley did both and more. He sets before us such high ideals of justice for the oppressed and of love for each other that the goal of those ideals is beyond the stars in distance and every milestone along the path marks a century.

Edward Voorhees

NORMAN MACLEOD—A SKETCH

Norman Macleod (with the "r" roughly burred and the long "Mac," if you please) came into this world just over one hundred years ago, and left it on his way to a fairer clime sixty years later. The writer lived his boyhood in the afterglow of this radiant personality and remembers well how tenderly the lovers of the good, the beautiful, and the true lisped his name, and the passing years have failed to dim the luster of that glowing and scintillating life.

The roster of Scottish preachers for the nineteenth century reveals three of the very first magnitude: Chalmers, Guthrie, and Macleod. This mighty triumvirate ruled the spiritual kingdom of Scotland for over half a century, each of them taking his own place beside the fireside of the affections of that preacher-loving people. The big-brained Chalmers forged his sermons in the white heat of intellectual ferment and on the Sabbath trained the batteries of his impassioned logic upon the minds of his hearers so that they were compelled to pause and give heed. Guthrie was the rhetorician *par excellence,* and made his appeal primarily to the devout imagination of his auditors. His preaching was strictly memoriter, and, while lacking somewhat in spontaneity and naturalness, it nevertheless charmed the large congregations that waited upon his ardent ministry. He was a consummate artist, and the crowd never failed to be delighted with the outline and coloring and technique of the great preacher. Macleod was not comparable to Chalmers in girth of brain, nor the equal of Guthrie as a finished rhetorician, but in all that pertains to efficiency in the pulpit and in the pastorate he was the peer of either. If Chalmers appealed to the intellect and Guthrie to the imagination Macleod made the appeal to the heart, and right royally did the phlegmatic Scotsman respond to the appeal. He was the most popular, the best loved, and the most ardently worshiped preacher who ever wore the Geneva gown. Everywhere he was "Our Norman." On one occasion an epidemic of smallpox

broke out in Glasgow and a number of his parishioners were smitten with the dread disease. One of these sufferers sent for the minister of another parish to visit him, and when taken to task for his seeming disloyalty to his own minister he replied in a tone of swelling affection, "And d'ye think I'd risk our Norman?" Simply delicious!

This most attractive of all the modern figures in the Scottish pulpit was the third in a line of clergymen all of whom bore the same name. His forebears were nursed in the Scottish Highlands —on the island of Skye, off the west coast, where the Atlantic swell breaks upon the rock-girt shore with the mighty impact of a thousand leagues of watery waste impelling. Thus he was a Celt of the Celts, vivid in imagination, rich in sympathy, prodigal in feeling, a lover of the green earth and the blue sky and the unresting sea, and in addition a lover of his neighbor and of his God. His grandfather was minister at Morven, in Argyleshire, and across the narrow sound of Mull rose the picturesque heights of the Isle of Mull, at the western extremity of which is the lonely islet of Iona, where Christianity first found its footing on this inhospitable shore. For fifty years did this faithful old servant of the Cross minister to his highland parish, maintaining a family of sixteen children on a most slender stipend. Norman the second followed in the footsteps of his honored father, and, at the time of the birth of the third Norman—"The Great"—he was living at the seaport of Campbelltown in Kintyre. Twelve years later he removed to the parish of Campsie, in Stirlingshire, half Highland, half Lowland, and still later became the honored and revered minister of Saint Columba's Church, Glasgow.

In his twelfth year the boy Norman was sent to his grandfather's parish at Morven that he might learn the Gaelic tongue and breathe the Highland spirit in the most impressible years of his young life. How his stay here affected him may be seen in his book, Reminiscences of a Highland Parish, written in after years, in which he brings the dead past to life under the spell of his magic pen. His patriarchal grandfather had but recently died and the lad lived during his stay with the old schoolmaster, Samuel Cameron. Here his nature-loving soul expanded itself

to its greatest capacity and his sojourn amid these grandly picturesque surroundings and simple-hearted people made ineffaceable impressions upon his young and growing life. In his fifteenth year he entered Glasgow University. It cannot be said that he was an accurate student. Logic fascinated him. Science kindled his enthusiasm, but to poetry he gave himself with a soul's abandon. Wordsworth deepened his love for nature and the mighty Shakespeare wakened in him the fires of passion and dramatic power. In social life he was the center and in congenial fellowship his mind fairly scintillated and threw off a sparkling effervescence which charmed and delighted the little coterie. He could tell a story or adorn a tale in the most ludicrous fashion or sing a song in the most expressive manner. His Gaelic spirit always caught fire on such festive occasions and his rollicking fun and inimitable drollery raised the spirits of the company to the point of highest exhilaration. But this exceeding playfulness of his nature brought down a parental rebuke upon his head. "Cease your buffoonery of manner in tone of voice and distortions of countenance," says his father. "You carry this nonsense too far, and I beg of you, my dear Norman, to check it. Imitation and acting the fool is a poor field to shine in; it may procure the laugh of some, but cannot fail to secure the contempt of others. . . . I rejoice to see everybody happy; but there is a manner that gains on a person, if indulged in, which must be guarded against, and none more dangerous than that buffoonery which, by making others laugh, causes us to think ourselves very clever. You, even already, seldom use your own voice or gestures or look—all is put on and mimicked; this *must* cease, and the sooner the better." Evidently Norman was in a bad case. But this youthful ebullition was only the mountainous stream leaping, laughing, and cascading on its way down to become the broad-bosomed river of the lowland valley on which should float the hopes and fears and sorrows of humanity. In due time the grace of God intervened. His brother James, three years his junior, sickened and gradually entered the valley of the shadow. The sight of this dear one slipping away into the unknown sobered and steadied him. One night, as the dying lad neared the verge, they

engaged in tender confidences, and there, the mother being present, Norman poured out his heart in strong supplication to God for both himself and the departing one. It was the first time he had ever prayed aloud in the presence of others and after he had left the room the dying lad embraced his mother, saying, "I am so thankful, mother, Norman will be a good man." This was a vital epoch in the young student's life and each recurring anniversary of the sad occurrence was sacredly observed by him.

On leaving Glasgow University he went to Edinburgh to study theology. Here he was brought into contact with Thomas Chalmers, whom he admired and loved. His theological course was interrupted by a stay of a year or two in England and at Weimar as private tutor to a scion of the English aristocracy. This absence from home broadened his views and created a sympathy for men and things across the Scottish border. Returning to Edinburgh he added science, drawing, and music to his roster of studies. He became very studious. He enters a resolve in his diary: "I intend, by the grace of God, to throw off my natural indolence and rise every morning this winter at six o'clock. I study Hebrew, Greek, and church history every morning before breakfast; chemistry, anatomy, and natural history (my favorite study next to divinity) during the day; logic, theology, reading, and writing in the evening." We should like to know whether he kept his high resolve! At last his days of preparation were over and soon thereafter he received the news of his appointment to the parish of Loudoun on the recommendation of his much-admired preceptor, Dr. Chalmers. He says: "I have got the parish of Loudoun. Eternal God, I thank thee through Jesus Christ, and, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, I devote myself to thy service for the advancement of thy glory and kingdom." In this devout spirit he entered upon his first position of pastoral responsibility. Here he spent five years—the springtime of his life's ministry. His parish contained a population of four thousand souls, part good and respectable, but the major portion rude and lawless. They excelled in Sabbath-breaking and in the use of profanity. A large proportion of the population was born out of wedlock. Here was indeed a field to try his mettle. But he

is soon down to hard work. He rises at six and writes until nine. Until five o'clock he is at the disposal of his parish. From five to ten he is reading and writing. He inaugurates house-to-house visitation. After a year of hard work he feels he is "getting on surely, if but slowly." He prefaces every pastoral call with prayer and lays each case before God on his return home.

Infidelity was rampant. Tom Paine's books were read on every hand. He came across a nest of Chartists—"shrewd, well-read, well-informed, philosophical readers, half-infidel"—who piqued themselves on their superior attainments and accused the clergy of keeping the people in ignorance. He decided to capture this stronghold of the enemy. These free-thinkers frequently called in lecturers from the nearest town, Kilmarnock. Norman dropped a hint that he would be glad to lecture to them. A subject was agreed upon—geology, in ten lectures. The ruse was successful. The audiences grew until they numbered six and seven hundred. He had won the day. And he lays down an axiom of warfare for all spiritual strategists: "Let a minister use every means to come in contact with every class, to win them first to common ground, and from thence endeavor to bring them to holy ground." But a few individuals here and there held out and would not capitulate. One such, who had been uncivil and rude to him, lay sick and dying. He must go to see him. He is received graciously and finds the poor sufferer much humbled and chastened. And he returns home to lay down another rule of warfare against sin and Satan: "Always to do one's duty, trusting to God who will make light to arise out of darkness." Meanwhile his church prospers. His reputation is getting abroad. He writes to a friend after he had been there six months: "I had Lord Jeffey in church. I never had a more fixed and attentive listener. Luckily, I was prepared. . . . The church is crammed; they are sitting outside the doors and come from all quarters. All this is very well, but what if God withhold the blessing? I pray he may be glorified."

Five rich and glorious years at Loudoun and then the "Great Disruption" by which the church of Scotland was cleft in twain from top to bottom, five hundred ministers resigning pulpit and

manse and walking out for what they felt to be principle's sake. A great number of the laity, too, seceded with their pastors, and they soon formed themselves into the Free Church of Scotland. In this great discussion the disciple parted company with his much-adored teacher, Chalmers leading the host of the evangelicals, and standing up for the principle of non-interference by the State in Church affairs, and Macleod doing yeoman service among the opposing ranks. It was a ten years' conflict and was a period of intense excitement. Families were divided and friend was severed from friend. After mature and careful deliberation Macleod threw in his lot with the unpopular side. When the long black line of half a thousand ministers led by Chalmers filed out of the memorable assembly of 1843, attended by the huzzas of the onlooking multitude, Norman resolved to stand by the wreck and to become a restorer of the breach. He felt that if it was hard to go out it was much harder to stay in. If Chalmers was conscientious so was Macleod, and in the case of the latter it took more courage to do the unpopular thing.

In 1845 he removed to Dalkeith, six miles southeast of Edinburgh. Here he could be in closer touch with the men who were trying to rebuild the waste places of their Zion. He writes, "I am low—low about the old machine; no men—no guides—no lighthouses—no master-spirit." But he could not always dwell in the lowlands of despondency. His Gaelic spirit would assert itself. The voice of a fishwoman in the street makes him forget his studies and he takes up his pen to write to his dear friend John Mackintosh, one of the seceding ministers whose sister afterward became his wife. He writes:

"There is poetry in everything." True, quite true, Emerson, thou true man, poet of the backwoods! But there is not poetry in a fishwife surely? Surely there is, lots of it. Her creel has more than all Dugald Moore's tomes. Why, there was one—I mean a fishwife—this moment in the lobby. She has a hooked nose. It seems to be the type, nay, the ancestor, of a cod hook. Her mouth was a skate or a turbot, humanized; her teeth, selected from the finest oyster pearl; her eyes, whelks with the bonnets on—bait for odd fish on sea or land; her hands and fingers in redness and roughness rivaled the crab, barring him of the Zodiac. Yet she was all poetry. I had been fagging, reading and writing since 6 A. M. (on honor)—had dived into Owen, was drowned in Edwards, and wrecked

on Newman—my brain was wearied, when suddenly I heard the sound of "Flukes," followed by "Had-dies!" (a name to which Haidee was as prose). I descended and gazed into the mysterious creel, and then came a gush of sunlight upon my spirit—visions of sunny mornings with winding shores, and clean, sandy, pearly beaches, and rippling waves glancing and glittering over white shells and polished stones and breezy headlands; and fishing-boats moving like shadows onward from the great deep; and lobsters and crabs and spoutfish and oysters, crawling and chirping and spouting out sea-water, and the old ocean gleaming like a silver shield! The fishwife was a Claude Lorraine; her presence painted what did my soul good, and as her reward I gave her what I'll wager never during her life had been given before—all that she asked for her fish! And why, you ask, have I sat down to write you, beloved John, all this?—to spend a sheet of paper, to pay a penny, to abuse ten tickings of my watch to write myself, like Dogberry, an ass? Why? "Nature," quote D'Alembert, "puts questions which nature cannot answer." And shall I beat nature and be able to answer questions put to me by John, nature's own child? Be silent, and let neither of us shame our parent. Modesty forbids me to attempt any solution of the question, dear John. Now for work. My pipe is out!

His Dalkeith ministry was interrupted by an enforced trip to Canada as one of a commission of three appointed by the Church of Scotland to visit the churches in Canada for the purpose of correcting erroneous impressions concerning the cause of the great disruption. This visitation was most successfully accomplished. His abounding good spirits and unflagging robust health supported him amid the hardships and difficulties of frontier life. On one occasion he had preached in a small rural church which had been for some time without a pastor. In the afternoon he was being driven to another appointment by one of the elders, an old man with a peculiarly interesting stutter. It was a very warm day and the driver, being overheated in his combined effort to whip the horse and maintain his part in the conversation, began to implore his fellow-traveler to send them a minister. "We d-d-don't expect a v-v-very c-c-clever man, but would be q-q-quite p-p-pleased to have one who c-c-could g-g-give us a p-p-plain every-day s-s-sermon like what you g-g-gave us yourself to-day"!

His ministry at Dalkeith was most formative in its influence in preparing him for the great work which he was afterward to accomplish in Glasgow. Here his preaching underwent a decided change. From being severely doctrinal it began to breathe out the

new note of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. He owned Thomas Arnold as one of his spiritual instructors. John Campbell Shairp, afterward principal of Saint Andrews, had but just returned from Oxford and brought with him the spirit of such men as Newman, Stanley, Jowett, and Clough. Emancipation from the rigid bonds of a hard and fast dogmatism was in the air. The new humanitarian spirit led by Kingsley, Hughes, and Stanley was making itself felt, and soon found a responsive note in the great soul of Macleod. The betterment of social conditions began to interest him. "The connection between a right physical and right intellectual and moral states is a question of vast importance," he says. "Better drainage, ventilation, poor laws, deal with the sentiment part, and so far good. Reading rooms, lectures, mechanics' institutes, cheap literature, deal with the intellectual and are good, too. Amusements, coffee-houses, and some of the above deal with his social life and are likewise good." And so he began to work along lines of social service long before this modern term was ever invented. And when the pressure became too great he would hie himself off to his beloved highlands, climb to its top a heaven-soaring hill, restore his faded soul and write to his friends at home:

> Now, isn't this glorious? Before me pure Loch Gare, and beyond the most sublime view I ever saw. Terraces apparently of sea and land—the sea a mirror. Vessels everywhere, the setting sun tingeing the high peaks of Arran, kissing them and the hills of Thibet with the same glow, laying the one to sleep with a parting kiss and with another waking up her eastern children. There's poetry for you! The great hills of Arran, "like great men," as Jean Paul says, "the first to catch, the last to lose the light." Was not all this glorious! not to speak of the sea and ships and solitude. Do you know I never think at such times. I am in a state of unconscious reception and of deep unconscious joy. No more.

And writing to John Campbell Shairp he says:

> In the midst of sovereign hills silence is most becoming, and then I never think at such times. I grow as unconsciously as plants do beneath the sun and shower. But oh! the life and joy! The man who begins to doubt anything on a mountain-top except his own powers, who begins to question instead of contentedly receiving, who speaks of the authority of books and professors, who, in short, does not love and rejoice, should be pitched over the first rock or have such a hiding (thrashing) given

him with weeping birch as will send him howling to Glen Fruin (Glen of Weeping).

A great bereavement overtakes him. His bosom friend, John Mackintosh, has heard the call to depart. His love for the departing one was like that of David for Jonathan. Hear him as he pours out his soul in grief and bitter lament:

This has been a day of heavy affliction, for I have just heard of the death sickness of my darling John Mackintosh—my more than friend—a part of my own soul. My dear friend! Never, never have I known his equal, never! So pure, so true and generous, so heavenly minded and serene, so young and joyous yet so old and so sober, so loving and tenderly unselfish—a beautiful, beautiful character; the modesty and tenderness of a gentle girl with the manly courage of a matured Christian; knowing the world, yet not of it; mingling in it with a great broad-heartedness, yet unstained by a single spot; warm and refreshing and life-giving as the sun, yet uncontaminated by all it shone on. But I cannot utter my reverential and loving feeling toward my dearest and best; and can it be that *he*, *he* is dying! I feel the whole earth slipping away for me and only Jesus remaining.

Two months later this dearly beloved one set sail upon the uncharted seas of eternity and the grief-stricken friend writes:

We buried him on Wednesday last. The day was calm and beautiful. The sky was blue, with a few fleecy clouds. The birds were singing! Everything seemed peaceful and holy. His coffin was accompanied by those who loved him. As I paced beside him to his last resting-place I felt a holy joy as if marching beside a noble warrior receiving his final honors. Oh, how harmonious seemed his life and death! I felt as if he were still living, as if he still whispered in my ear and all he said—for he seemed only to repeat his favorite sayings: "It is His own sweet will;" "Dearie, we must be as little children;" "We must follow Christ." And so he seemed to resign himself meekly to be borne to his grave, to smile upon us all in love as he was lowered down, and as the earth covered him from our sight it was as if he said, "Father, Thou hast appointed all men once to die. Thy sweet will be done! I yield to Thine appointment! My Saviour has gone before me, as a little child I will follow." And there we laid him and rolled the sod over him. Yet the birds continued to sing and the sun to shine and the hills to look down upon us. But long after earth's melodies have ceased and the mountains departed and the sun vanished, that body shall live in glory and that beautiful spirit be—"A Memnon singing in the great God light."

Does the world contain the record of many such friendships? And the wonder grows when we consider that John Mackintosh

was a minister of the Free Church—the protesting body which had gone out at the disruption. A few months later he had written a loving memoir of his dearest friend and presented the entire profits, over one thousand dollars, to the Missionary Society of the Free Church; an act of noble generosity which did much to allay the sense of estrangement between the two bodies.

In July, 1851, Norman Macleod accepted the call to the important Barony Church in Glasgow, the most coveted parish in the gift of the Church of Scotland. One month later he married Catharine Ann Mackintosh, sister of his beloved John, and now life in its fullness of love, duty, and service spread before him in all its inviting grace. He was at this time thirty-nine years old. He entered into his work with vigor. He rose at six and delighted in the sounds of the huge steam-hammers in the ship-building yards along the Clyde. He, too, was a toiler and felt sympathy with the men of horny hand and sweated brow. He says:

> People talk of early morning in the country with bleating sheep, singing larks and purling brooks. I prefer that roar which greets my ears when a thousand hammers, thundering on boilers of steam-vessels which are to bridge the Atlantic and Pacific, usher in a new day—the type of a new era. I feel men are awake with me, doing their work, and that the world is rushing on to fulfill its mighty destinies and that I must do my work and fulfill my grand and glorious end.

He placed great insistence upon early rising and strenuously endeavored to make it his daily habit, but the carnal nature would rebel, and so we hear him saying later on, "God give me grace to rise as I used to do—at a quarter to six—for it is always hard to the flesh." How perfectly human all this sounds!

His ardent soul longed for a revival. He found the General Assembly of 1854 "a Dead Sea of commonplaces—flat, stale, and unprofitable." He says: "How my morning readings in Jonathan Edwards make me long for a revival. It would be worth a hundred general assemblies if we had any meeting of believing ministers or people to cry to God for a revival. This and this alone is what we want." But he had his work well in hand. In his parish of 87,000 souls he opened three new chapels, with missionaries in charge, and planned the erection of two new churches

and three new schools. On one occasion he visited 222 families in 22 days. He is consumed with his task and enters in his journal: "I do not wish to fly to that blue sky, but by the help of Almighty God to act a true and brave part amidst the smoke and mud and sin of Glasgow."

In 1857 he began to hold evening services in winter for the poorer classes only, to which none were admitted except in their every-day working clothes. These services attracted large congregations and crowds were usually in waiting before the doors were opened. Frequently some of the better class would try to slip in unobserved, but the watchful elders would intercept them and turn them back. One, however, ran the gauntlet undetected and thus writes of the event:

I found I would not be admitted except I was dressed as a working man. The uniform of a dragoon was offered and accepted, but on second thought I preferred the cast-off working-clothes of a coach-builder—a dirty coat, a dirty white flannel vest, striped shirt, red cravat, and Glengarry bonnet. Thus attired, I stood waiting among the crowd of poor men and women that were very old and very frail. The night being excessively cold, the most of them had the skirts of their gowns tucked over their heads. Not a few of them had a deep asthmatic wheeze, most distressing to hear. Poor souls! they were earnestly talking about the Doctor and his sayings. I conversed with several working men who had attended all the series from the first, three or four years back. I asked one man if they were all Scotch who attended. He said, "All nations go and hear the Doctor." Another said, "Highland Scotch and Lowland Scotch, and English and Irish—in fact, a' kind o' folks come to the Doctor on Sabbath nichts." "A' body likes the Doctor," said another. One man, a laborer in a foundry, said, "I ken great lots of folks that's been blessed by the Doctor, baith Scotch and Irish. I ken an Irish Catholic that worked wi' me, o' the name o' Boyd, and he came ae nicht out o' curiosity, and he was converted afore he raise from his seat, and he's a staunch Protestant to this day, every bit o' 'im, though his father and mother, and a' his folks, are sair against him for 't."

On the door being opened, a sudden rush took place in that direction. I found a posse of elders stationed as a board of inspection, closely examining old and young, male and female, and turning back all who had any signs of respectability. All hats and bonnets were excluded. My courage almost failed me. Pulling my hair down over my brow, and, in the most slovenly manner possible, wiping my nose with the sleeve of my coat, I pushed my way up to the board and "passed." I found that none of the seat cushions were removed; no, nor the pew Bibles or psalm books, a plain proof that, by the test of years, the poor of the closes and wynds could be trusted.

These services were among the most fruitful of any in his Glasgow ministry, and every spring found a large class of these poor people received into church fellowship.

Meanwhile the highest honors were being conferred upon him. In 1857 he writes, "This day Sir George Grey informs me that I am made a chaplain to the Queen." He is "commanded" to appear and preach on set occasions before the royal family when they are in residence at Balmoral. He writes after one such effort:

> Preached in peace and without notes. After dinner the Queen sent for me. She always strikes me as possessed of singular penetration, firmness and independence, and very real. She was personally singularly kind, and I never spoke my mind more frankly to anyone who was a stranger and not on an equal footing.

The Prince Consort, Victoria's husband, died late in 1861, and on the Queen's first visit to Balmoral, in the following spring, Macleod is again "commanded" to wait upon her Majesty in spiritual ministration. He "spoke to her freely of the love of the nation and their sympathy; and took every opportunity of bringing before her the reality of God's love and sympathy, her noble calling as a queen, the value of her life to the nation, and the blessedness of prayer." On another occasion he writes:

> Went to Balmoral—found Gladstone had gone. Found the old hearty and happy friends. Preached in the morning on "Peace not happiness," and in the church on "The Gadarene Demoniac." "What do you think?" said little Princess Beatrice to me. "I am an aunt, Dr. Macleod, yet my nephew William (of Prussia) won't do as I bid him. Both he and Elizabeth refused to shut the door! Is not that naughty?"

This is the same Wilhelm who now presides over the destiny of the German Empire, and it can be easily understood that he wouldn't do as his young aunt bade him.

Our court preacher gets accustomed to royalty. While at Balmoral on another occasion he writes to his wife:

> I preached happily. The Prince (afterward Edward VII) spoke to me about preaching only twenty minutes. I told him I was Thomas à Becket, and would resist the interference of the State, and that neither he nor any of the party had anything better to do than to hear me. So I preached for forty-seven minutes, and they were kind enough to say they wished it had been longer.

Shortly after his appointment as chaplain to the royal court Glasgow University conferred on him the degree of D.D. He says, "How sad it makes me! I feel as if they had stamped me with old age, and that it was a great cataract in the stream leading more rapidly to the unfathomable gulf where all is still." How odd this all sounds in American ears! Meanwhile he was in labors abundant. He was in constant demand. Societies of all kinds applied to him for anniversary sermons. In an answer to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, reminding him of a promise to preach, he writes:

> I beseech you to have mercy on me as an animal, and get some other brute, equally willing and more able than I am, to preach your sermon. I have seven sermons to preach for collections in other churches before January—and I am engaged three times every Sunday till April—besides tons of other work on my back. I ask mercy with the donkey, dog, or carter's horse. My burden is heavier than I can bear. I'll feed the next dog handsomely, shelter for a week the first wandering cat I meet, even put my shoulder to the next over-loaded cart of coal or iron I see. . . . In the name of every hard-used brute, lay or clerical, animal or spiritual, I crave your mercy.

In addition to his pulpit labors he became the editor of Good Words, a semi-religious monthly which at one time attained a circulation of over one hundred thousand. His wholesome stories were full of deep human interest and their literary charm was greatly enjoyed. But his broad view of men and things aroused the animosity of the Pharisees of his day. His religion was not a thing of the rubric but of the heart. It did not consist in dead works but in a joyous living faith. Temperamentally he stood beside the broad churchmen of his day. Stanley and Kingsley wrote for his little monthly and on one occasion in London he was warned that unless he threw these men overboard he would be "crushed." But the publisher and he both agreed to let Good Words "perish, perish a hundred times, before playing such a false part as that." This apostle of love ministered to high and low, rich and needy alike. He was equally at home with the intellectuals and the *sansculottes*. His associations with royalty had not robbed him of his sympathy with the lowly and the poor. He had a heart big enough for them all. He touched life at all

points, and all sorts and conditions of men found in him a deep well of living sympathy. "When he came to see me," said a blacksmith, "he spoke as if he had been a smith himself, but he never went away without leaving Christ in my heart." He pays a loving tribute to Tom Baird, a carter, one of the beadles of his workingmen's church, and relates the following incident concerning him:

> When he was dying from smallpox his unselfish nature appeared. When asked if they should let me know, he replied, "There's nae man livin' I like as I do him. I know he wad come. But he shouldna come on account of his wife and bairns, and so ye maun na' tell him!"

Such dying devotion was full pay for all the effort this Christlike preacher had expended upon his humble parishioner.

Macleod was an extempore preacher of the highest order. Although in his early ministry he often wrote a sermon seven times before delivering it memoriter, in his more mature years he seldom wrote any discourses out fully, but preached from notes in which the sequence of his ideas was clearly worked out. Once in a while, on some special occasion, he read his discourse, but whatever the mode of his delivery, his pulpit efforts appear to have been equally acceptable. He was such a favorite with the masses that they permitted him almost any liberty within reason. On one occasion he was preaching in Argyleshire, where the reading of a sermon is looked upon as a grievous fault. The service over, one old woman, bursting with enthusiasm, remarked to her neighbor in the pew, "Did ye ever hear onything sae gran'? Wasna that a sermon?" But all her expressions being met by stolid silence, she shouted, "Speak, woman! Wasna that a sermon"? "Ou aye," replied the other reluctantly, "but he *read* it." "Read it!" replied the other, with rising indignation, "I wadna cared if he had *whustled* it!"

But this child of fortune was not to have all smooth sailing. The fair winds of popularity which had swept his bark along under a full spread of canvas veered around the compass and for a while blew with all the intensity of a tornado against him. A trip to the Holy Lands gave him a brief respite from toil in the winter of 1864 and a year later he became involved in the famous

Sabbath controversy. It can readily be believed that he was no legalist and when, therefore, the scribes of his day tried to encase the Scottish mind in swathings of Jewish legalism he protested, declaring that the Lord's Day was not identical with the Hebrew Sabbath and that the best interests of religion could be subserved by refusing to bind the conscience with the bands of outworn ceremonialism. There is no doubt that he may have gone further than he intended—that in the heat of controversy he said some things which gave rise to serious misunderstandings. The outburst of popular feeling stunned and amazed him. He became an object of suspicion to many good people and a target for the invective and abuse of those who were envious of him. Many good and true men mourned over the position he had taken. Ministers of the gospel passed him without recognition and one went so far as to hiss at him in the street. Orators harangued against him in the public places, caricatures of him were displayed to the public gaze. He felt his utter loneliness so much that he said, "Had a chimney sweep given me his sooty hand and smiled on me with his black face I would have welcomed his salute and blessed him." But through it all he maintained his imperturbable spirit. The hostility of many who had befriended him startled him. He could not understand what seemed to him to be their unrighteous anger. During the three weeks of stress and storm he found much comfort and peace in communion with God. He had the testimony of a good conscience and would not be moved. But Scotland could not long be angry with her favorite. The Presbytery met and discussed the matter in the most friendly fashion. He says, "They were very kind and did not utter a harsh word. I did not retract a syllable; nor was I asked to do so." His own kirk-session presented him with an address expressive of their unshaken confidence in him and his congregation to a man remained loyal. The following spring the General Assembly met and not a single allusion was made to the matter. Moreover, now that the misunderstandings had cleared away the public sentiment was veering strongly in his favor and, however many Judaizers there may have been in the General Assembly, they were afraid to open up their guns upon the great leader. The

General Assembly of the following year showed its confidence in him by electing him as one of a delegation of two to visit India in the interest of the missions of the Church of Scotland; and again, in the succeeding year, it expressed its devotion to him by electing him to the moderatorship.

In 1872 he was sixty years old, and in a letter to Principal Shairp he says, "I feel as if the winding-up were coming soon." He had been for several years a sufferer from acute neuralgia and sciatica, and it had begun to affect his generally robust constitution. A masterly address, an hour and a half in length, on the work of God in foreign lands was his final effort for the great cause he loved so well, and the hearts of many trembled for him as they noted the unnatural flush upon his face when he sat down. The following Sunday he preached his last sermon, on the strikingly appropriate text: "We have forsaken all and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?" At noon on the following Sunday his soul had joined the spirits of just men made perfect.

His passing was the occasion of a great national outburst of sorrow and grief. Queen Victoria wrote a letter of high appreciation and of deep, loving sympathy. The Archbishop of Canterbury voiced the appreciation and regard of the English Church. The funeral was a most impressive occasion. Rich and poor alike were there to do him reverence. His own Barony Church and the various mission chapels in the parish were filled with sorrowing throngs, while the sidewalks were lined with a quietly observant multitude. The working man in his fustian was there at elbows with those of gentler birth. Expressions of love and tender appreciation went from lip to lip, and one of those who had been greatly helped by his life and ministry was heard to say, "There goes Norman Macleod; if he had done no more than what he did for my soul, he would shine as the stars forever."

Gladstone Holm

THE SERENE VALLEY

Like a serpent of uncertain length and proportions the road stretches, twisting and squirming into the blue haze of the wilderness, leading directly over Mount Chochilla—five thousand or more feet above the sea, and which must be crossed before the night's rest and refreshment. A quiet dreaminess pervaded the stifling atmosphere which greatly enhanced the tedium of travel, and the frequent yawns when conversation lagged or grew dull spoke drowsily of what would be if it were not for the endless bumping and creaking of the wheels. But then it is not long until there are many good things to see—noble hills and valleys, acres of Buckeye trees, the much-talked-about contortions of the Manzanita wood, wild lilacs, the Mariposa lilies, pink, yellow and white, appearing in the grass like airy fairy butterflies, and lovely golden patches of brown-eyed Kates. How beautiful the saucy black-eyed Susans, flaming orange in color and ever beguiling the dust-worn traveler to a gay flirtation. In the morning the timber is small oak and ragged-appearing pine. But steadily the forest thickens and the kinds of trees change, so that by the time the lunch station, Ahwahnee, is reached the humble Digger-pine and the starveling White oak have given place to the Yellow pine, the attractive Chinquapin oak—with its viny limbs and abundant foliage—and the Sugar pine, the greatest of the family of Conifers, from its footing in the granite rising above all its companions, overtopping the forest, and yielding primacy only to the Sequoias. Like a boat in a choppy sea the tallyho coach sails up and down the slopes, at times tossed gleefully about not only by the driver, in grinning malice, but by the irrepressible members of the party; now drifting under the shade of the great trees, whose extended branches and towering forms drop tender benedictions while quarrelsome blue-jays answer the rollicking fun with screams of defiance. Along in the afternoon the stage suddenly stalked a locomotive, poking and puffing around over the mountain and working ruin in the forest. Not thinking about the iron monster being a

denizen of this locality his shriek and snort nearly caused a panic, and certainly a wish for a Winchester.

Night settles early in the profound canyons, but the sun touches long the glistening summits. Pondering over this fact and its corresponding truth in life, turning a point in the descent of a gentle declivity the cry, "Wawona!" went up from the lips of the driver. And, sure enough, there before the eyes was a perfect little valley whose beauty in the afterglow of the sunset shone like an emerald. Tall trees adorned the fields, and immense mountains whose bristling peaks gleam with snow made the surroundings. In a moment there was a revival of enthusiasm, and even the horses quickened into new life and gained the hotel in a rush. Smiles of welcome and greeting wreathed the faces of the landlord and his assistants as they seized our grips and gave their orders, while the platform and portico filled with a curious crowd of transients like ourselves except in cleanliness. And that "dust thou art, to dust returnest" might not have an uncomfortable premature fulfillment a vigorous handling of the broom (soon) unearths face and form. Above the babble of conversation the tinkle, jingle, and roar of swift waters are easily discerned, for this travelers' refuge is built upon the banks of a magnificent mountain flood, the South Fork of the Merced River. Out of sight of the front entrance, just beyond a slight elevation, flows the romping stream.

"Here, boy, show these guests to their quarters!" In obedience to this rather peremptory order an obsequiously obliging individual leads the way. We follow, every moment expecting to enter an elevator or ascend flights of stairs as usual. But no! Passing through the back door the pursuit is along a sort of garden-walk and with a sneaking fear that the old fellow had sized us up just about right after all and that the barn was to be our sleeping-place. Again there was surprise. These hotels are built very like a small town with the exception that there is the large central structure around which, in various directions, cluster cozy homes which supply the necessary sleeping compartments and family seclusion. Ours was a gem of a room with furnishings as clean as the mountain snows. And that bed, how it did creep

up to the tired spots! Awakened by the wonderful sunshine sliding down the steeps and into the windows, splashing over everything and into our eyes, how exhilarating to rise and look out upon a world riotously happy in its simplicity, beauty, and strength! The atmosphere vibrated with the songs of birds, and the temptation to skip and play in that reserve irreverently describable as a back-yard was not to be resisted. Soon violets and other flowers growing there in profusion nestled in the hands or graced the heads of favorites as crowns of glory. Wandering beyond the gate an artificial lake was discovered, hiding quiet-like on the hillside and among the trees and bushes. It is formed of waters captured from the rushing torrent and certainly seems ill content with its enforced restfulness, for the paths are crossed frequently by lively streams bent on getting away. A boat awaiting the coming of any who would was entered clamorously, and there was merry paddling and drifting from port to port. Upon a great rock standing as an island in the midst one of the party landed—forthwith to be abandoned to his meditations and the water-nymphs until the others were ready to provide the only means of escape. Come look at this South Fork of the Merced River dashing its crystal magic to the sea. Behold where in laughing fury waves hurl foaming spray from rock to rock and then giggle on their way! Did anyone ever see such fun? Let us climb over the bowlders and farther up the hill, rest by the falls, and step out to points of vantage to view again engaging, enchanting, and restful Wawona and its natural amphitheater. Think of its ice-cold springs, innumerable streamlets, lovers' lanes, dream lake, and the Indian Summer which tarries for many months of the year. Lift your eyes to the lofty Sierra peaks and spurs, whose extreme ramifications lose themselves in cumuli and endless blue. Is it hard to imagine Paradise? Oh, Wawona, evermore visit our dreams with the elixir of thy skies, forests, water, and beckoning heights!

Early the next morning, with carefully prepared lunches, we were off for a picnic in the Sacred Groves of Time under the shade of the big trees of this region. Fresh bear tracks in the dusty road, not unlike the imprint of a man's bare foot, caused a fluttering of the heart and somewhat of an anxious looking for

climbable saplings. Now it is eight miles of continual ascent to the destination and it is impossible to go faster than a crawl, which we were assured was more of a source of satisfaction to bruin than to ourselves. "These are the sentinels and mark the entrance to the grove," said the driver, indicating two giants, one on either side of the drive-way. Creeping along, and filling the moments with jest and jollity, the famous spot had been reached almost before anyone was aware of the fact. And then the attention was consumed by all the trees of that forest, the smallest of which would be notable in Ohio. Diameters of six feet were very ordinary and common. The absence, therefore, of the usual in size to produce striking contrast gives sufficient reason for the need of the announcement of the presence of the real vegetable wonders and a halt was necessary to accustom the eyes to the sight and make comparisons. There stand these guardians, saffron of hue, the flutings in their bark like newly washed gutters in a cornfield, square upon their feet, imperturbable and vast. They are the pickets of the grand army stationed there on the Sierras. Having given the password in a series of Ohs and Ahs, in a somewhat ancient and semibarbarous fashion, permission was granted to proceed and a Titan stretched upon the ground, lying in six feet of leafy soil accumulated since its fall, was the next source of interest and special attraction. It was probably blown down in some terrible storm hundreds of years ago, but still in his death there is heroic scorn of the ravages of time and the triumphant shout, "Where is thy victory?" Even the thought of the crash starts the nerves to tingling and suggests some rather remote California earthquakes. Think of it: before the government placed a restraining hand upon cupidity and avarice the forest rangers gloated over the millions of feet of lumber in one of these giants, and before their arrest in this course of destruction many "beauties" were laid low. While such mercenary motives are to be deplored which would rob us of the splendors of Niagara and the grandeur of these exceptional growths, they afford an excellent means of arriving at some just estimate of their proportions. For instance, it is said that there is enough timber in one of these prostrate mammoths to construct an ample box for an ocean liner

seven hundred and five feet long, or, if converted into rails ten feet in length and three inches thick, one would produce four hundred and forty thousand, and at the rate of one hundred and fifty per day employ a strong man nine years and three months in splitting them—a proposition sufficient to break the heart of any "Weary Willie." The cabin in the heart of the grove where coffee is made and lunch sometimes eaten is a small house indeed—though capable of accommodating seventy-five seated at tables—to have a giant like the General Grant in the front dooryard. Standing close to the tree twenty people would have to extend their arms and clasp hands before the outstretched finger-tips of the first could touch the finger-tips of the last. Just try to imagine what the dimensions of a building would have to be if in anything like keeping with that tree. And there were many similar in the immediate vicinity. Seated upon the slumbering ruins of a patriarch the dinner was enjoyed in the presence of—how many centuries? Is it possible that some of these trees had started upon their careers when God called Abraham, and that the seeds which gave them birth lived long years before the traditional time of Noah's flood? So far as decay is concerned you need not feel hurried in going to see them, for they seem destined to see the end of all other things. What an unanswerable argument in favor of being a strict vegetarian!

"Driver, what about that one?" We had started on the afternoon round and return when the sight of Old Grizzly called out the question. Upon learning that he is the Methuselah of the forest the first impulse is to get out and hug him, but the sober second thought is better, for five feet from the ground he measures ninety feet in circumference. Then the first branch leaving the parent-trunk, one hundred and twenty-five feet up, is six feet in diameter, and is therefore broad enough to carry a Yosemite coach and its passengers. Anything hugable, so far as that tree is concerned, is so near the angels that one had best wait for wings. There he stands, like all the others in that no great tap-root rivets him to the earth and with only a few surface sprangles to steady him in his position. Now, if the ages of the others are so indefinite and uncertain, might it not be assumed that Old Grizzly

grew as a potted plant in another sphere before the world was formed? We walked about those giants, surveying them from every standpoint possible, staring and staring until they dropped their cones in unfeigned embarrassment. And look at those cones! Nothing but dwarfs in comparison with others. Generally not larger than hulled walnuts; the seeds as thin as paper. What an exhortation to patience and persistence! Before going home the driver drove our coach and its load through the heart of a big fellow called "Wawona." The tunnel is ten by twelve feet in dimensions and in its construction the life of the tree was not seriously injured. It is still growing and putting forth new leaves every year. It is a short ride through thousands of years. Is it remarkable that when, in 1853, a hunter in pursuit of a wounded bear, discovering these solemn and mighty monarchs, upon returning found his tales laughed at as pure fiction? But now the one great undisputed fact remains: these trees are the oldest living things in the world. There where blooms the transient blood-red and beautifully attractive ice-plant, developing first beneath snow-banks but seldom tossing its crimson bells to the winds until some days after the winter has melted away, and even then keeping its roots bathed in chilly cold, there, thousands of feet above the roar of the sea, rule these sacred and stately sovereigns—close allies of the weak and tender and powerful and enduring witnesses of God and immortality.

The region now traversed laughs at the efforts of tourists to form acquaintance in a hurry. Simply a frontdoor call is out of the question. Electric cars, autos, or the lightning express do not flash one from point to point or scorn the steeps, and the insistence upon going slow, to stop and rest and drink in strength, is positively irresistible. The distances—you do not have to think about them, you can see them—and before you are through you feel them. The long drops into the valleys and canyons, the attendant dust and weariness, are like all the stories told of California—BIG. The only way one can come near measuring the heights and depths is just to give free rein to his imagination and the exaggeration of his tongue. He may surpass the reality, but no one will ever know it. Here we are, finally, at the summit of

the trip traversed by wagons—seven thousand five hundred feet above sea level. A rare coolness steals through the forests, which may be attributed to the canopy of the trees, but which in reality is due to the elevation and the breath of nearby snows. The climb is along a mountain ridge, dodging through an army of lofty pines whose far-falling cones look cumbersome enough to break a skull and where fleeting shadows, like the spirits of lost loved ones, people the elysian stillness. At last a soft silver light comes stealing through the trees to carry the sight away beyond the shade and to panoramic views of the Serene Valley. Coming out into the clear, and swinging to one side to give free passage to other stages, reverent heed should be given to the dignified command of Nature to pause and spend a few moments in meditation before entering into closer inspection of her mysteries; for it is well known that there are certain times when the multitudinous voices of rugged and sublime tranquillity still the tongue that they may flood the soul with their majestic eloquence; when the spiritual expression sweeps far beyond the powers of human speech. Without the least pretension or display of banners Yosemite came gliding in upon the senses and spread itself out to view, and we seemed unconsciously to have passed into the eternal world, whose language is not heard, but where peace, love, joy, and strength, like the light, enfold and permeate the life. Everywhere you see cataracts, long leaps of rushing waters over the encircling precipices into the vale below, but on that high point of vantage the crash of their fall dissolves into beauty and there is only the silver column or the shining thread and the mists ascending like the prayers of saints to the throne of the great God. The fitness of the name "Valley" for this cataclysm of nature is certainly established at the first glance, for while the depth of thousands of feet and the precipitous sides inspire with dread, akin to the tumultuous fear arising on the rim of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, the walls are spread apart, giving abundance of room for green fields and the beautiful Merced River. Long ago the funsters quit funning and the songsters ceased singing. The tension of expectation, exaltation of feeling and reverence command everybody and easily bar frivolity. As we followed the

winding road down the mountainside a feeling of security settled down upon us as again and again we beheld, on our left, grim old El Capitan, the ever-watchful sentinel of the region, lifting his stately form thousands of feet above the rippling stream and along whose sharply cut southern face the evening shadows are nearly a mile in length. He is so straight that he actually leans over in his pride as guardian of the domains of contentment and peace. Back farther and looming higher still are the Three Brothers and Eagle Peak. The Indians called them Kom-po-pai-zes from the fancied resemblance to the heads of frogs when sitting up ready to leap. Pious indeed are these giants, for they have built for themselves a magnificent cathedral adorned with spires whose grandeur and the music of whose unseen bells ring out the message of creation. And see that dome! No one but the Michael Angelo of heaven could have designed and erected such a structure. Here human workmanship is forgotten.

To the right and now in front of us are the Bridal Veil Falls, where a thick cloud of mist swings and floats in the air—a hint of the ghost of happiness which hovers over the nuptial altar—and wistfully lingers to become the entrancing and abiding presence of every hour and to be still more beautiful and golden in the deepening shadows of twilight. We were in time for the rainbow. We saw it like the sparkling splendor reflected from millions of gems tossed into the sunlight. The legend of the Indians, however, is a hollow echo of such sentiments. To them Bridal Veil Falls were known as the spirit of the evil mind. Here is the "River of Mercy"—this is the meaning of Merced—and the wagon squeaked and rattled along the bank in a jarring discord to the music of its waters. But with the gentle hastening of the stream there comes the spirit of praise and thanksgiving and you hear the invitation of Christ, "Come aside, and rest awhile," or think of the words, "Shall we gather at the river?" full of the tenderness of childhood and the hope of heaven.

In the upper part of the valley, where the trees are tall and widespread in their charity and benevolence, where meadows roll gracefully away to the steep walls of rock; within a mile of Yosemite Falls and standing close to and even over the Merced River,

is the hotel, the traveler's stopping place and hospitable home, whose several buildings, as indicated heretofore, compose what might be taken for an Alpine village. Just as sleep was about falling upon tired eyelids a gentle rap on the door by our friends called us to the veranda to see Yosemite Falls in the full light of the harvest moon. Nothing like that moonlight scene has ever come to my soul. Our eyes were riveted upon the transfiguration while numberless hands seemed to be working myriad changes; or was it the activity of the imagination? Now it was silver; then it was light; then, again, it was the frolicsome play of untold thousands of fairies in glistening robes tumbling in flying bounds to the depths below, and not succeeding in the first attempt with shout and song diving over the next crag, striking the lowest and sharpest stones as our feet would touch the softest down, and in the partially visible mist quickly ascending to participate again in the fun, or rushing in multitudes along the pebbles and through the fields, happy in anticipation or joyful in bearing good will to men. What a day and what a night it all was!

As though called by the bells in the cathedral spires we were up in time for six o'clock mass—indeed, long before—that the sunrise might be seen in Mirror Lake. But no mortal sacristan is busy there. Silence alone ministers at those altars and reverently utters the world's petitions. No visible worshipers throng the distant portals and the aisles are untrod save by spirit hosts. The valley is the real temple, and the rushing waters and singing birds are the chimes touched and set ringing by the hand of God. He is the priest of this sanctuary, and the tourists are the devout attendants upon the services.

The river everywhere and every hour commands attention. And now as the shadows of the night are beginning to lift and the breezes stir with the coming of the morning, and the clear light of heaven is smiling down across the mountain tops through the long, unruffled reaches; when the awakening world of grandeur is reflected from its bosom and the cliff-swallow again is winging his erratic flight along its margins, when fresh and holy joy irradiates the face of the new day and the stars are most beautiful in their departing glory, then truly the River of Mercy is a glorious river.

First a carriage ride of about thirty minutes to Mirror Lake, which the Indians named Sleeping Water; an enchantingly beautiful liquid sheen embowered by trees and environed on high by the most noted domes of the Yosemite. It is an exquisite idyll, where one can drink in cool air and breathe the breath of spring which abides there through mid-summer. Near great bowlders that kindly stand far enough back from the water's edge to give plenty of room, and whose attitude, in their coats of gray, is not unlike men in a state of expectancy, we watched and waited for the first glimpse of the King of Day over the towering mountain-ledge which constitutes the farther shore. The lake is motionless and smooth as a mirror, and the reflected domes, peaks, and trees on its glassy bosom are seen in perfect outline, distinctness and color. To look down into the depths was like looking into another world exactly similar to the one we were in. And even while gazing and thinking upon the unusual phenomenon the golden-edged, then the full-orbed sun seemed rising a mile below the surface, followed here and there with clouds which appeared like white-robed attendants. The solemnity of the hour and spot and the magic of the true reproduction made us feel as though we were in a wondrous dream. It was a redeemed earth giving back the image of heaven. We pass from this entrancing lake on to Vernal Nevada Falls, two cataracts, but in reality the descent of the river is one continuous roar and tumble of water—first a mighty leap, and then a swift and terrible run of a few hundred yards for another flying and awful plunge over a second precipice, and then miles of rapids. These latter are encountered at the beginning of the ascent and are the soul of a stretch of unique and wildly beautiful scenery. "What a glee of liquids! Rolling, dashing, foaming—enrapturing splendors! A chorus of floods! Poetry of waters! Doxology of torrents! What strange caprice—broad staircases of light, now whirled into crowns, thrown into columns, sprung into arches, splashed into stars, turned into crescents or built into temples; now gliding over emerald, with here and there a flash of gold!" Paths and narrow foot-bridges which ever and anon cross the torrents invite to rambles amid protecting rocks and trees to occasional patches of green and the rest of rustic seats.

Here burros await your desire for assistance up the trail, where every turn, like the twist of a kaleidoscope, exposes a beauty and a grandeur of a still nobler type. The danger is of becoming surfeited with the extravagance of nature and that which is marvelous and exceptional come to be regarded as nothing more than ordinary. There is a certain kind of contempt which may be born of familiarity even with these regions, and then the charm is gone. Is this not the reason why they are hidden so far away that nothing but great effort and persistence will bring them to view?

Hang on to your mule whatever the sights! He is a faithful animal, and the instinct of self-preservation will prevent his making a misstep. Only the breaking of the saddle-girth can bring harm to the rider and every precaution is taken against that. See how he balances his load and picks his way as he carefully swings the corners and treads the zig-zag! The whip or spur heedlessly plied by foolish or angry riders makes no impression and is simply a sign that the man lacks even mule-sense. Burro experience is better than theory and therefore with religious fidelity he follows the trail. Throw care and fear to the winds, cast the reins loosely on his neck and with unshaken faith cling to your mule!

That great wall on the opposite side of the Merced is called Panorama. With almost perpendicular sides it rises four thousand feet above the river and is the highest and most continuous wall of the Yosemite. Now as you pass around Point Rea you will suddenly behold, off to the right, Illouette Falls, which are said to be five hundred feet high, with a series of wild and rushing cascades below before emptying into the Merced. Following a slight descent, which comes as a grateful change, we soon are on the bridge and intuitively look up the bowlder-bedecked and splashing river where in the distance you catch the first glimpse of Vernal Falls—and from that point of view the river seems to plunge into the bowels of the earth and then return in the form of fiery spray and drifting smoke. They are only three hundred and fifty feet high, but their volume is what makes them so imposing. Over a perfectly square-cut mass of granite the River of Mercy starts upon the second part of its fearful career to reach the valley. Gently moving

at first, like a beautiful piece of embroidery carried downward by the breeze of the early morn, but soon increasing in speed, it is finally dashed upon the rocks below with twice the force of the waters of Niagara. No wonder the Indians poetically called this "The Cataract of Diamonds." Nearly a mile above are the Nevada Falls, six hundred and five feet high, with reverberating billows, arching rainbows, and shooting rockets of silvery spray. One cannot help but say, "How rich and resplendent the earth is with waters!" Best beverage of all the nations! For after the richest banquet, with the strongest and sweetest drinks, everyone wants at least a sip of water—cool, refreshing, God-given water. It was not our pleasure to continue the journey to Glacier Point. We saw it from below, and scaled the steeps with the eye, and tried to appreciate the almost perpendicular wall extending into the heavens three thousand two hundred and fifty feet. Overhanging Rock was in plain view, but even the looking at it makes one dizzy. For though built of such substantial materials, and fixed in position by the Divine hand, it seems frail enough when measured by the terrific distances over which it rests—a slight platform indeed, held high in the hand of the giant, to support any sightseer who is willing to pay the price of a climb to that point of vantage.

Yosemite holds a niche in the world of fame unique and all its own. It is indeed the "Serene Valley," where the heavens near burst to disclose radiant minstrelsies, where there is a calm which through centuries has continued to lave, as with the quiet undulations of summer lakes, the sacred footsteps of the Creator, and where, in the designs of the Great Architect, no haste enters nor is there pause for rest. Simply no weariness and therefore no discontinuity. It is the abode of contentment and peace.

William B. Winters

SHAKESPEARE'S ART

There is little to be said about Shakespeare that is new, but nothing that pertains to him can ever seem old. His fame fills the world. His name lays its magic spell upon all men. With the single exception of the King James Version of the Bible, his works constitute the richest literary legacy that the English race has bequeathed to mankind. His genius is so imposing—so solitary and august—that to attempt to analyze or appraise it seems almost presumptuous. We feel that it is more fitting to wonder and enjoy than to estimate and criticize. Indeed, we are inclined to point to him as being the embodiment of all excellence in creative literature, and in awe of him to pronounce the work of other men strong or weak, significant or insignificant, as compared with the transcendent worth of his dramatic masterpieces.

In our enthusiastic admiration of Shakespeare, however, we should not allow our spirit of hero-worship to carry us beyond all bounds. Shakespeare was, after all, human; and, being human, he is to be studied in the light of the ordinary laws of cause and effect as they act and react in the affairs of men. He came of sturdy English stock. His father, a vigorous and versatile man, drew his blood through centuries of brave and active yeomen; his mother was of gentle birth, ancient family, and was possessed of ample earthly store. The Saxon and Norman strains were mingled and intermingled in him, so that neither strength nor flexibility, force nor versatility was lacking in his constitution. Moreover, his boyhood and youth were nourished in the very heart of England. Ancient and romantic Warwickshire was his home; and from infancy his physical senses drank in the ripe, varied, and opulent landscapes of a region unsurpassed for mellow plenty and quiet beauty. The atmosphere, too, was alive with suggestions from a remote and stirring past. His young imagination was fed upon folk-lore and heroic legend, upon historic deeds of valor as heroic and fascinating as these legends and myths themselves. In company with his father he frequently went to hear troupes of actors, and so gained his first impressions of the magic world of

drama in which he was afterward to move as king. Doubtless he saw the Miracle plays at the neighboring town of Coventry, and as a boy of eleven gazed with rapture upon the brilliant pageants devised by the Earl of Leicester for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth when she visited him at Kenilworth Castle. Lured by fortune, or urged by misfortune, at precisely the right time for the best interests of his developing genius he exchanged the fresh, sweet scenes and poetic associations of his provincial home for the exciting activities and more intense human interests of the British metropolis. It should not be forgotten, either, that in Shakespeare's youth the tides of life ran full and free in the English nation. All was action, excitement, and adventure. Men fought, and loved, and dared with reckless disregard of obstacles or consequences. It was a distinctively dramatic age; indeed, the way had been preparing for four centuries. Drama had now become a national impulse—an expression of the restless, daring, aspiring spirit of the age. Marlowe and Shakespeare were the men preappointed to minister to the national craving for action, for adventure, for the vicarious expansion of life. Shakespeare was, therefore, as much the creature as the creator of his age. It was no accident that made him what he was. In no other age could he have achieved such eminence in dramatic expression, nor could he have climbed to such commanding heights had he not been borne aloft upon the shoulders of such mighty predecessors as Greene, Peele, and Marlowe. And, finally, in taking account of Shakespeare's genius, it should not be forgotten that he mastered his art by degrees. He did not attain perfection at a bound, as many seem to think, but served a long and faithful apprenticeship under the best masters and amid the most practical surroundings. His first task was that of recasting and retouching old plays. Later he attempted independent work, but his first unaided efforts were rather crude and amateurish. His early works were marred to a considerable degree by coarseness and extravagance, by conceits and artificialities of style, by dearth of thought and passion and feebleness of creative power. He had been a writer of drama several years before he produced one of the masterpieces that have enthralled the world.

It has been truly said that Shakespeare is not for an age but for all time. He was the supreme genius of mankind. He possessed every virtue that the great poet should possess: rich and felicitous diction; full, telling, and exquisite phrase; technical and constructive power of the highest order; the command of flexible, eloquent, and melodious blank verse; a quick and airy fancy; a penetrating and imperial intellect; irresistible humor; pungent and melting pathos; an intuition so marvelous as to include an almost infallible knowledge of the whole range of human experience; a creative imagination so potent and plastic as to awake in us sentiments of wonder and awe, and a moral sanity and grandeur unsurpassed in secular literature. More than any other poet he produced the exact gesture and hue, the full similitude and infinite variety of life itself. He gave us perfect transcripts of human experience. When we read his works it does not seem to us that we have been reading fiction. His dramas are perfect fragments torn from the canvas of life. They exactly resemble reality; they want neither light nor shade, neither grace nor solidity. There is at once vivid color and consummate proportion. They are not thin and pale, but rich and full; so that after an attentive reading of one of his masterpieces we feel as if we had been submerged in a scene of actual life where no element of reality was wanting. He shows us life in all its radiance and its gloom; its repose and its variety; its restless joy, and its troubled sorrow. He leads us under open skies through secluded country paths and by hedge-rows white with the blossoms of May. He loiters with us by quiet streams and bids us pause in the cool shadows of deep forests. He assails us with the wintry blast, and buffets us with raging storms of wind and rain and hail. He invites us to entranced gardens lighted the night long by tropical moons, transports us to sunlit, sea-girt isles, and conducts us to stately castles hard by the sounding sea or set majestic amid surrounding hills. As we peruse his pages we move from camp to court, from cottage to palace, from noisy inn to turbulent street. The tramp of war, the brilliant pageant, the flight of navies, the shout of mirth and revelry, the ribald jest of clowns and strumpets, and the sonorous speech of emperor and prelate—we see and

hear it all; scene gives place to scene, and incident succeeds incident with the same naturalness and variety that history and experience themselves afford. The raw underside of life as well as its romantic and glorified surface is sufficiently in evidence. There is eating and drinking; there is song and laughter and elbowing and fighting. We perceive life in a multiplicity of relations; we feel a sense of its teeming and varied interests; we see the mean and the humorous set over against the noble and the heroic. In the exercise of the creative imagination, likewise, Shakespeare has excelled all other poets. The creative imagination is aroused only under the impulse of great passion. In its intense and excited activity the mind selects, abstracts, and combines out of the infinite store of its past experience, and reshapes the material into new and vital wholes. The process is largely unconscious and wholly spontaneous. Shakespeare does not create his Hamlet or his Othello by slow and systematic selection, analysis, and elaboration. They rise in his mind instantaneously, full-garbed in their own distinct personality. He has peopled his pages thus with a multitude of beings who, though they never drew the breath of life or walked among men in the flesh, are endowed with personalities as real, vital, and consistent as those of the men and women whom we daily meet and greet and analyze in home and mart and office. As he called them into being he saw them as plainly as he saw the companion who walked the street at his elbow. He knew by instinct what his characters would do and he could not have made them do otherwise if he had desired. They rise upon his vision with preordained distinctness and individuality. They act for themselves; and how they will act, and why they will do this thing instead of that, he cannot tell. This power to create a character and stamp it with an indestructible personality is the most Godlike power committed to the poet. The life of Shakespeare's great characters outlasts the fame of real men and women. Falstaff is vastly more alive to-day than the most famous diner-out in America. Shylock will be holding the absorbed attention of students long after the name of the greediest man of modern times shall have been forgotten. Hamlet will endure longer than Czar Nicholas or the Kaiser;

and centuries after the dear faces of those whom we have loved and cherished are forgotten among men the gay laugh of Rosalind will ring in the ears of happy youths and Portia's sunny locks and brave words of charity and wisdom will make dark days bright and sullen hearts glad wherever men have eyes to read or souls to feel. So great is the art of the world's master wizard.

Finally, Shakespeare surpasses all other dramatic artists in moral elevation and in insight. His art is consummate in that he unshrikingly depicts life as it is—in its baseness and its glory alike. Whatever he pictures he pictures in strict accordance with the impartial and undeviating laws of life. He paints lust and crime and depravity, but he never forgets to paint the effects of lust and crime and depravity. In Shakespeare the villain, the tyrant, the libertine may be sure that his sins will find him out. He shows that the wages of sin is death; he teaches unostentatiously but impressively that he who sows to the wind must expect to reap the whirlwind. He shows how guilty ignorance and neglect, even, draw upon them consequences almost as terrible and damning as active crime. He lights up the whole moral universe with his astonishing genius and shows us the far-reaching results, whether fortunate or fatal, of every trivial act as well as of every daring crime conceived by the heart of man. The consequence is that we frequently close one of his great tragedies, after pursuing it to the end with solemn and rapt attention, and yield sad approval in our inmost souls of the rewards and penalties meted out to the dear misguided sinning and suffering mortals whose fortunes we have been following; we close the book, I say, with awe-struck and subdued acquiescence; feeling that the inevitable has happened, that all is as it should be, that Shakespeare's world moves in accordance with the laws of the great Judge himself who subdues all things to his own righteous will. It is thus that Shakespeare instructs us in the deep things of life.

Frank C. Lockwood.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AND THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD

I HAD almost forgotten "resultant force," which I once studied in physics. The reading, some time ago, of two books moving in opposite directions gave me this paper as the resultant and my memory of old experiments was revived. The scientific analogy here breaks down—which thing is a parable of what happens later—for the weakness of the resultant in this case is in nowise the precise product of the two opposing forces. The two are great thought-provoking books. The Religion of Science, by Dr. J. W. Lee, I read first, and then followed it later with Die Religiöse Frage der Gegenwart, by Dr. W. Herrmann of Marburg, a monograph which appears in Das Christentum, by Cornill, and others. In the former the use of the scientific method in the realm of religious experience has found a champion. The book reflects a high order of philosophical ability on the part of the author, Dr. Lee of St. Louis, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and will amply repay study. What follows is neither a polemic directed at this book nor a defense of what Dr. Herrmann has given us, but a statement of needed emphasis, present at least sufficiently in the latter though quite wanting in the former.

Dr. Lee contends that man has classified and unified all the facts not only of the natural world, but the physical, political, anthropological and psychological facts of human nature as well. However, "the deepest, widest, and richest interest in human life has, as yet, no adequate, rational, and universally valid science provided for it." "History is as full of religious realities as nature is of rocks." "Is it not inevitable that a system will be built by the scientific method as universally valid for religion as botany for plants and geology for rocks?" Herein lies, in good part at least, the thesis of the book. The thought is continued by calling attention to the fact that the wild animals and bloodless ghosts have been driven out of astronomy, biology, chemistry, and medicine. What once took the form of astrology, alchemy, quack

doctors and rain-makers now finds refuge in the religious field only. This is the only important reality left unsystematized by the scientific method. One evil, Dr. Lee notes as a result, is that "religion is the only subject concerning which every person exercises the right of private interpretation." No layman in the field presumes to sit upon the astronomer's opinion. Without question we accept and use the conclusion of the chemist, the physician speaks and we immediately comply, the bank clerk must agree with the financial wizard on the multiplication table, but when the preacher expresses himself he has a competitor in the most ignorant listener. Is any remedy for this condition possible? Can the finality reached in physics and botany be attained in the study of our religion? If it could be, what would be the gain, or, if it could not be, what the loss?

With much of the argument of the book we must, it would seem, be in accord. The scientific study of the Bible has driven Robert Ingersoll and all his ilk to cover, has converted many a once arid desert of the Scriptures into a fruitful field, and has given us a book never more powerful in the thought and life of the world than now. No one can gainsay the riches the same method has brought to our thought of the Christian religion. There is much yet to be done, and there likely always will be. Herrmann rather disparages, perhaps, what the methods of the sciences can do for religion and the religious experience, but he does clearly call attention to some of their limitations in this field. Certainly one can admit that they are usable in the sphere of religion and the religious experience and yet maintain there are reasons that preclude the approach, even to the degree of finality, the water-tightness we find in physics and chemistry.

In the first place, science deals with cause and effect. The deductive conclusion and the inductive leap are based upon the uniformity of this principle in nature. Here all that is is determined by what precedes. All certainty, all finality depend upon that, and turn to vapor if that is destroyed. Boyle's law, the law of gravitation and that of the conservation of energy hold true everywhere. Suppose they should begin to vary, and under normal conditions to act irregularly. What place is there in this sort of

a scheme for intelligent life, free will, or creative power? These forces are not merely the products of what immediately precedes, for that they can use, act upon, or oppose. Will is not as the strongest motive or instinct, else Buridan's ass, equidistant between two bundles of hay and dying of starvation, would picture a condition into which any of us might fall. It selects, creates, and often acts counter to preceding or contemporary conditioning forces. That the freedom of the will is an illusion we all reject, not only because we find the conceptions of right and wrong everywhere, however various their content, but because it converts life into a mere performance void of all reality. In spite of all the guesses as to the cause of religion—man's fear, his superstition, the ingenuity of priests and statesmen, and what not—we have come to see that man is religious not because of the effect of his environment upon him, but is religious, as he is rational, because he is made that way. As Dr. Fairbairn states it, more wonderful than any tool man ever had is it that he ever felt the need of one, and stranger than any religious belief or institution is that in man which created them. Man's religious beliefs, ceremonies, literature and institutions can be studied scientifically with the hope of a measure of finality, but the scientific method cannot stop there, for neither the Bible, nor the church, nor any teaching or doctrine has made religion. Instead every one of them has been created by religion. How can the scientific method, born in a realm of cause and effect, and as dependent upon its uniformity as we are upon the air we breathe, reach finality in a realm where these are pushed aside and suffocated by free and creative will? For securing that it is no more adapted to the moral and spiritual life of man than is the fin of the fish to the air above or the wing of the bird to submarine activity. It can be applied to a system of mechanics, as Herrmann says, but religion is a dynamic.

In the second place, the nature of the realities with which science has to do is altogether different from that of the realities of the religious experience. Science studies the seen objects of nature. These it places upon the table, then dissects, compares, experiments upon, and classifies. Try those methods with the unseen realities of religion. The soul refuses to be dissected as

can be the physical body. Some would have us believe that in some cases it is too small to be found. Von Dobschütz says that the scholars of the Middle Ages knew more about the geography of hell than they knew about that of the earth, but that we have lost. The difference between the plural and the singular is not all the difference there is between charting the heavens and charting heaven. We are sure of the realities of God and the soul, but prove them scientifically—so that others must agree! Goethe once said that the chief argument for immortality and the existence of God is that the human family is unable to get along without that belief. Prove even that in a scientific fashion! Religion will win with men of the scientific spirit if she admits that these things cannot be proved scientifically. If she does not do so the effect will be about the same as when the church preaches that Genesis is the last word in history and science. People who are unable to discriminate between the essential and the non-essential extend the doubt and disbelief of certain statements to the real message itself. Religion will be stronger if she does not expect too much from these foreign methods and stands on her own ground. She is her own best defense. Once it was thought she needed the state to give her power and prestige. Now, wherever they are connected, the state is a millstone about her neck. Possessing no quarrel with science, afraid of no light the latter has to offer, everywhere the chief patron and forerunner of science, religion needs her no more than she needs the state. Would you expect the final answer from the use of the methods of science upon the realities of the spirit, so different in character? Not much more ludicrous would it be to use a magnifying glass, as someone has said, to examine a witness in the courtroom.

Lastly, religion is not a thought, a teaching, nor a doing of certain things, though it includes and results in all of these. These things can be studied scientifically with some precision, but the study of the creative life back of these baffles. Religion is, before all, an affair of the experience, an inner life, and here's the rub for the scientific method. The New Testament teaches this clearly. Belief in certain teachings cannot give us the right to claim to be religious, for the devil's belief in God is perfectly orthodox.

Neither the doing of things nor refraining from certain other things, nor even both together, made up the sum of Jesus's exhortations, for he put the heart back of all. Along with deeds—murder, stealing, and adultery—more primary or fundamental were states of the heart—anger, covetousness, and lust. The filial attitude toward God and the brotherly toward man is, in the last analysis, the inner life, "the life in Christ" of Paul, out of which all else Christian flows. To-day our greatest philosophers have been declaring that the experience of the inner life can have just as much scientific worth to us as that reported to us through the senses. This value of the religious experience we can well emphasize. Dr. Grenfell puts it, "Every true Christian has a number of experiences every day of infinitely greater worth to him than any amount of speculation as to the fate of the Gadarene pigs." In granting this truth it needs to be added that, while A's experience has scientific value for A and B's for B, it is not true that A's has very great value for B, or *vice versa*. Their experiences are as diverse as they are. Paul's experience, helpful and inspiring as it is to me, cannot serve as a model for mine. There is no other conversion in the New Testament like his. A friend has said that one of that kind was enough, for there was but one Paul. In lesser degree as much can be said for every one of us. With every experience in a sense an exception, it is clear that no scientific method can ever yield finality or accuracy. Further, because of its nature, this inner life cannot, in the largest sense, be imparted to others, and much less can it be proved to their satisfaction. No norm or test for its presence has yet been discovered. As Herrmann writes, whether the fire burns in any human heart can no one else know, and so far as that person is concerned no science can either prove or disprove it to him.

If the methods which yield at least approximate finality in some spheres were just as applicable to the religious life, and an authoritative and universally valid science of the religious experience could be reached, what would be the gain? Or, if it cannot be reached, what is the loss? It was a great gain to the world when reason transferred nature from dogma to science, and began to listen not to what certain ecclesiastics thought the Bible said

about it, but to the language, the thought, God had written in nature itself. Why would it not be another great gain to transfer religion from dogma to science? But when you have formulated your science of the religious life will you not have simply substituted one dogma for another? The source may be different; it may be fact instead of external authority; but the effect in the long run will be the same. To be sure the wrapping up of our religious life in thought packages, as we do the elements of chemistry, cannot change in the slightest the essential nature of the spiritual facts. Our knowledge of the earth's fauna and flora one hundred years ago was quite different from that of to-day, but the reality of nothing was changed by that fact. The Ptolemaic thought of the universe, which ruled us for long ages, gave the sun credit for all the moving about the earth, but all the while the earth, undiscouraged, kept plodding away at its task of revolving about the sun. Religious facts can in no way be harmed. We think differently about the Bible from what we thought fifty years ago, but the facts in and back of the book are forever changeless. There is truth here, but is not the real danger that eventually such a method or science will affect our thought of the facts? The history of science shows us that the tendency there is to compel all new facts to conform to the old science. It is because of its invisible, intangible, and scientifically unprovable nature that this weight would be dangerous for religion, even as it has not been for science. These dangers I shall note briefly:

1. The formulation of a science of the religious experience would tend to make it mechanical. Codification, whether of the moral ideals of Confucius, the moral laws of Moses, or the teaching of Jesus as in medieval times, has always resulted in formalism, the destruction of the spirit and the deification of the letter. Formulated prayers have become magical incantations. The Mosaic law and its Rabbinic additions had become God and religion to the Hebrews of Jesus's day. God was a Judge who spent part of his time studying the law. Illustrations could be multiplied to show that whenever religious life condenses in the codified it has little or no interest in the individual; that whenever its essence is expressed in external form, be it code or ceremony, it

tends to become lifeless and to lose its power over the human heart. What reason have we to believe that the formulation of a science of the religious experience, valid for all, would be an exception to the history of its kind?

2. That truth tends to become petrified when systematized is true even in science. It is still truer in religion. There is value in keeping it stirred up and in not allowing it to crystallize. May not the element of uncertainty about some things in our religious life be a blessing in disguise? Some would have God so physically visible in the world, and immortality so sensuously evident, that neither could be questioned by the most skeptical. Not only is there more interest in the open and unsettled, as evinced by the effect of dogma upon the laymen and even upon the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, but more room for progress remains when questions about the facts themselves do not permit the interpretations of them to grow cold and solidify. This truth makes easier the revelation to us, some time in the future, of those things which we were not, and perhaps are not yet, able to bear. The petrified forms of living truth, the fluid "Zeitgeist" frozen stiff, whether in Palestine at the opening of the Christian era, in the Italy of Medieval days, or in the America of the nineteenth century, have gripped the religious as well as the intellectual life like a vise and prevented progress.

3. Finally, there is a danger that all not proved will be lightly regarded. It throws the religious life especially open to attack from naturalism, which will demand that all not proved or explained be rejected. Reduce religion to the humanly rational solely, to the categories of science, if you will, and what have you left? Daniel Webster's words reach us at this point, that a religion we could completely understand would not be big enough to hold us. Reduce it to the merely scientific and this danger could not be avoided. Herrmann thinks there is, perhaps, no greater religious danger than that Christian people generally may not come to see that the great facts of religious experience are not a part of the world with which science deals, and so can no more be proved or disproved by its methods than explained by its laws or principles.

Then how far may the scientific method go in the study of religion? To state where that "dead line" should be drawn is not the work of this article. Indeed that cannot be stated. It must be allowed to go as far as it cares to or is able to go. No "verboten" or "keep off the grass" sign will avail to keep back this ruthless steam roller. Neither "the sere and yellow leaf" of old age nor the sanctity of origin affords any protection. I have sought to point out some limitations only that should be kept in mind in the use of the method. Thus, the reaching of finality in a science of the religious life is impossible because the uniformity of cause and effect does not rule this field, because scientific methods are neither completely adapted nor adaptable to the nature of the realities of the religious experience, and because religion is, in essence, an inner life to detect whose presence science can find no rule or test. The dangers that would result much more than overbalance the advantage that would accrue—and no real one would—in removing the privilege of individual interpretation. That could be shown to be not only the glory, but a secret of the strength of Christianity. More than that, it is a necessity from the very nature of the Christian religion. So long as our religious life is grounded on one's experience, on one's life in Christ, so long must it remain of necessity individual and so long must it remain subject to individual interpretation. By its nature it can be imposed upon no one, but must be accepted and allowed to work from within. He is a gainer who preaches to thinking competitors rather than to meek absorbers. If he desires authority, it must not be that of the scientist, with his systematized truth, but that of the prophet, with his "Thus saith Jehovah." Religion is so much a force, a life, a dynamic power, that it can never be described, restrained, or advanced by either dogma or science. The striking words of Dr. Deissmann, "Was man definiert, hat man sehr oft ruiniert," ring truer is no realm than in this, the highest interest in man's life.

Irwin Ross Beiler.

CRIMINAL NEGLECT OF THE IMMIGRANT'S CHILDREN—AN APPEAL TO LAYMEN AND MINISTERS ALIKE

A BELOVED brother, who is a clear-headed graduate of Wesleyan University and of our Boston University School of Theology, has just written me a letter in which one of the most inexcusable of the neglects of our local churches and Sunday schools is presented in a light so fresh and forceful that I am moved to issue this appeal to all English-speaking pastors and superintendents of Sunday schools of Methodist Episcopal affiliations, especially to all in the neighborhood of our urban populations. The writer of the letter is the pastor of one of our Boston churches, a church in which, following apostolic precedent, we are employing two languages. In this case the two are the Italian and the English. The work calls for rare gifts and great wisdom on the part of the minister, for his adult parishioners can get little if any profit from services in English and the children very little from a service in any tongue other than English. Moreover, besides caring for this flock, gathered by his predecessors, he is expected to do the work of a city missionary; seeking out unchurched Italian families, helping the unbefriended, advising the newly arrived from Italy, and daily striving to win to a holy life those who have not as yet known it. One of the very touching things in his letter is his account of the problems of immediate personal duty met with in his daily pastoral work. Being an American citizen, and the father of native American children, he fully understands the feelings of the young people under his charge—these Americans by birth, and habitual users of English because of their training in our public schools and daily intercourse with American companions. With this understanding he is made keenly alive to the great need these young people have of religious fellowship and ministration in their own English tongue. Being also himself of Italian ancestry he feels, as no person otherwise descended could, the pathos of the existing situation, in which a whole generation of precious

souls—Americans by birth—are coming forward without the possibility of the needed guidance from uneducated foreign-born parents, and at the same time without any proffer of sympathy and shepherding on the part of the churches of their native land whose doors they are daily passing. Here is an extract from his letter:

As you know, we are in the midst of the largest Italian colony in New England. I look over the audience and find that a large number of our people come from the suburbs; some from five-cent-fare distance and some even from ten-cent-fare distance. Frequently these people are asked, "Where are your children this morning?" Back comes the heart-breaking answer, "They are at home." Why at home? These people, poor of the poor, cannot, yes, *cannot*, spend from fifty cents to a dollar every Sunday to bring the children to Sunday school. In fact, why should they even be asked to do so when within sight of their homes rise the steeples of churches whose language they understand even better than the one we speak at our regular services?

Here are some cases. Last Saturday I called upon a family in a suburb. The home was one of the finest I have ever entered into among the middle class of any nationality. In spite of the splendid condition of the home, the little girl-housekeeper kept apologizing that the house was not very neat. She had her sweeping cap on and was busily engaged in cleaning house; her mamma had not returned from work. Her dear brunette face, thin and careworn, showed the tragedy which follows when, driven by poverty, a little girl of fourteen is forced to make her way through school and keep house at the same time. The three children in this home are attending the public school of that city and are as bright, clean, and orderly as any children. They have the finest of background; born of splendid Christian parents and of good blood. Only the tide of fortune ever brought them to face the strange conditions of this land. Of how many this is true! The children had not been to Sunday school for quite a while, and I was calling upon them to interest them to come. For a moment I remained in deep thought. From the back piazza of that fourth story flat I could see the steeples of two churches, and had I been there the following day I could have heard the calling bells of at least three Protestant churches. As I left the home I asked myself, Can I conscientiously, in view of the circumstances of the home, and in view of the fact that there are several Protestant churches so near their home, can I urge these children to come to our church in Boston?

Next I made my first call upon a newly married couple. The tidiness and the comfort of the new home surprised me, and an especially fervent prayer for the happiness of this new family rose to heaven. Had I not known that these young people were of Italian birth I would have scarcely detected it from their features. Both of them are more or less the product of American life and civilization. I was making my pastoral call upon them, endeavoring to draw them into the fold. As I left the house just a few steps away I passed a Methodist church, the church of these young

people's choice. Again I pondered, "Shall I endeavor to pull these young people to our Italian church in North End? Does the church want to perpetuate the national groups within this nation? Shall we continue to differentiate between 'Greek' and 'Barbarian' and 'The Chosen Ones of Israel,' or shall we exalt the great Christian principle of the universal brotherhood of man? Shall I endeavor to bring these people down to North End or shall I try to get the church near them to look after their spiritual welfare?"

I called upon a third family, with six children who have been very faithful to our Sunday school. Now they have moved a little way off to find a larger breathing space. The family is far from prosperous. The poor father can never work again and the family depends upon the splendid unconscious devotion of the two boys for its meager support. These young people have not come to our Sunday school very regularly since they moved out. They are thoroughly American and never dream of speaking Italian. They were brought up in American schools where the teachers do not speak Italian and where one nationality is not separated from another. I thought, "Six children, a father sick and unable to work, and only two boys struggling to support the family. Shall I endeavor to get them to come to our Sunday school from this car-fare distance, or shall I try to get the Sunday school of that church there to look after them?" But suppose the Sunday school *does not want these children*, for they are "foreigners," you know, and some Sunday schools do not want them; *supposing*—?

One Sunday evening the presence of a father and mother with five of the sweetest little tots made us very happy. Living quite a way off they cannot come very often. The oldest child was a boy of about eight. I admired them, filling a whole front row in the good old New England way. The children sat listening attentively, scarcely stirring throughout the service, which was especially remarkable as they could not have understood a word of what was being said. A hymn had been announced, in Italian, of course, and I noticed the older boy look very blank and I repeated the announcement for his benefit. We had begun to sing when I saw him crossing over to the next row of seats to find out what the number was. It flashed upon my mind that the lad did not understand what the number was, for he goes to school where English is spoken, he plays with children who speak English, but is made welcome only by the church in which is spoken a language he does not understand. I said to the father after the service, "We miss you ever so much, Brother—and we miss this fine family." The father answered, "Caro ministro, e troppo lontano." "My dear minister, it is too far." And I said to myself, "Yes, and the poor little tots do not understand." After the service and ever since his words have been ringing in my ears. *He, with many other parents, fully realizes that the place for his children is in the American Sunday school and church near them. Just a little way from his home is a church that is seriously considering moving out that it may get away from the "foreign" population.*

These are thoroughly typical cases; scores of similar ones could be

cited. To draw these children to an Italian church would not only be a strain on the family, but it would also be a step of retrogression. The nationality church has not solved and will never solve the great problem of bringing the gospel to the "foreign" groups. Those who become most accessible to Christianity are to be found out from the greater centers and where the already established church can do much, especially among the young people. The local churches must awake or they will surely die, and will let die, while they slumber. The church that saves its life will lose it! May God raise a Moses to lead these non-English people out of the bondage of the dreadful Pharaoh; or a Paul, who with flaming zeal will break this crusty coldness; or a Wesley, who, when the church refuses to open its doors to the poor who knock, will launch out into new avenues until there will be a new church of the *outcast* to challenge the world. Say what we will, the inevitable will come unless we repent.

For the placing in italics of certain words in the above citation Brother Panunzio is not responsible. The responsibility is mine. I have given them this prominence because they so clearly reveal the nature and the need of the present appeal. Multitudes of our people, and too many of our preachers, greatly need Peter's vision of the great sheet let down from heaven. All about us are hundreds, if not thousands, of choicest recruits for our churches, possessed of an education such as their parents vainly coveted, intensely American in sentiment, gifted quite beyond the human average, all of them still young, plastic, capable of high inspirations and heroic achievements for Christ and his Church; can any folly or sin be greater than that caste-pride which, by deeds if not by words, tells these candidates for Christian discipleship that they are not worthy to enter our sanctuaries, worship with us at a common altar, and with us share the table of our Lord? The folly of it is already visible in the voting booth, in the juvenile court, and the house of correction; the sin of it, if persisted in, will be yet more visible in a demoralized and lawless community, a dwindling church, and a final repentance, bitter, but all too late to prove availing. Most earnestly do I appeal to the pastors and official members of all American Methodist Episcopal churches, located in communities in which more than one vernacular is in use, to canvass every family in search of unshepherded children of foreign parentage, Italian or other, and to make every possible provision for their spiritual training and early "naturali-

zation" in the Church of God. Thus far, in welcoming and training the children of the stranger within our gates, the State has far outdone the Church. If, as Christians, we fail in our duty in this direction we must expect that even the children of the pious parents whom in our city missions we have won to the Christian life, being left in cheerless homes on Sunday for lack of a carfare or an ability to understand the preacher, will quickly find companionship with hoodlums on the street, or in more secret places where, far from police supervision, they may give themselves up to amusements and occupations which gradually familiarize them with every form of vice, spontaneous or commercialized. In these cases parental authority cannot be depended on to avert the disaster, for the child of the average immigrant learns all too soon to entertain the contemptuous feeling of the average American toward all illiterate or poorly educated immigrants, and so, most of all, looks with a kind of pitying contempt upon his own "foreign-born" father and mother. Thrice tragic is the result; tragic for the devoted parents, tragic for the community, tragic most of all for the kingdom of God. My earnest prayer is that those to whom these lines are addressed may soon win to our schools and churches thousands of these precious, providentially provided, America-born recruits, and that so reinforced we may soon see the universal victory promised to the rightful Lord of nations, our omnilingual Christ.

"BILLY" SUNDAY AND BUSINESS MEN

It is to be expected that churchmen would champion Mr. Sunday. The real surprise is the way in which business men of all classes and types of good business, and men who make no profession of religion, rally to his support. What is it that wins them? They come with as much enthusiasm as the "down and out," and sometimes more. They enlist for service with greater zeal than some who have nothing to lose and much to gain. It is needless to name them, for their names have been heralded in the daily papers until many of them are familiar. They are captains of industry, bankers, big leaders of men, foremost educators, and all other classes. I never heard that Mr. Sunday tried to explain the condition. Perhaps he never tried. He declares facts and lets others make the arguments and draw their own conclusions. He claims that the average man should be able to understand him without much research, and most of his hearers agree with him.

When "Billy" Knocks. As a knocker no man has ever stood on the American platform who can compare with Mr. Sunday. His satire surpasses in many cases that of the best masters. He says things which if said by the average minister would drive his hearers away and drive the minister from his pulpit. But the more Mr. Sunday says them the better the crowd seems to like it. He knocks and they like it. He exposes sin and they cheer him. He denounces wrong in language not permitted in the average pulpit and they give him a salute. All agree that the crowd is with him all the time.

I first heard him speaking at the St. Louis Exposition under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association in 1904, and can see little change in him except that he is perhaps a little more of the same kind. Coming out of the theater in which he spoke a lady made a criticism, but I overheard an apparently well-to-do business man say, "Well, boys, we've got to go home and straighten up." The thing about his knocking is, he knocks the bad down and knocks the good up. I never heard a speaker who

could boost the good without helping the bad or knock the bad without harming the good as Mr. Sunday can. If I should try to explain his success from the standpoint of psychology, without any consideration of religious influence, I would suggest this as the chief secret of his power. Hitherto the evangelists have been generally strong in the ability to knock things—sometimes good things—to pieces, and very weak in the ability to knock anything together. It has been this weakness which has frequently made some evangelists unpopular with practical business men. It is the constructive qualities of Mr. Sunday which appeal to the business world. When he finishes the wheat is in one pile without any chaff in it, and the chaff is in another pile without a grain of wheat in it.

Business Management for Business Men. The business management of the meetings and his own personal manner have much to do with his attraction for business men. The Sunday campaigns seem all so managed as to have no public begging or special efforts to raise money. Indeed there always seems to be more than enough of this much-desired article. Mr. Sunday asks nothing as a bill. Folks make a single free-will offering when the campaign is over for Mr. Sunday, after he has given them full chance to know what has been done. His critics have sometimes objected to the large offerings the people made him, but this objection never seems to come from successful business men. Bankers and editors and merchants and manufacturers send in their checks without solicitation. "He's worth it" is the general comment from those who are able to judge. Certainly no effort seems required to get the money, and this is such a relief that it appeals to business men. He has been worth perhaps ten millions of dollars—or will be in the next few years—to the churches of America by teaching them the fact that churches must be run so as to show a profit if they want the respect of business men. Men never enthuse over a loss or deficit. It is good indication of a brighter future to find such a financial example in religious work.

Of course it is only fair to say that without the churches back of him and with him Mr. Sunday would doubtless have a different result to his work. He himself does not claim anything of im-

portance only that he preaches the message as God gave it to him, and men come to hear. Nevertheless the methods and result will mean much to individual churches for several years. Local church boards will study what was done and how it was done. They will go to work with a new enthusiasm to imitate it. The many laymen who were enlisted in the movement and many others who came from a distance, and still a larger number will improve the financial methods in their home churches.

As an Educator. As an educator the Philadelphia campaign was worth all it cost if there had been no converts at all. Eight big Philadelphia dailies carried an average of more than a full page a day for ten weeks of the finest gospel truth ever distributed. They did it because it was the livest news they could get. The people demanded it. They wanted to read it. Subscriptions came from all over the world just to get the news of the Sunday campaign. If you can tell me what a full page in a big Philadelphia paper is worth for advertising space I can tell you what one paper would charge for seventy days, or what eight papers would charge for seventy days. It is a safe guess that it would run well over a million dollars. Some advertising manager will doubtless count up the columns and make a perfect estimate. And in addition to this double that amount was given out in the news of smaller papers in smaller cities and towns nearby. The New York and Baltimore and Washington and Pittsburgh and many other papers carried much news. The lesson for the churches is that if they make their gospel news good enough they will get the notice. However, it must be real news and not manufactured news.

Another feature of the educational work was the teaching of church manners to all who could be taught. One preacher said that it was worth five dollars to him to get into a religious meeting where people could be taught good enough manners to take their seats in the middle of the pew instead of at the end, where everyone would be compelled to crowd past to get into the seat. Another remarked that he was glad to find at last a religious service where no one came late. Another thought that "All hats off" should become a written law. A patient policeman told me that he had no trouble on Saturdays with the school children, or at meetings

for men only, but he dreaded the meetings for women only, and needed protection for himself on those days. Perhaps he forgot that women as a rule are not so accustomed to being in a crowd as are men and high school children.

Business Men and the Meetings. In country towns it sometimes happens that in a big revival campaign the stores will close during the service at night. In a city of nearly two million people there is a different proposition to face. The big mills, the big stores, the big corporations, and big railroads are quite different. One night the Pennsylvania Railroad had reservations made for over eight thousand men, and the men were there. The employees of the city, numbering several thousand, and the Mayor were there on another night. Representatives of all the big stores were there one or more times in a body. In no campaign in my life have I known so much religion to be mixed with good business. The general idea is that it did business much good, and religion was likewise helped. Business was taught that religion is profitable. Religion was taught that business can be used to advantage in religious work. The church discovered that it was in too many instances trying to run as it once did, when we had no big cities and big industries employing thousands of men. It was taught that business has improved its methods and grown faster than the church. Out of this lesson will come results which cannot yet be foretold. A stronger friendship and better understanding has developed between the churches and big business. Instead of being indifferent to each other they have seized the opportunity to become mutually helpful. Each badly needs the other and their better acquaintance will be mutually helpful. A better comradeship exists between employer and employees. A stronger spirit of fellowship exists between the employees of the same firm. Out of these conditions the spirit of constructiveness arises and greater harmony prevails. These are the things which cause business men to rally around Mr. Sunday and consider him a good investment for individuals, cities or business. How much good the tremendous advertising of Philadelphia will do for the city is hard to say. Certainly many thousands will turn their attention to Philadelphia as a good place for a home or an investment because of the meetings

and publicity. These people will naturally be the best class of people—generally church folks. There was nothing in the meetings to attract undesirable citizens and outlaws to Philadelphia. There was much in them to make the finest type of people in the country and country towns for five hundred miles around Philadelphia think of it as a possible home. That is why business men consider him a good investment.

The matter of his religious work seems to need no defense by those who are concerned about that phase of the question. As that is a subject for a religious article it is not discussed here. Certainly, the winning of forty thousand converts, the preaching to over two millions of people, the spreading of almost countless pages of religious reading matter, the setting of the strictest orthodox standards of religious faith, the unification of religious effort, the keeping of people in a religious service who would otherwise have been in the motion picture places or theaters, the reformation of drunkards, the enlistment of business men for business-like service, the inspiring of the many University and College students to live lives of religious usefulness, ought to satisfy that phase of the question without entering into its discussion.

W. C. Poole

WHEN MEN PRAYED

As we drove up it had the look of a circus tent, but later we learned that it was the "Tent of Assembly" which had been set up because the little church would not contain all the delegates and their friends. Nearby, in a compound as big as a field, were other tents—sleeping tents, a cooking tent, a post-office tent, and among the others the big dining tent in which more than two hundred sat together at meal time. It was verily a "Feast of Tabernacles."

To this Central Conference of Southern Asia, held at Jubbulpore, representatives had come up from all the tribes scattered throughout that great field. They sat side by side, the Chinese delegate from Malaysia, the turbaned brother from Burmah, the ex-Brahmin priest, the village preacher from Gujarat or the Punjab, the A. B. whose mahogany skin covered clean-cut Aryan features; Hindis, Urdus, Bengalees, Tamils, Telagus, Marahtis, Burmahese, Chinese, Filipinos; converted Hindoos, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Confucianists, and I know not what else, met together to acknowledge Jesus Christ as their Saviour and to pray and plan for the speedy coming of the day when by every tribe and nation He shall be the acknowledged Lord of all. With them had come the missionary leaders from all parts of India, Burmah, British Malaya, the Netherlands Indies and the Philippine Islands. One face and voice, though, were sadly missed. Bishop Warne had been detained in America in the interests of the field, but our prayers for him and his prayers for us seemed to place him in our very midst.

Prayer was the big thing about that Conference, anyway. With few elections and no anxious candidates there were no earthward ends to ground the wires between that assembly and God. Communication was open and continuous. To all it was an uplift, an outlook, and an in-filling. For the first afternoon the program announced a "Reception, with Addresses of Welcome and Responses," but God took a hand and led the first speaker to sound a

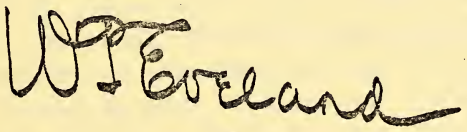
clear, deep spiritual note. All that followed was pitched to the same key. As we listened we felt ourselves being taken up into a lofty place from which our eyes could look out upon the widening Kingdom of our Lord that this missionary work is establishing. We saw the Mass Movement, with its increasing thousands pressing into the Kingdom, and its tens of thousands more standing without the gates piteously imploring the church to send them the teachers needed to prepare them for admission. We saw, too, our great systems of schools and colleges, like lights shining in dark places, and noted how the laws of these lands, their social customs, their literatures, as well as their many religions, are being profoundly influenced by Christian teaching and living. Everywhere there were signs that the old order changeth, and as speaker followed speaker, each seeming to tell a more marvelous tale than those who had preceded him, we found our hearts crying "What hath God wrought!" It was a converted Brahmin from South India who, at the experience meeting held after dinner, said, "The Directors of the East India Company, John Bahadur, at one of their meetings said, 'The project of sending Protestant missionaries to India is the most absurd and crazy idea that ever occurred to the mind of a lunatic,' but I found myself wishing this afternoon that the ghosts of these directors could have been in that meeting and heard what we were hearing. I am certain that they would have seen that it was not the missionaries who were the lunatics, but they."

Of course there were statistics, and some of these were startling: 189,479 baptisms during a single quadrennium almost takes one's breath. A church that has doubled its membership in ten years is growing some. But the skeleton at the feast was that with all this vast multitude coming into the church, needing to be educated and trained if they are to be a help and not a handicap to Christianity, there are actually fewer schools in India than there were ten years ago. Into the face of an ancient church we Protestants have flung the taunt that their converts represent only a baptized heathenism. Unless we bestir ourselves to send light and leading to these people who are crowding in ever-multiplying numbers into our arms, this taunt, like the proverbial curses, may "come home to roost."

There was a lot of legislation, most of it wise legislation, that the General Conference will probably make effective, but the outstanding result of the Conference is the vision that came to all of a sin-burdened, salvation-needing world, and the heart-yearning to bring these peoples to see in Jesus the Saviour that they need. There were times when it seemed as though he stood beside us and compelled us to share in his compassionate love and longing to save. Something of his own divine obsession to seek and save the lost came upon us. It broke upon us like a great light that we were there in Christ's stead, his substitutes, beseeching these people to be reconciled to God through the Christ of Calvary. As the Father had sent him to Palestine, so he had sent us to India, to Malaysia and to the Isles of the Sea. We were the shepherds sent out into the mountain to seek and save the lost. Were we good shepherds? Were we giving our lives for the sheep? Were we speaking with a voice of love that the sheep could know and so follow us? Was Jesus reaching and reclaiming His own through us? Then were we smitten to our knees. Prayer was inevitable and because it was inevitable it was easy. Heaven was within reach. There was nothing else possible but prayer. Even when the time for closing the meeting had arrived, and another meeting was due, the kneeling company stayed upon their knees clinging to God like wrestling Jacob, unwilling to let him go. Again on Sunday afternoon we had been called to intercession. The hour for closing found the company upon their knees. Our leader bade us arise and gave the opportunity to go for tiffin. Scarcely a person stirred, and so back to their knees went that company who knew by experience the power of prayer. For there knelt men and women who had prayed for schools, and who had seen schools arise in answer to prayer; who had prayed for hospitals and seen God's answer come; who had seen their work imperiled and had prayed to themselves the money or the workers needed to save it; who had faced problems that only God's help would enable them to solve and who had through prayer found the needed solution; who had set the mark of their prayers upon individuals whom they longed to see brought to Christ and whom they had afterward seen happily converted; men and women to whom prayer meant something. It

was like being caught in a rushing tide that swept one up into the very presence of God. Many of us felt that here indeed the Master was teaching us how to pray.

It was distinctively a Spirit-led conference. Strong men and women were in attendance, but none of them stood out conspicuous. It was a great conference. But no one man appeared to make any striking impression upon it. Among the delegates there was not much talk about any one sermon or speech, but everyone appeared to feel that the Lord had been present in marvelous power, and that because of this his work would prosper in our hands. Personally I found myself praying that God would help us to make all of our conferences—Annual Conferences, Central Conferences, yes, and the General Conference too—times when we should not only meet with each other to transact business, but also meet with God, to catch from him the vision and to receive from him the power that shall send us forth in his name conquering and to conquer.



EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

JESUS CHRIST THE MEASURE OF HUMANITY[1]

THE Gospel, which is the distinctive contribution of Christianity to the world's history, is Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ is the Gospel. It is not his teaching alone, though that is full of glad tidings; it is not his death alone for the sin of the world, though his death, as the means of man's reconciliation with God, is included in the Gospel; it is not even his rising again, though by it life and immortality are brought to light; his teaching and his cross and his resurrection find their ground and explanation in what he was—they are the exposition or unfolding of his personality. The new fact, which is itself both "God's-spell," the Divine word to and in humanity, and the "good news" to men, is that within the limits of the great human family there has been one life, one personality, in whom the perfect relation of humanity to God has been achieved, and the eternal character and inner nature of God revealed. In Jesus, Spirit, the unseen ever-present factor in the history of the universe, enters into possession of humanity and reveals its true characteristics under the form and in the relations of human life; and, equally, humanity, or man's nature, enters into possession of the powers and freedom of eternal Spirit. The Gospel is thus not a form of words, nor a doctrine, nor a scheme of reforms for this world or truths about the next; but a Person, a fact out of which and the interpretations of it all these legitimately come.

When it is said that Jesus Christ is the Gospel three things are affirmed; of which the first is that the Christian religion arose from a historical person. Jesus Christ is a fact in history which has to be reckoned with. His life has a date and place in time—the latter half of the eighth century of the Roman period. He stands in close relation to a historic people—the Hebrew race. Their history is necessary to understand his, and his history is part of theirs. His

[1] By Dr. D. Macfadyen.

life has geographical and topographical associations. It is lived within the confines of Palestine in Syria; the place of his death is Jerusalem, and Jerusalem at that time was a minor city in the Roman province of Syria, and was under the government of the Roman Procurator, Pontius Pilate. The tragedy of his death happened while Tiberius was on the throne of the empire. The Founder of Christianity lived. The beginning of the Christian religion rests on the hardest bed-rock of historical fact. The sequence of that beginning—the events which flow from his life—make part of the subsequent history of the world. These events can neither be ignored, nor denied, nor minimized by any historian with an eye for the movement and development of human life in history.

2. The second affirmation implied in the statement that Jesus Christ is the Gospel, is that the historical person, Jesus Christ, is universal in his significance for the destiny of man. The facts of his life and death are glad tidings for all mankind. They create a new standard of human hope and possibility. Although he is himself a historical person, limited by conditions of his time, he achieved a universal personality, an absolute consciousness of God and man and the relations between them. He lives as Son of Man, rejecting deliberately all that would prevent him from realizing the essential life of humanity, identifying himself with the poverty and suffering and loss of human life, refusing to achieve his ends by nonhuman means. What he was to achieve for men, he would do through man. He rested his work for mankind on the law of human solidarity which entered so deeply into his own consciousness of humanity, and on which he relied both in his teaching and action. The name which he chose for himself—"Son of Man"—indicates that the human fact represented by the word solidarity is primary.

There is, unfortunately, no single expression in English which covers the whole meaning of the French *solidaire;* and the absence of a completely descriptive word is an indication that a great deal of Anglo-Saxon thinking, strong in its individuality and independence, has failed to perceive the existence of a law without which history is an unintelligible riddle. In the consciousness of Jesus the word means not only "conjointly liable" and "mutually responsible," as the dictionaries say, but it also includes what the French call *reversibilité*—that is, the conception that the action of each reverts on all, and the action of all on each. Though the term is technical and legal the facts and law it represents are human and universal. The work of

Jesus Christ as a historical person requires the fullest application of this idea if it is to be understood and his place in history explained. What he does, he does once for all and for all men. If he achieves obedience to the will of God, it is the ideal human obedience which, once achieved, is achieved for all; if he suffers, it is because it became the Captain of our salvation to be made perfect through suffering; if he enters into perfect relations to the Invisible Father of Spirits, it is the achievement of one person which is to function afresh in the hearts of all humanity; if he enters into a complete consciousness of man's relations to man, it is that that consciousness may be reproduced indefinitely to the end of time; if he achieves a perfect love for all, including the sinful and the lost, it is that all may achieve a perfect love through him; if he forgives sin it is as the Eternal High Priest of mankind. He has entered into relations with God and with man which transcend time, and therefore dominate it. His person, though historical and real, is also universal; it contains within itself both the history and the meaning of mankind in relation to God.

Here, then, we have the record of a unique and final achievement Jesus achieved in his personality for all mankind, which opens a new era for humanity. The historical person was something, and did something, which made the world a new world to man after his time. Himself limited by date and place, he became universal by entering into relations with God and with man which transcended time. His gift to the world is himself; that is, his personality as he achieved it; his consciousness of God, and his consciousness of the divine order which he called the Kingdom of God as the true order for the world; his consciousness of man, man's need, his sorrow, his sin, his need of redemption and of the power that is able to redeem; his willingness to surrender himself to become the agent of that redemptive necessity and redeeming power; his continual surrender of himself to the Father's holy will even unto death; his perception of the spiritual certainties as to the future, and the achievement of those certainties in the emancipation of his glorified personality after death. It is the unique glory of Jesus Christ that he gave himself to the achievement of a completed human personality, complete alike in its relations to God, to the spiritual order, to the natural order of the universe, and to man; and that he saw that to achieve personality in this complete sense was the greatest of all possible gifts to the world, greater than any act or the utterance of any truth or the execution of any work of art which the mind of man could conceive; greater because out of the

completed personality all other achievements come, as the stream from the fountain. The attempts which have been made through centuries of history to define, discriminate, and discern the sources of that personality have been necessary in order that nothing of its significance should be lost; but, as far as the real appreciation of its value is concerned, they may almost be regarded as irrelevant distractions. The important thing for the life and destiny of the world is, not to know how this personality originated, but to see what it was when it was achieved; to feel its creative, wonder-working and compelling power; to see how it completes, explains, and illuminates the universe itself; how it functions afresh in creating like-minded persons in every generation.

3. The third affirmation implied in the statement that Jesus Christ is the Gospel, is that the Gospel is never itself when separated from Jesus Christ. It is not exhausted or expressed in any lower form of statement; it is not a form of words, nor a doctrine, nor an abstract truth. The person of Jesus Christ, which is the source for those who believe in him of the laws and inspirations of a spiritual life, is greater than any of these. He is an inexhaustible spring from which truth may spring. He is himself the at-one-ment of God and man, and the meaning of that atonement is revealed rather than exhausted in the death on the cross. All symbols and doctrines are in place when they take us into the presence of the person of Christ; they are invalid as soon as they come between us and him.

It is important to emphasize the truth that the Gospel is the person of Jesus Christ and all that comes out of that person, and reveals its nature, because the gospel of a person is a gospel to persons. A gospel which requires nothing less than a whole personality to achieve it and create it, cannot be satisfied with anything less than the creation of like-minded persons as a result; and we rightly resent any limitation which makes the aim of Jesus Christ less than this. The difference between truth and falsehood in religion is so often a matter of emphasis, that an obvious truth of this kind is constantly in danger of being overlaid by considerations of policy and convenience, and for the sake of accommodation to the special circumstances of a period. One church prides itself on its historic continuity, another on its consistent adhesion to the necessity of conversion, another on its preservation of primitive forms of ritual, another on the intellectual consistency of its creed; but, amongst all the forms of church life, is there one created by the special determination so to bring each

human life under the full and radiant power of the personality of Christ—so to melt down, as it were, the limitations of every lesser personality as to mold it afresh in the new and higher type—that this has become its characteristic note? It is not difficult to see how this apparent slighting of an obvious Christian truth arises. In the desire to honor our Lord and secure beyond all dispute his divinity, orthodox Christian thought has become almost incurably docetic; in insisting that the person of Jesus Christ is divine and human, it has forgotten that he was divinely human; it has conceived him as God and man, instead of as humanity living in God and God manifest in humanity. If the two elements in his nature, as they are called, are separated at all, it is inevitable that the Deity swallows up the humanity. Jesus then ceases to be human at all, and becomes merely an impressive manifestation of eternal truths. We do wrong both to God and man by exaggerating a mystic line into an impassable chasm.

> "Draw if thou canst the mystic line
> Severing human from Divine."

But this is to miss the whole point of a Gospel whose aim was, as Paul described it, *to create a new humanity, of which Jesus was the second Adam.* The humanity of the Christ is to be insisted on, *not because Jesus was like the rest of humanity, but because the rest of humanity is to be made like Jesus Christ.*

The method he has chosen to achieve the end in view is to create in human persons a type of consciousness like his own. If we may venture to put into modern phraseology a description of his method, it might be stated thus. He saw the immense and unexplored resources of human personality, its plasticity and elasticity, its power of development and possibilities of expansion; he knew what was in man, and saw in him an infinite possibility of entering into conscious relations with his human and spiritual environment, which as yet he had never realized; he saw that it was possible for man, as man, to enter into relations after the pattern of his own—to become sonlike towards the Father, brotherlike towards all mankind, Godlike in his voluntary acceptance and use of the order of the universe; and he knew that, as man entered into such relations, there would grow out of them a type of consciousness which would reproduce in other circumstances, times, and relations, his own. Men would become "men in Christ," with a consciousness transformed into the likeness of that of Christ.

The religious consciousness of Jesus Christ is the fountainhead from which the Christian stream has flowed. As his person stands in the center of the world's history, his consciousness stands as the center of his own history. The principle and origin of Christianity is the consciousness of Christ; and that consciousness is essentially a consciousness of actual relations of the human spirit hitherto unrealized—or only partly realized—to all the spiritual, human, and material factors in the universe. Behind the visible universe this consciousness rests in spiritual oneness with the Eternal Father. Jesus knew himself to be related to God as a son to a father, with that communion and union of spirit by which a father prolongs his life in the life of his child, and the child feels himself to live by the life of his father. This is at the heart of his frequent prayer on the still mountain side; of his ecstasy in moments of spiritual achievement and revelation; of his consecration of himself to the Father's will, and his obedience unto death; and of his joy in healing the sick, opening the eyes of the blind, and proclaiming liberty to the captives; for the acts which brought men into the liberty of the children of God were the works in which his Father found joy.

The whole method and work of Jesus rests on the assumption that the present condition of man is abnormal. He assumes that man has a nature which is wronged and injured by a life without God; and that he has instincts which can be satisfied only by a reconciliation whereby God shall become the center of man's life, and man shall live in God.

If this be in any sense a true interpretation of what takes place through the action of the person of Jesus Christ on humanity, it should be possible to see that Jesus may be cited as a witness to the spiritual possibilities of human nature, and to discover that the gospel rests upon and appeals to certain existing spiritual instincts in humanity; and that it is part of the work of Jesus Christ to make men conscious of these, to heighten their intensity, to explain their meaning, and to satisfy them out of his own experience, as it were, of the complete realization of these instincts.

Some of the special characteristics of the methods of Jesus are best understood when seen from this point of view. When he was not answering his critics, or explaining difficulties, his chosen method was the only one possible in a direct attempt to awaken the human mind to the existence and nature of a spiritual kingdom. It was an immediate presentment of spiritual experience in parable and metaphor

and aphorism. Humanity has provided itself with a vocabulary for science, for art, for history, for philosophy; but it is still lacking a language of the spirit. Perhaps it is owing to this that any earnest study of the Gospels generally leaves the feeling that, with regard to much of their interpretation, Jesus is a mystic who has been badly misunderstood; indeed, misinterpretations began with his own disciples, one of whom has recorded the Master's own judgment about themselves—that they were always *foolish and slow of heart to believe.*

In order to bring out this significance of the Master's work as a measure of the spiritual possibilities of human nature it is important to note that there is, practically, no important part of the gospel which he preaches and presents, which is not related directly to some permanent spiritual instinct in man. Human nature, with all its religious instincts intensified, was what he required to work upon, and for this reason our Lord limited himself to the House of Israel, But the instincts which were found in an intensified form in Israel, belong no less to the whole race of mankind, and reveal themselves in the history of all nations. We may consider as typical the appeals which Jesus makes to the following instincts, and what his masterhand makes of them: (1) the consciousness of God; (2) the sense of betterment and worse in conduct; (3) the idealizing instinct; (4) the consciousness of sin; (5) the altruistic instinct; (6) the soul's consciousness of its own transcendence over time.

(1) He finds in man a consciousness of God, which has been at work since the first of our forefathers felt a sentiment of awe in the presence of the mysteries of the universe. It had already produced many aberrations—had become sometimes a slavish fear, and sometimes a wild and sensuous excitement. In Israel it had already taken nobler forms than these; it had become a sense of dependence on an unseen power, a sense of the dignity and vastness, the unity and steadfastness of a Being who held the seas and the mountains, the clouds and the plains, as in the hollow of his hand; and a sense of relationship to a Being infinite in holiness and power. In the time of Jesus the consciousness of God had become sterile and morbid under the frigid influence and formality of Rabbinical creed, but it was still there; and on this instinctive consciousness, born with man, an inbred testimony as it were of his spiritual nature, Jesus Christ lays hold. He interprets and explains it, and consummates its significance by teaching man that this consciousness witnesses to an invisible relationship, by which he is son and God is Father. Such

an interpretation of this instinctive consciousness changes its whole character and significance. The vague consciousness of an unknown God is so different from the filial consciousness of the Christian realized through Christ, that many have refused to see any contact or connection between the two; and they have maintained that the terms sonship and fatherhood can be used of man's relation to God only when that relation has been spiritually vivified by a second or spiritual birth. But this is to deprive the Gospel of part of its glory, and to limit its significance for all mankind. It is part of the splendor of this truth that the Fatherhood of God is a truth necessary that man may understand himself; it is a consummation of the groupings of all who have felt after him, if haply they might find him, a relationship which must be realized in order that man may find out the full significance of the gift of personality.

But it is true that the Fatherhood of God is fully realized and understood only through the action of a Holy Spirit, which comes not from man but from God. Jesus Christ found in the history of his own people unmistakable evidence that human life had been heightened, vision quickened, truth best understood, where the pressure of the Eternal Spirit upon the spirit of man had been most consciously felt. It is clear that he quoted freely from, and meditated much on those passages from the Prophets which record their spiritual experience and its effect; such as, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because he hath anointed Me to preach good tidings to the poor." The promise of the Spirit, which was evidently emphasized with increasing frequency towards the end of his ministry, is always associated with an awakening on the part of the disciples to a fuller and more vital consciousness of God as an Eternal Spirit immediately related to and understood through the spiritual nature of man; and the apostolic emphasis on the gift of the Spirit is the direct outcome of the consciousness in the apostles that they had been brought into a relation to God which could be accounted for only by Divine action.

From this point of view it is seen that the connection between Calvary and Pentecost is not a mere sequence. Pentecost is the completion of the at-one-ment of Calvary. The surrender of the cross involves the return of man in obedience to the Father's will; on Calvary man gives himself to God. Pentecost means that the at-one-ment achieved by the Master has functioned in the disciples and is accepted; it is God giving himself to men.

(2) Jesus finds in man a sense of better and worse, or higher and lower, in conduct, which, under the discipline of the law, has become a sense of right and wrong. But the law which once had been the reenforcement of this instinct, had by this time become its bondage. A vitalizing and ascending instinct was laboring under a dead weight of traditions of the elders—like the chivalry of Don Quixote in the fantastic armor of his fathers. It had become artificially limited in its range and application, and largely petrified by the action of custom. Jesus liberates that sense of better and worse in conduct from its fetters; he makes conscience, as it were, again an active power, by making it clear that its normal operation is not intended to secure compliance with the law of Moses or with any external authority, but always and everywhere to follow the higher of two alternative courses, or to bring man into harmony with the highest or most spiritual principle he recognizes. The significance of the position in which the words occur—*Ye shall be perfect, even as your Heavenly Father is perfect*—is often missed. They stand where they do, because they are a kind of natural apex or key-stone of the ideas which run through the first part of the Sermon on the Mount. The mystery of conscience lay open to the mind of Jesus in the same sense that the mystery of the compass lies open to the mind of the physicist and electrician. To the physicist the needle's habit of pointing to the pole is a natural consequence of the electrical currents in the earth. To Jesus the demand of conscience that man shall follow the upward and highest course where he sees it, is the natural consequence of the fact that that way lies harmony and correspondence with the Divine will. It is because every act in obedience to conscience means more of eternal light and the everlasting right in the soul, that man needs must seek the highest when he sees it. In other words, conscience is germinally a consciousness of God (the words in the original are exchangeable); the consciousness of right and wrong is ultimately a consciousness of God and the things that are his, over against the consciousness of the things that are not his and lead away from him.

(3) Jesus finds in man the instinct which declares that the existing order of things, as he knows it, is neither the best possible nor the best realizable. The operation of this instinct is practically universal in all the types of manhood which have not become mentally sterile. It takes many forms. Sometimes it is a belief in a golden age in the past, when justice and truth, peace and brotherhood, equality and

love, were the recognized principles which governed the relations of men to one another. Sometimes it takes the form of a belief in a golden age in the future, when all wrongs shall be righted, miseries relieved, evil removed, and "men to men shall brothers be the whole world o'er." More commonly, in our own day, it takes the form of a contrast between the ideal and the actual: any mind which has not lost its elasticity is compelled to conceive human relations and a social order of a very much higher type than any of which we have actual experience. It is not difficult to see how much of human suffering is preventible, how much of the disease and want and misery of the world might be removed, if larger ideas, finer character, better feeling, and other morals were in possession of the men and women who make up existing communities. Criticism of the actual, from the standpoint of the ideal, is becoming so common as to be almost as monotonous as the actual itself in the literature of to-day.

Amongst the Hebrews this instinct had taken the highest form realized by any people up to the time of Christ. It had been more continuous in its operation than anywhere else, and, thanks to the preservation of the visions of one generation to inspire the visions of the next, the conception of the ideal had continued to grow in richness and splendor and power; under the pressure of those spiritual impulses to which the Hebrew mind was peculiarly susceptible. By the guidance which we recognize as the guidance of the Holy Spirit, the prophets had formed what is known as the Messianic Hope. The very poverty and exiguousness of the actual had compelled them, as it were, to take refuge in the ideal. An actual, which included the destruction of Jerusalem and captivity in a foreign land, was utterly irreconcilable with the consciousness of God, his character and purpose, already born in the nation. They were compelled by present failures to conceive a future in which the history of the nation, its inward condition and its outward relations with the world, should be more in accordance with the will and purpose of a God whose nature it was to be righteous, whose prerogative it was to be gracious, and whose fixed purpose it was to reveal himself as both righteous and gracious to man.

The Messianic Hope had, like many other things in Israel's history, spiritual in their origin, become material and mechanical in the popular religion of the time of Jesus. It was part of the difficult task of our Lord to get behind the material and mechanical applications, and to liberate the spiritual instinct on which the hope rested.

There is no more wonderful work of what in another we should call genius, than the way in which Jesus Christ gets behind the formal Messianism of his time, liberates the almost obliterated spiritual instinct, and sets it to work to realize a Kingdom of God which must be achieved by faith before it can be realized in fact. He does not deny the doctrine of the golden age; he confirms the belief that the ideal is a reproof to the actual; but he insists that the true order of life, the better and the higher order, cannot be achieved *without* until it has been achieved *within*. Its first task is to achieve self-submission to a Spiritual God; it begins in the heart of man, and it depends for its realization on his first getting into true relations to God. "The Kingdom of God is within you."

Nothing is more futile in the history of mankind than the efforts to realize the Kingdom of God externally before it has been realized internally. The history of each of these efforts is much the same in outline. It begins in an appeal to the idealizing instinct in man, creates great enthusiasm on the strength of the expectation that the perfect social order can be realized immediately, when certain external reforms have been made, and certain defects in the external relations of man rectified; and it breaks down inevitably on the discovery that the most perfect social relations can be misused by very imperfect men. But all such expectations, though in one sense they are encouraged by the teaching of Jesus, rest upon a misapprehension of the order of ideas in his mind as he explained them. The Kingdom of God *is* the ideal social order. It is the perfect individualism and the perfect socialism, the individual living for the society and the society caring for the individual. It fulfills the higher ideals of the Messianic Hope. God being present in his servants, rules in them by the power of the spiritual life, and manifests his rule in creating those relations of justice, fidelity and brotherhood, peace, honor and truth, which are the foundations of an enduring social life. These relations are a reflection of the order into which the spirit of men has entered, in coming into harmony with the Divine life. But there can be no Kingdom of God except in hearts which have been redeemed from sin, and restored to fellowship with the Eternal Spirit. No soul in the "gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity" can even understand what is meant by such a Kingdom. The inward vision must precede the outward realization. The spirit within must intepret the present significance of the ideals which the spirit quickens. The "kingdom of priests, the holy nation" cannot be realized without con-

secrated personalities touched and quickened by the life of a Holy Spirit.

(4) Another spiritual instinct on which Jesus lays hold, is that which issues in the *consciousness of sin.* Pressed to its origin in human consciousness this is a consciousness of a higher and a lower will which are both present in normal human nature; together with a consciousness that in following the lower we wrong the higher. It was neither a Hebrew nor a Christian who said: Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor. But in the consciousness of the Hebrew the divided personality feeling a double attraction and a double allegiance has been construed in its highest significance. The higher will within had been felt to be, as it really is, God's true will for man; and the lower will had been recognized as the assertion of a perverse self against the obedience which is the true law of its being. The very vividness with which the Hebrew felt his own personality had deepened his sense that, in following his selfish will, he sinned against God.

Jesus was acutely conscious both of man's sin and its consequences. He knew that the lower will having once been accepted and obeyed, the higher will was obscured while the consciousness of the disobedience remained; so that sin became in man a power which obscured vision, and prevented him both from seeing his true self and his God. His method of restoring man to God is a consequence of his sense of the greatness of the obstacle to be overcome. Man must be put at one with his higher self and at one with God; and, for this, he has no resources; he can do nothing because the presence of sin shuts out the vision of the remedy he needs. To meet the case there must be such a gospel as shall make it possible for man to return to God *with* his sin rather than *without* it, and which will yet condemn the sin while it forgives the sinner. Indeed, sin being, as it were, in possession, must be made a means of revealing God both in his justice and his mercy, instead of the thing which obscures him. And so Christ comes to suffer, the just for the unjust. He is the physician whose business it is to heal the sick in their sickness. He is the Saviour whose cross is at once the condemnation of the life which is merely natural life without God, and the supreme vindication of the spiritual life or life with God. In his life and death the infinitude of perfect love and the acme of human sinfulness seem to touch one another, but it is not love which is defeated. God is found to be very gracious. The publican who prays "God be merciful

to me a sinner," is nearer to God than the Pharisee who thanks God that he is "not as other men." The prodigal son returning to the father on the basis of a confession of sin, becomes a better son and knows more of the father than the elder brother, whose formal compliance with the external rules of the household has never brought him into touch with the deeper things of the father's heart. So, also, a man who knows the meaning of forgiveness as Jesus Christ gives it has no interest in making himself out righteous; the God whom he has known as forgiving him is so much greater, more real, and more spiritual, than the God whom he knew before his forgiveness. There is a higher life in the prayer "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me," than in the protest "I have washed my hands in innocency."

(5) Another spiritual instinct on which Jesus lays hold is that which is often called the instinct of altruism—the sense, that is, in each individual, of the "otherness" which is as much a part of himself as "selfishness"—the feeling that his life is inseparably wrapped up with the life of others, that he belongs to a group, a family, or a community; the instinct which leads men to disregard their own personal welfare and willingly to give service, and, in certain crises, if necessary, life itself, for the good of the community. Drummond has suggested that the development of that instinct may be found throughout nature. Dr. Greville Macdonald has recently confirmed many of his contentions, and though his case is not yet proved, we may anticipate that in some form it will be found either in germ or activity wherever life is found. On this instinct Jesus Christ lays hold. He knows it in himself as an identification of his own life with the whole human race, and he gives it some very beautiful and unexpected developments.

It is impossible to express the full meaning of the New Testament doctrine of human love by saying anything less than that it assumes the *spiritual identity of the interests of mankind.* In the spiritual vision of Jesus humanity (including all men) is seen as one. Hatred, wrath, anger, malice against a brother were, so to speak, absurdities, as injuries done to one's self; the love of the brethren was the love of God in the brethren, and the love of God was the love of the brethren in whom God dwelt. To cherish a resentment, or to refuse to forgive an injury, was to shut God out of one's own heart, and make it more difficult to believe in or to get access to his forgiveness of ourselves. To shut up the heart to sympathy, to refuse to

feel the solidarity of man, as in the case of Dives and his treatment of Lazarus at the gate, was to create a chasm between ourselves and God, and to bar ourselves from entering into the eternal peace. God and life and love are so essentially one, that every assertion of self, to the exclusion of God who is love, was a kind of spiritual suicide. Not to enter into the one life which is life, that is, the life of love, was to shut one's self up in a material prison, and to wait there for the self-imposed penalty of death.

To get any insight into the nature of love is to feel that we are touching the fringe of the innermost Holy of Holies, the supreme mystery both of the gospel and of the life of Jesus. It may well be that what we call sentiments or feelings are reflections in the human soul of real and spiritual relations subsisting in the unseen; and that what we call love at its noblest is the effect of a real and substantial spiritual relation subsisting between souls. Something at least as tremendous as this seems to be implied by the expressions used in the seventeenth chapter of Saint John—"I pray . . . that they that believe on Me may be one, even as Thou Father in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be in us . . . I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be perfected into one." It is in full conformity with the ethical judgment of life that love should be found to be that in us which has most of the Divine nature in it. All steps Godward are accompanied with an increase of that sense of interrelation with others which is commonly defined as altruism; and it is at least a conceivable account of the Divine life in man, that it is a development from a life in self to a life which is completely altruistic. It is part of the miracle of personality that this does not involve the destruction of personality, but only its most complete perfection. It is the acme of personal life which is described in the words "We being many are one body."

Love is a keynote of the gospel, not because it is a beautiful virtue, but because it is the reflection in human life of the spiritual unity of all eternal human interests. In the spiritual kingdom, the goods of life are, in a fashion, solid; whatever good thing there is, is universally shared and universally appropriable. Beauty and happiness, peace and holiness, are not individual possessions, they are the common atmosphere, the breath of those who live in God. Just as the artist realizes himself and becomes an artist in so far as he realizes what we call beauty, as the musician is not a musician except so far as he enters into and possesses the kingdom of harmony, so man as

a spiritual being lives and realizes his being only by entering into the Kingdom of God.

(6) Jesus finds in man an instinct which is, perhaps, best described as the soul's sense of its own timelessness. It is the instinct out of which grows the belief in immortality, and is as wide-spread as humanity. In every race which has a continuous record of its own thought, this instinct has a long recorded history. Assyria and Egypt, Greece and Rome, India and China, alike bear testimony to the persistence and fruitfulness of the belief in immortality as a motive power both in thought and action. The variety of its forms ought to save us from confusing immortality with endless endurance. The soul has a testimony in itself to its transcendence over time, or its timeless life. That testimony must be regarded as a witness to the quality or intensity of life, rather than its quantity. It knows itself as endowed with a higher kind of life than that which belongs to things which subsist only in space or time.

This instinct slowly and uncertainly asserted itself in Israel, and had gradually reached sufficient definiteness to make it one of the decisive beliefs which separated the Pharisees from the Sadducees. The difference between the two conceptions of the future was a matter of common discussion amongst the people.

The full significance of the instinct lay open to the mind of Jesus, and he saw exactly in what sense and how far the instinct was justified and was to be satisfied. To explain the nature of the life of the spirit was one of the things of which he said that his disciples "could not bear them now"; but he took pains in his teaching both to confirm the testimony of the instinct—"In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you,"—and also to explain and enforce the bearings of the eternal life on the present. His parables, such as the story of Dives and Lazarus, the householder who engages laborers at a penny a day, and all the parables of judgment, are full of suggestion as to the nature of the future life, and of its relation to actions in the present life, and this is of course what really concerns us. We cannot conceive by any imaginative realism the nature of the existence of spirit apart from body; but we can conceive a continuity between a life which is partly physical and partly spiritual, and a life which is wholly spiritual; and the important thing for this life is to see its events in the perspective which is created by this prospect. What Jesus does in his parables is not so much to unveil the life which lies behind the veil,

as to show us the difference which it makes to the life here; that is, he tries to give us the revised values which comes from a knowledge of all the issues involved.

What then is the bearing on human nature of such a gospel, when it is regarded as an interpretation of the person of Jesus Christ? What is, so to speak, the scientific value of Jesus Christ as a fact in human history? If he is human, he interprets humanity. No one knows better than the scientist that it is the abnormal which often throws light on the normal: so also the superhuman may help to explain the human. The relations to God, which in Jesus Christ lie in clear consciousness and are to him as fully real as his relations to the world, are suggested in humanity by obscure hints, feelings, instincts, which hardly understand themselves, but which feel after the Christ-relations as their true satisfaction. What we call a spiritual instinct is a prophecy of a possible relation; and the relations adumbrated by man's spiritual instincts are found perfectly realized in Jesus Christ. Humanity is in the making and will continue to be so till it comes to the stature of the "perfect man in Christ Jesus."

In the brief limits of a historical life, which cannot at the most have been more than thirty-three years in length, Jesus Christ secures the insertion into humanity of an inexhaustibly fruitful germ, which, as it expands, reveals that it contains within itself (1) a new type of humanity; (2) a new social order—the kingdom of righteousness and love achieved and realized by a Holy Spirit ruling in man (the Kingdom of God); and (3) a new type of religion—the religion of perfect reconciliation—in which the life of God and the life of man interpenetrate each other, until, in the unity of love and law, they come to be one as the sunshine is one with the atmosphere which holds it.

It is something to the point to remember that Robert Browning, who had probably the largest consciousness of life and its significance of any man in our time, set his seal to something like this as his philosophy of life. He conceives of man as endowed with a soul which requires for its satisfaction a spiritual order of life. He is bound to struggle upwards by his very nature, and in obedience to a necessity of his being which he does not as yet fully comprehend.

> "Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
> But dream of him and guess where he may be,
> And do their best to climb and get to him."

It is more to the point for the Christian mind to remember that this was the attitude which Jesus Christ himself expected men to take. The spiritual instinct which reaches out after other and more perfect relations with the Eternal Spirit, he called faith; and this was the essential quality which he demanded from man. It is, so to speak, the God-faculty. Between faith and God there was the same correspondence as between the eye and light, or as between beauty and æsthetic perception. As the artist could do nothing with a pupil who was color blind and had no sense of form, so Jesus could do nothing with men who had no faith. To be without faith meant that the larger soul, the spiritual possibilities of personality, had been atrophied. Men had shut themselves up in a prison-house of their own making, and all he could do was to invite them out into the open air and the sunshine. His judgment of men by the presence of faith, or the want of it, seems hard only so long as we regard faith as an accomplishment to which some can attain, and others cannot; but, if we have been at all right in suggesting that faith is the operation of something which forms a permanent part of human personality, or an operation of personality to which man is impelled by his own nature, it becomes clear that what man is responsible for, is not the exercise of faith, but the want of it. The faithless man is as abnormal as the still-born child. He has refused to follow the law of his nature; he has faculties which he will not use; a life to which he denies the privilege of living. Humanity is not divided into those who have faith and those who have none; but into those who use faith and those who refuse to use it. Where it is used, it moves on until a correspondence is established between man and God in which faith finds its justification. It is the testing of things unseen; and its justification is that, when the things unseen are tested, they bring the full satisfaction of the highest instincts in our nature. In the things of spirit it is true that—

> A little faith is more than clearest views.
> Wouldst thou have ocean like a bubbling rill?
> God without mystery were not good news,
> Wrestle not with the darkness, but be still.

THE ARENA

THE YOUNG MINISTER'S BIG BROTHER

EDITOR OF METHODIST REVIEW:

Not a few who read with interest and appreciation the fine brotherly article by Dr. G. P. Mains in the March-April REVIEW, on "Book Concern Dividends for the Younger Ministry," must still have vividly in mind that session of the New York East Conference some few years since when arose the case of S. H. Hadley, who appeared before them for examination that he might be empowered to baptize and marry among that class of people to whom his coming must have been like that of an angel from heaven. The writer sat beside him on the train which was speeding toward the seat of Conference and in the course of conversation Hadley said that he had just recently learned that he would be expected to appear for examination, but that he had had no time for preparation. Who can forget with what largeness of spirit the Conference, which beyond most, when the interests of the kingdom of God are involved, is able to rise above technicalities, waived the question of mere book learning and accepted in lieu of it that marvelous knowledge of the depths of human experience possessed by that never-to-be-forgotten rescuer of his brothers from the mire and clay of sin? The time has never come, and God grant it may not, when there will not be room in the Methodist ministry for men who under the pressure of circumstances have found it simply impossible to keep in touch with books. To this the writer is sure Dr. Mains, as his suggestive article indicates, will readily agree.

It is quite possible that our church has not yet fully arrived at that wisdom which leads the teacher to put into the hands of the scholar those books which will entice him on to interest in the things of deeper mental import. It is also possible that an application of the elective system would not come far short of putting into the hands of men of eager desire but comparatively unguided method books that will prove more of a stimulus to their developing minds than were some when the writer was passing through the course of study. It is to be hoped that none of them are of the sort which in the days of his probation brought forth words of ridicule, and properly so, from the lips of the very men who were examining him. But this surely is true: that if our untrained ministry are to have aroused within them a love for learning it must be through bringing within their reach books that will stimulate their taste.

If the writer's observations have not led him astray, the non-reading contingency of our ministry may be divided into three groups:

1. Those who were once readers but are so no longer; 2. Those who are not readers but want to be; 3. These who care little for reading. It is evident that the second class includes many of the first. Now the reasons for the existence of the first class are various, but not the least is pure inability to secure books. In certain parts of the country salaries are so meager and expenses so high as to make the purchase of books impossible. Moreover, there are parts of our country where the mere item of

moving expenses makes the possession of a considerable library practically out of the question. Not as in the East are the distances traveled by the minister and his family short, nor does he have his moving expenses, which are often very heavy, paid, nor does he find a furnished parsonage when he arrives. The writer has been advised by men high in church councils, themselves lovers and readers of books, to dispose of the most of his library, and this simply because the expense of transportation was prohibitive. Now it goes without saying that for these and other reasons, men are forced out of the reading habit.

Many such are doubtless found among the second class, the men who want to be readers. Few forms of hunger are more pitiful than that of the man who longs for books and has them not. Among these are men who once knew the joy of reading. They peruse the book notices that come to them, they read the reviews of books in church and other papers, but there are hungry mouths to be fed and loved bodies to be clad. Heaven ought to contain a great circulating library for such men. Then there are the men who would read, but they literally do not know what and how to read. Men of this sort are to be found in our ministry, and to the shame of the cultured many of them are getting men to God in a way which is comparatively unknown to their more favored brethren.

Of the third class it is enough to say that the desire for books should be aroused in them, and that in general, if they have it not, they would better go into a work where brains are not involved.

To the writer it has for years seemed that some plan should be devised by which the book and the minister could be brought together. This is the brotherly thought which led Dr. Mains to write. But, while we are waiting for the necessary legislation to make such a thing possible, why is it not practicable to devise a sort of big-brother movement, by which those who will may group themselves under different well-read men in each Conference, these leaders to confer among themselves, select books, and then with divided expense pass the best books of the day from man to man, making such comment and suggestion as will stimulate and guide the men who are hungry, or ought to be hungry, for the things of the mind? Into such a plan without any red tape the Book Concern could enter, and the man who longs for help and light could get them without too great stress.

Always in the heart of the writer will abide a love for such men as the present Editor of the REVIEW who, more than they knew, by simple words of mere greeting, made him feel in days of shrinking and desire that, after all, he was of the brotherhood and that with their brotherly assistance he would be led to better things beyond. HENRY L. GLOVER.

La Mesa, Cal.

"WAYBACK" CHURCHES—ARE THERE ANY SUCH IN METHODISM?

[The following letter appeared in the New York Sun of May 29, 1916.]

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The little 'wayback rural church used to be a power for good in the community. To-day many of the rural

churches have become little besides clearing houses for community scandal, with weak-kneed pastors, who realize that they are employees and are careful not to jeopardize their jobs. The inclosed letter, which was actually directed to the heads of such a rural church, might with profit be read by the heads of many other rural (and urban) churches.

Springfield, Mass., May 27. ALLAN E. ENGLE.

TO THE PASTOR, DIRECTORS, PILLARS, AND MEMBERS: I am in receipt of a notification from your congregation of revival meetings to be held in your church. Inasmuch as during my residence for considerable portions of several years in the town no pastor of that or of any other church has ever called upon or extended to me or my family any courtesy, cordiality, or invitation to share in the privileges and responsibilities of a supposedly Christian community, nor manifested any pastoral concern in my welfare, spiritual or other, I beg to reply that the present communication impresses me as extraordinarily ill-timed.

As, on the contrary, I have been made among that same supposedly Christian community, without so far as I know any protest from their spiritual advisers, the object of unusual ill will, evil speaking, malicious misapprehension, injurious misrepresentation and gross imposition and discourtesy, I feel sure that disinterested observers cannot fail to conclude with me that the prevailing spirit is the spirit of some other God than that God who so loved the world that he sent us his beloved only Son for an example. With a few notable and honorable exceptions, I have seen little evidence of that brotherly love, charity, honor, and kindness in their dealings one with another, and with the stranger within their gates, which the gentle Christ not only preached but practised.

For the sake of the aforementioned notable and honorable exceptions, I hope and trust that your coming revivalist may be empowered to infuse into the remainder of the community some of Christ's spirit. But after so long a period of indifference to my personal spiritual welfare, I must respectfully decline to join with you in these services with any view to my spiritual progress, present guidance or ultimate salvation.

Leaving these important matters in the hands of other guides, I yet sincerely trust that your new shepherd may succeed in bringing many of his temporary flock to Christ; and that after he is gone to labor in other fields your permanent pastors will endeavor so to regenerate their sheep that Christ if he should come to this place might not mistake them for wolves.

Permit me to remain, *messieurs et mesdames*,

Your detached and observant critic, ALLAN E. ENGLE.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

PAUL'S COUNSELS TO A PREACHER

Epistle to Titus, Chapter II

ADAM CLARKE, the great scholar and expositor of early Methodism, remarks in his commentary: "Few portions of the Testament excel this

chapter." It may well form the creed, system of ethics, and text-book of every Christian preacher. Does any man inquire what is the duty of a gospel minister? Send him to the second chapter of the Epistle to Titus for a complete answer. There he will find what he is to Believe, what he is to Practice, and what he is to Preach.

The intensely practical character of the apostle is shown in his letter to Titus. He is philosophical and theological in Romans, he is church administrator in Corinthians, here he appears as the counselor of Titus, whom he designates (Chapter 1. 4) as "my true child after a common faith." Before considering his message we need to inquire, Who was Titus? It is a remarkable fact that, though so intimately related to Paul, he is not once mentioned by Luke, who wrote the "Acts of the Apostles," in which he describes so fully the life of Paul.

Titus is not mentioned in the Gospels. He is mentioned thirteen times in Paul's Epistles, but nowhere else in the New Testament.

And yet the references made to him show that he was prominent among Paul's associates and friends. Although not mentioned by name in the "Acts of the Apostles" references elsewhere show that he had an important relation to the early history of the church.

In the second chapter of Galatians, verses 1, 3, we read: "Then after the space of fourteen years I [Paul] went up again to Jerusalem with Barnabas, taking Titus also with me. . . . But not even Titus who was with me, being a Greek, was compelled to be circumcised." If, as generally supposed, this refers to those persons sent up to Jerusalem to the Apostolic Council concerning the enforcement of circumcision upon the Gentile converts, the case of Titus became a burning question; the Judaizers insisting that he must be circumcised and Paul stoutly resisting them. Titus was evidently among "certain others" of them who accompanied Paul and Barnabas, Acts 15. 2.

After the council had decided in favor of Paul's views Titus returned, no doubt, with Paul and Barnabas and assumed an important place among Paul's colaborers; for Paul writes, in 2 Cor. 8. 23, "Whether any inquire about Titus, he is my partner and my fellow worker to youward." His position and character are further shown 2 Cor. 8. 16, "But thanks be to God, who putteth the same earnest care for you into the heart of Titus." The endearing phrase which the apostle applies to him in Titus 1. 4, "my true child after a common faith," and his appointment to be his representative in the island of Crete, whose moral condition required the care of a wise administrator, lead to the conclusion that Titus had probably been taught by Paul and was esteemed by him as one of his most faithful associates.

We may properly, with Adam Clarke, regard the second chapter as Paul's counsels to a preacher. It will be noted that he addresses all classes, with advice suitable to each. It is intended to meet the peculiar conditions of a people of whom Paul writes, chapter 1. 12, "One of themselves, a prophet of their own, said, Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, idle gluttons." This letter is instructive as to the method of treating people thus characterized. A brief analysis of the second chapter will

show the classes to whom Paul directed his attention as a church ruler and what he would counsel them.

The aged men. Verse 2. How fitting the advice to old men: that they "be temperate, grave, soberminded, sound in faith, in love, in patience." His next counsels are addressed to "aged women," verse 3; to "young women," verses 4, 5; "the younger men," verse 6. The singular appropriateness of the advice for each shows Paul's knowledge of the island, where he spent some time between his first and second imprisonment.

The eighth verse continues the advice to the younger men, of whom Titus was one, and greatly and gently reminds Titus that he must himself be an example of his own teaching. He must be an example of good works. Without this characteristic he cannot be, and should not attempt to be, a leader of others. While, in Pauline thought, works are not the ground of salvation, they are the inevitable results of the new regenerate life which is through faith in Christ. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature." Good works are the evidences by which the world has to judge men and by which God will judge them. Baxter said, long ago, "Since you give yourselves out to be lights of the church many eyes will be inevitably turned towards you. If others, therefore, can sin unobserved you cannot." Paul expresses this in another passage applying to himself. He does not ask the Corinthians to follow him except so far as he follows the Master. "Be ye imitators of me, even as I also am of Christ" (1 Cor. 11. 1).

In doctrine he must show "uncorruptness, gravity, sound speech, that cannot be condemned," verse 7. This "sound doctrine" refers rather to the manner of the teaching than to its substance. "His discourses in respect to their preparation and delivery must be characterized by sincerity and dignity." "The form of the doctrine, then, should be pure, chaste, free from everything at variance with the character of the gospel." This has its application to all ages and should especially be held before the view of the rising ministry.

He must also be an example of "sound speech, that cannot be condemned," verse 8. This concerns the substance of the doctrine which Titus was to proclaim. Those early ages, as now, abounded in heresies against which the preachers must be on their guard. McKnight regards these references to be to the Judaizers. "Titus, who was a converted Gentile, having seen so much of the obstinate, uncharitable, and bigoted spirit of the Judaizers, might have been in danger of using harsh language in reproving them if he had not been thus cautioned by the apostle." It is not certain, however, what particular heresy was in the mind of Paul. In his letter to the Corinthians, while emphasizing Judaic heresies, he included heresies of a Gnostic and Essenic character which were then disturbing the church. The reference to "sound discourse" is probably to the public teaching and will apply equally to the modern preacher. Every teacher who fills his office faithfully will preach things against which his hearers will protest. It probably refers here to sound doctrine, according to the Scriptures, "the apostolic deposit of faith."

"Between the lines of the seventh and eighth verses we can read the anxiety of the apostle that his representative in Crete should take all possible care that the matters of his teaching and preaching were studied and prepared with all the attention and thought so important a duty demanded"—Spence's Commentary. In this way he would escape the censure which his faithful preaching of unpopular sermons is likely to call forth. His careful preparation would enable him to speak with authority, if not with popularity.

Having thus reminded Titus of the need of personal care as to his example and teaching, the apostle returns to his practical advice, and discusses the duty of slaves to their masters. Slaves at that time were mere chattels, with no rights under the law. The importance of their proper treatment and duties is shown in the fact that in Eph. 6. 5, Col. 3. 22, and 1 Tim. 6. 11 Paul exhorts them to faithful service to their masters. It is possible that specific cases are in the apostle's mind where Christian slaves have shown insubordination.

In Eph. 6. 9 Paul also insists on the duties of masters to their servants, knowing that He who is "both their Master and yours is in heaven, and there is no respect of persons with him." This odious system has been abolished by the infusion of the general principles of Christianity. Christianity best proves its claims by the conduct of its followers in every relation of life. In this way both masters and slaves "may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

The very practical character of Paul's advice to Titus shows his desire to impress upon Titus that in his oversight of the church no class of mankind, whether of race, age, sex, or social condition, should be overlooked. He has told of the duties toward old men, old women, young women, young men, and slaves, and has reminded him that he should be an example of the flock. In these ways he will prove himself a model minister.

These advices of Paul to Titus in the Holy Scriptures may well close with the advice of Adam Clarke, who has so ably expounded this epistle. At the close of his exposition of the first chapter of the Epistle to Titus he uses some vigorous language which we quote in part. There is one subject in this chapter not sufficiently attended to by those who have authority to appoint men to ecclesiastical offices. None should be thus appointed who is not able by sacred doctrine both to exhort and to convince the gain-sayers:

"1. If a man have not good native abilities, nothing but a miracle from heaven can make him a proper preacher of the gospel; and to make a man a Christian minister who is unqualified for any function of civil life is sacrilege before God.

"2. If the grace of God do not communicate ministerial qualifications, no natural gifts, however splendid, can be of any avail.

"3. He who is employed in the Christian ministry should cultivate his mind in the most diligent manner; he can neither learn nor know too much.

"4. As a consequence of the appointment of improper persons to the

Christian ministry there will be not only a decay of piety, but also a corruption of religion. No man is a true Christian minister who has not grace, gifts, and fruit."

These words of the great expositor of the early days of Methodism are not without their application to our times, in which so much thought is being given to the subject of Ministerial Education.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

"THE NEW FLOOD TABLET" (?)

NEARLY two years ago we published in this department some remarks on a fragment of a tablet discovered some time before by representatives of the University of Pennsylvania at Nippur. The fragment was deciphered and translated by Dr. Stephen Langdon, reader in Assyriology at Oxford. Our remarks were based upon Dr. Langdon's preliminary report in the Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology. London (June and November, 1914).

Some time afterward two pieces of the same tablet were brought to light in the same place where the first fragment was found, namely, in the museum of the University of Pennsylvania. One of these was quite large and the other considerably smaller. As could be expected Dr. Langdon proceeded to study at once the entire tablet, or as much of the restored tablet as could be deciphered—for the tablet was in places badly damaged.

Now, the preliminary report above noticed was followed by a volume entitled "Sumerian Epic of Paradise, the Flood and the Fall of Man." The volume is a quarto of nearly one hundred pages, with an elaborate introduction, transliteration, translation, an autograph text and photographic plates. The workmanship is of the best. The volume is, indeed, elegantly executed. The introduction is both learned and interesting, brimful of information and a valuable contribution to the subject discussed.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the entire tablet was not discovered before the preliminary report was made; for it seems that the first fragment misled the learned Assyriologist, or at least tempted him to give reins to his imagination. The word *boat* occurs in the fragment. There is also a reference to a land inundated with water. The three words "boat, water, inundated" suggested another version of the Deluge to Dr. Langdon, and one much older than anything discovered up to that time. Nothing could be more welcome, for the tablet, whatever its contents may be, was many ages older than the flood tablets discovered by George Smith more than forty years ago.

Indeed, it was no small matter to bring to light such a venerable document, antedating by at least 1,000 years the version in Hebrew, and this document in the Sumerian, a language older than the Babylonian, or more correctly, Akkadian. "In those days and in that part of the world,

Sumerian culture was synonymous with world-culture, and her [Land of Sumer] great religious traditions became universal traditions, adopted by the Semitic peoples, who subsequently came on the scene of history."

Sumerian, be it remembered, was a non-Semitic language, and spoken in Babylonia before the Semites had obtained full control. Sumerian inscriptions, till recently, though much discussed, have been little understood by any one. Perhaps Dr. Langdon knows as much about this old language as any scholar, he may be one of the pioneers; for a dozen years ago this field of study was a *terra incognita*. Bearing this in mind it will be easy to comprehend that a mastery of this ancient tongue is still to be accomplished. This, no doubt, partially explains why Dr. Langdon's translation and interpretation of the tablet in question have been so unmercifully criticised by several distinguished scholars, among them Professors Sayce and Jastrow. The latter is an Assyriologist of international reputation, an authority on all questions relating to Assyria and Babylonia. Moreover, he has had every opportunity to examine and study the tablet first hand.

It must also be remembered that quite a large part of the tablet is damaged to such an extent that any reading of such portions is absolutely impossible. In such cases there is always more or less temptation for even scholarly men to give reins to their imagination, and to read into these gaps whatsoever best agrees with their theory.

The difficulty of a correct rendering of a document in a language, the study of which is still in its infancy, is patent to every one. Dr. Langdon does not seem to realize this. Even as good a friend as Professor Sayce, speaking of the translation and the linguistic difficulties, says: "Much, of course, still remains to be done: the intricacies of the Sumerian language are still imperfectly known, and there are many words and sentences, the exact significance of which must at present remain doubtful. Indeed, I am afraid that the ordinary reader will regard the whole legend as it appears in the translation as nothing but a nightmare of incoherencies and will wonder whether the old Sumerian scribes had any idea of what we mean by sense and reason." He might have added that Dr. Langdon, if he had apprehended the real meaning, might have reproduced many passages in at least idiomatic English, without violating the principles of scholarly accuracy.

But the obscurity of the translation, bad as it is, is not its worst blemish. Dr. Langdon while in possession of nothing but the first fragment jumped at the conclusion that he had a tablet recording the story of the Deluge, and rightly or wrongly he will not recede from his first interpretation. It is a question, if he had studied the entire tablet and not the first fragment alone, whether he would have propounded his flood theory. Some of the renderings, according to very competent scholars, are largely conjectural. But even so, conjectures should have been clothed in intelligible language. There can be no good reason why his translation should be, in places, utterly obscure. Take, for example, one of the lines describing Paradise, rendered thus: "A pure place, where water was not poured for cleansing in the city one inhabited not." Then there are pas-

sages, clear enough in English, but of doubtful rendering. Take lines 12 and 13 of Obverse III, which reads: "Doubly he caulked the ship, torches he lighted, Enki devastated the fields." No doubt he was thinking of Genesis when he made that translation. Professor Sayce renders the same lines: "He lighted the censer, he purified with fire. Ea inundated the fields." What Langdon regards as destruction of the world, or the Deluge, Sayce considers as nothing more than irrigation of the fields, so as to insure a good crop. True, Dr. Langdon, contrary to his custom, admits in a footnote to line 12 that "this phrase is wholly uncertain." That being so, he is hardly justified in building a theory upon such precarious foundations. Here it may be mentioned that, according to Dr. Langdon, we have in this tablet one of the principal sources of the Priest Code of the Pentateuch. For this code, according to him, depended very largely upon the traditions of the Nippurian school.

The Fall of Man, according to this tablet, as interpreted by Dr. Langdon, resulted from disobedience—just as in Genesis. According to Moses, Adam eats of the forbidden fruit, that is, of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. In the Nippur tablet, if Dr. Langdon's inferences be correct, it was the cassia plant that caused Tagtug to fall. Dr. Langdon identifies the Sumerian Tagtug with the Noah of our Bible. More concerning this identification farther on.

The cassia plant is very frequently mentioned in the cuneiform texts, but nowhere, we believe, except in this passage, is there the least hint that it was forbidden to men. On the other hand, as a writer in the Nation criticising Dr. Langdon's interpretation says: "It happens that the cassia is one of the few medicinal remedies mentioned in the medical texts that can be definitely identified, for the Babylonian form *kasu* is the source of our own cassia, coming down through the medium of the Greek. Kasu, or cassia, occurs as one of the most common remedies in Babylonian-Assyrian medical texts, and since in Babylonian-Assyrian medicine or remedy meant driving out the demon of disease, cassia would obviously be looked upon with great favor. Is it likely that the same people who use a plant as a beneficent remedy would regard such a plant as forbidden, the eating of which entailed punishment?" It is far more probable that Dr. Langdon has misinterpreted the passage than that a plant with such medicinal properties should have been directly responsible for the Fall of Man.

According to Genesis the Fall of Man takes place shortly after his creation. In the Nippur tablet, according to Dr. Langdon, this calamity did not occur till after the Deluge, or after mankind had enjoyed the bliss of Paradise for unnumbered ages. Here it may be added that the squibs printed in so many of our papers during the past year, in which Adam was acquitted of "eating the apple" and poor Noah incriminated, were occasioned by Dr. Langdon's new version of the Deluge and the Fall of Man.

The hero of the Deluge in this Sumerian tablet is Tagtug, whom Dr. Langdon has no difficulty in identifying with the Akkadian Nakhu and the Hebrew Noach, or the Noah of the English Versions. The average

man, of course, is not expected to see any too great a resemblance between the two names Tagtug and Nakhu, but Dr. Langdon is not writing for common people, but rather for expert philologists. This reminds us of the old German professor of comparative philology, who used to give his students in etymology two principal rules: In getting at the derivation of words pay but little attention to the consonants of any given word and none whatever to the vowels. Dr. Langdon tells us that the form Tagtug is a mere reduplication, as is well known, a very common thing in Semitic words, especially when emphasis is desired. He neglected to add that usually the same vowel is employed in both parts. He further informs us that the Sumerian Tag or Tagtug, like the Akkadian Nakhu denotes *rest*. This is only partially correct, for scholars have pointed out that the Sumerian Tag does not signify rest from hard work, cessation from activity, or release from trouble, as is the case with the Hebrew stem of Noah, but rather the rest resulting from destruction, that is, annihilation.

There is another grave objection, for according to Dr. Langdon's own admission the name Tagtug is written with a sign employed in the case of divinities. This being the case, it is not right to regard Tagtug as a human being.

From what has been said it seems that our learned Assyriologist has not fully apprehended the contents of the tablet. This accounts for the forced meanings read into many of the lines and signs. No wonder, therefore, that his translation and interpretation have called forth some very severe criticism. Take the following from a recent review of his volume in The Nation, as an example: "This specimen of word-juggling, with the heaping of one hypothesis upon another, and then drawing far-reaching conclusions is unfortunately not isolated. . . . This unfortunate habit of making fanciful combinations raises a question as to the validity of all the results set forth by him in the introduction to his translation of this tablet."

Others who have studied this ancient text and have had the advantage or disadvantage of Dr. Langdon's volume contend that this old Sumerian document has no reference whatever to the Flood, forbidden fruit, the Fall of Man, nor Noah. That it does not concern itself with the Deluge is so much the more probable, when we consider that Dr. Poebel found in this same collection more than two years ago an indisputable Flood tablet. Of course, there might have been two distinct flood tablets in the same collection, but this is not very probable.

According to an editorial in The Independent, Professor Jastrow insists that this new tablet does in no wise refer to the Flood, "but begins with the organization of nature to fit it for the habitation of man by the provisions of rivers and canals." And "what Professor Langdon took to be a peaceful condition in Eden before the Flood, Professor Jastrow finds to be a description of the state of absolute quietude before birds and beasts of prey had been created; and what Professor Langdon took to be the account of the Flood, he interprets as the beginning of irrigation and resulting fertility."

That the reader may draw his own conclusions and may judge for himself whether to follow Langdon or Jastrow we shall now reproduce the disputed lines as rendered by Langdon. We shall first give those passages which he regards as describing Paradise:

The mountain of Dilmun is pure, the mountain of Dilmun is clean.
Alone in Dilmun they [Enki and his consort] lay down.
Where Enki with his consort lay.
That place is pure, that place is clean.
Where Enki with the pure divine queen lay down,
On Dilmun the raven shrieked not.
The kite shrieked not, kitelike.
The lion slew not.
The wolf plundered not the lambs.
The dogs approached not the kids in repose.
* * * * * * * *
Oh, disease of the eyes, thou art the sick-eye, one said not.
Oh, headache, thou art the headache, one said not.
As to the old woman, thou art an old woman, one said not.
As to the old man, thou art an old man, one said not.

Let us now pass from this supposed description of Paradise to that of the Flood. The exact cause of the catastrophe is not stated, but it is inferred that it resulted from a lack of respect to one or more of the gods. The following are the lines on which Dr. Langdon bases his Flood theory:

The fields received the waters of Enki.
It was the first day, whose month is the first,
It was the second day, whose month is the third.

And so for the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth, to the ninth month, where we read:

"It was the ninth day whose month is the ninth; month of the cessation of waters. Like fat, like fat, like *tallow*."

The last line is a puzzle, for what sense in saying that man and beast perished or dissolved like fat or tallow in the water of the Flood?

It is certainly quite as probable that the waters which are spoken of above, may have reference to irrigation, which may have been employed for nine months of the year in Babylonia. Be that as it may, one theory is quite as probable as the other.

As regards Paradise. The above quoted lines may be a description of the harmony and bliss which prevailed in Paradise, when man and beast dwelt together in perfect harmony and bliss, but as already suggested, the lines may also picture the early stages of creation, the time before either man, birds, or beasts had appeared upon the scene, when discord, sickness, and old age could not have been possible. But what meaning can be given to line 26, Obverse I, where we read: "A pure place where water was not poured for cleansing in the city one inhabited not." Paradise without water would have been a strange place!

Is it not more probable that we have here a description of a land

where drought had done its deadly work, where all animal life had succumbed, where even birds and beasts of prey had perished and where men died while yet young, where neither man nor woman attained to old age? The line rendered by Dr. Langdon, "A man has changed a canal," is translated by another scholar: "The ferryman did not cross over." If the latter be the correct translation the plain implication is that the drought had put an end even to the ferryman's work.

But the most revolutionary of Dr. Langdon's theories is, that the Fall of Man had been preceded by myriads of age of blissfulness in Paradise. The tablet, says he, "knows nothing of a famous forebear at the beginning of things, who possessed great intelligence. It was only after the Flood that the god Enki revealed wisdom to Tagtug. It was after the Flood that man ate of the cassia plant, and for so doing was cursed with bodily frailty, disease, and decay, and great longevity also became a thing of the past." If the Flood resulted from man's wickedness we cannot understand how it can be said that the Fall of Man did not occur till some considerable time after that great catastrophe.

No doubt Dr. Langdon, like many another critic, has drawn largely upon his imagination, and has presented as facts things that are at best nothing but plausible conjectures. His conclusions are wrong, because his premises are incorrect. One has well said that we have in Dr. Langdon's work "a good example of the dangers to which a scholar is exposed in basing an elaborate theory upon slender foundations."

Nevertheless we owe a debt of gratitude to our learned author for editing and publishing this tablet. For now scholars familiar with cuneiform texts will have a chance to study this very old document at their leisure. Even if it be shown that the tablet has nothing to do with the Deluge or with the Fall of Man, it is most interesting to find that men had such lofty ideas concerning religion and nature in the third millennium before our era.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

Nationalism and Internationalism in Theology Before the War and After

The great war among Christian nations has forced upon us all the tremendous question, whether after all the nations really are Christian. Yet the individual nations directly involved seem very far from acknowledging themselves to be un-Christian. It is not their own but the enemy's Christianity that they deny. It is surely a significant intellectual and moral situation when so distinguished a theologian as Herrmann can seriously raise the question whether after all the Turks have not more of the fear of God before their eyes than the English, and Professor David Smith can write in the British Weekly: "If there were a single Christian in the hordes of the Kaiser, he would throw down his arms." Such views, of course, represent the first heat of passion, and they must yield to

better judgment. Many Christian leaders in Great Britain and Germany, who at first mutually declared that to resume friendly relations with so utterly base and treacherous a foe after the declaration of formal peace would be morally impossible, have since thought better of it. The inevitable conviction has forced itself upon them, that their God is the God of all peoples, that "he made of one every nation of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," that it is the destiny of every nation to acknowledge the Lordship of Jesus, and that in none can Christ be truly preached without the fruitage of a faithful church. Many of those who thought to know perfectly what Burke declared he did not know—"the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people"—have relented. Not a few have come to see that the problem of fixing the measure of personal guilt in the war is not required of us. It may be within the range of human powers to determine the measure in which the diplomacy or policy of each several nation provoked or hindered the precipitation of the strife, though even this must be an inconceivably difficult problem. But to weigh the hearts of men belongs to God alone. In their sober second thoughts many men have recognized that back of all the immediate and remoter specific causes of the war there lies the one great fact of human selfishness and sin; and herein no nation stands distinctly apart, either for better or for worse. The war could never have broken out if the elements of war had not been already there. Nor will the war really be over merely by virtue of the fact that one day the armies shall have laid down their arms and the representatives of the governments shall have signed the treaty of peace. Hereafter Christian thinkers will less often than formerly be victims of the delusion that cries, Peace, peace, when there is no peace. The war of arms is not the only carnal warfare, and a mere state of non-war is something infinitely less than real peace. It is folly to suppose a bloodless warfare may not be as cruel and as displeasing to God as the warfare of deadly arms. Peace is God's gift; it is a fruit of the Spirit. It is present where God is known. Where Christ is not enthroned, there is strife. To know and love God is to know and love one's brother also.

Recognizing the manifest will of God that all nations should dwell together on the face of the earth in concord and peace, we deprecate every sentiment that tends to confirm existing barriers to the largest human and Christian fellowship—barriers of misunderstanding, distrust, and fear. To be sure, real peace presupposes good-will and truth; it can never be grounded in falsehood or a compounding with wrong. Nevertheless the establishment of a righteous fellowship among the nations is to be reached, not by the way of assuming on each side the role of judge and punisher of the other, but rather by the way of a positive recognition of the right and truth and good-will that exist. Not that we would exclude a brotherly criticism. Wrongs must be righted. But a brotherly criticism seeks to pluck the mote (or is it perhaps a beam?) out of our brother's eye, only as we make sure that first we have cast the beam (or is it only a mote?) out of our own eye.

In every great age of faith and spiritual progress Christianity has

shown itself gloriously international or supernational. The whole missionary movement is possible only as the oneness of humanity and the universality of Christianity are firmly apprehended. In its eternal essence Christianity is indeed the absolute, the universal religion. But the church has the task—not yet solved—of realizing, of achieving its true catholicity. Not merely by expansion to include all peoples is the church's universality to be realized. Of even greater significance is the complete inner Christianization of the church. Now since the days of Peter and Paul the surest, yes, the indispensable way to learn what is the innermost essence of Christianity is to seek to bring its message effectually to the peoples that have not known the true God. It is then only a recognition of the further application of the same law when we affirm that for nations among whom Christianity has long been established a large and generous internationalism in Christian thought and activity is most necessary and salutary.

Yet there is a place and a warrant for a certain nationalism even in religion. This is involved in the fact that it is God who has given to the nations their individuality and their places and their missions. To recognize and affirm a national destiny is not unbelief, if only we recognize that it is the mission of each nation to serve humanity. The human race is one and the Christian faith is one. Yet the race assumes manifold types and the faith works itself out in a rich variety as men struggle toward the integral fullness of the knowledge of Christ.

The course of Christian history exhibits most instructively the interaction of the two forces, the spirit of nationalism and the spirit of internationalism. In its beginnings Jewish nationalism would have fettered Christianity and have made it a sort of reformed or spiritualized Judaism. In the next period the Greek spirit threatened so thorough a Hellenization of Christianity as to sever it from its roots in the Old Testament and the historical Christ, and thus destroy its very life. Later the spirit of imperial Rome stamped itself upon the church. And so down through the centuries until the present time national or provincial types have left their mark upon the church. That which has kept Christianity from losing itself in nationalism is twofold: first and chiefly the persistent force of the historical revelation of God in Christ as kept alive by the presence of the Holy Spirit in the church; secondly, the salutary influence of the international communication of Christian thought and endeavor. Christian theology is not an abstract speculation. Its source is the concrete reality of the self-revelation of God in Christ, and the condition of its true development is a broad and deep fellowship in the things of Christ—in Christian faith and hope and service. Really to understand the nature and meaning of Christ's mission in the world is the aim and task of Christian theology. That the attainment of this glorious end is conditioned upon the largeness and sincerity of our fellowship with all the saints in Christ is one of Paul's favorite thoughts. Rooted and grounded in the divine love, endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, and recognizing that the end of all the Spirit's gifts is the building up of the body of Christ, we shall be strong to apprehend

with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge, and so we shall be filled unto all the fullness of God.

The united impact of the two divergent forces of nationalism and internationalism in religion does not signify an irreconcilable opposition. Rather it results—to borrow an illustration from what is known in mechanics as the law of the parallelogram of forces—in a diagonal, which represents the higher synthesis of what is good in both forces.

But we desire not to leave the matter in the terms of a broad generality. The Christian world finds itself to-day in a tremendously serious situation. From the standpoint of the Christian faith it would seem far less terrible, if the strife manifestly sprang solely from the world-spirit, while Christian fellowship remained unbroken. But in fact millions on both sides are fighting professedly in the very name of Christianity. Under such conditions it should prove comforting and quickening to faith, and clarifying as to our duty that we remind ourselves how much the churches of the warring nations owe one another. In all such inquiries it is particularly England and Germany that engross our attention. Not only are these the two great rival nations, politically and commercially; not only are they also the great leaders in the progress of civilization. They are the two greatest exponents of Protestant Christianity in Europe. In spite of the marked difference between their political ideals—a difference, however, now generally enormously overdrawn—these two nations have a vast deal in common—far more, no doubt, than England and France, or England and Russia. It is the manifest destiny of England and Germany yet to render the world an immense service. This holds good not only respecting the progress of civilization generally, but also respecting the advancement of Christianity. If the measure of the community of moral and religious ideals could always determine national alliances, surely England and Germany would have been among the closest of allies.

In the era of the Reformation the influence of Luther was mighty in England. Not a few English divines have wished it had been even mightier. Wesley owed a great debt to German Christianity. Was it not in reading Luther's Preface to the Commentary on Paul's Epistle to the Romans that "he felt his heart strangely warmed"? Can we measure the debt of Wesley and Methodism to the Moravians in London, America, and Germany? Shall we forget that Wesley's Notes on the New Testament were frankly borrowed from Bengel's "Gnomon"? Or that he found much of joy and inspiration in German hymnody and gave us the best translations of German hymns that we possess? Yet in the matter of hymnody we have been drawing more and more from German sources ever since. Again we may glance at the happy relations of such theologians as Tholuck and Neander to English and American Christianity. That the influence of Schleiermacher in England and America has been relatively small is greatly to be deplored. In general the purely theological influence of German thought upon English Christianity has been far less than one might wish. The pragmatism of the English mind has

needed and still needs the deeper, more systematic thought of German theology. On the other hand there can be no doubt that the German mind has much to learn from the more practical temper of the Anglo-Saxon in religious matters. About the middle of the nineteenth century biblical scholarship in England was beginning to show signs of a vigorous revival. Can any one doubt that the inspiration of this movement came largely from Germany?

But we might continue our catalogue indefinitely. The question in the last analysis has to do not with the quantity of the influence but with its quality, its wholesomeness. We are free to admit the influence of German theology has not always been wholesome. But we take this occasion to say two things. First, very much of the bolder criticism emanating from Germany has eventually been universally acknowledged as bringing—directly or indirectly—a real blessing to the church. Secondly, the best answers to the negative criticism and theology of Germany have been given by German theologians of a positively evangelical standpoint.

If England and America now are in the reaction against a former alleged Germanomania, the same thing is true of Germany respecting England and America. So far had the "Engländerei" (Anglomania) in religious matters grown in recent years that a very serious opposition to it had grown up even before the war. But there the complaint was not against the remarkable vogue of men like Frederick Robertson, but against the extreme pietistic movements and the like.

In both cases the true ideal should be to learn freely from each other, but according to the Pauline counsel: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." We are convinced that the Christianity of each of these peoples still has treasures that the other needs to share.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Gospel of Good Will. By William De Witt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College. 12mo, pp. 245. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

We unhesitatingly recommend the purchase and study of this book, which finds Christ's true gospel revealed in various writings of to-day called by Dr. Hyde Contemporary Scriptures. The "Scriptures" used are John Masefield's The Everlasting Mercy and The Widow in the Bye Street; Jacob Riis's The Making of an American; The Battle with the Slums; Winston Churchill's The Inside of the Cup; Thomas Mott Osborne's Within Prison Walls; John Graham Brooks's An American Citizen; Charles Sarolea's How Belgium Saved Europe; John H. Dennison's

Beside the Bowery; Kennedy's The Servant in the House; Jerome's The Passing of the Third Floor Back, and others equally alive. This twentieth-century book is fresh, unhackneyed, forceful, fascinating, full of stimulus and "stuff." The author's keynote is heard in the preface: The Christian is not a "plaster saint" who holds "safety first" to be the supreme spiritual grace; but the man who earns and spends his money, controls his appetites and passions, chooses peace or war, and does whatever his hand finds to do, with an eye single to the greatest good of all concerned. Sin is falling short of this high, heroic aim; and the preacher's business is to make men ashamed of it, as the low, mean thing it is. The instant a man who has done wrong repents, God and all Christlike men welcome him back to their favor and fellowship. To the Christian every secular vocation is an opportunity to express Good Will: and sacrifice is the price he gladly pays for the privilege. "The wise Christian preacher will not as preacher become the mere partisan on one side or the other of disputed questions of political, social, and moral reform: but will commend such Good Will and condemn such evil will as there is on both sides. Christian character and Christian virtues come not by direct cultivation, but as by-products of Good Will expressed in daily life. The church, a superfluous superstition when considered as an appendage to an untransformed secular life, or a preparation for an undefined happiness hereafter, is a precious and sacred instrument for transforming men and institutions into sons and servants of Good Will. As the expert interpreter of the Gospel of Good Will: as the leader in the fight against all meanness and cruelty: as the restorer of the penitent: as the infuser of spiritual meaning into secular life: as the champion of costly sacrifice: as the challenger of social injustice and the non-partisan herald of social reform: as the officer of a church that derives its sanctity and unity from the efficiency with which it serves all forms of personal and social welfare—the Christian minister has a mission beneficent beyond all others." The Introduction says that a man who signs himself "A Student In Arms," writing from the trenches in Flanders to the Spectator of December 18, 1915, describes accurately the problem of the preacher, and the solution of it set forth in this book: "The soldier, and in this case the soldier means the working man, does not in the least connect the things he really believes in with Christianity. He thinks that Christianity consists in believing the Bible and setting up to be better than your neighbors. By believing the Bible he means believing that Jonah was swallowed by the whale. By setting up to be better than your neighbors he means not drinking, not swearing, and preferably not smoking, being close-fisted with your money, avoiding the companionship of doubtful characters, and refusing to acknowledge that such have any claim upon you. This is surely nothing short of tragedy. Here were men who believed absolutely in the Christian virtues of unselfishness, generosity, charity, and humility, without ever connecting them in their minds with Christ; and at the same time what they did associate with Christianity was just on a par with the formalism and smug self-righteousness which Christ spent his whole life in trying to destroy. The chaplains as a

rule failed to realize this. They remonstrated with their hearers for not saying their prayers, and not coming to communion, and not being afraid to die without making their peace with God. They did not grasp that the men really had deep-seated beliefs in goodness, and that the only reason why they did not pray and go to communion was that they never connected the goodness in which they believed with the God in whom the chaplains said they ought to believe. If they had connected Christianity with unselfishness and the rest, they would have been prepared to look to Christ as their Master and their Saviour. I am certain that if the chaplain wants to be understood and to win their sympathy he must begin by showing them that Christianity is the explanation and the justification and the triumph of all that they now do really believe in. He must start by making their religion articulate in a way which they will recognize. He must make them see that his creeds and prayers and worship are the symbols of all that they admire most, and most want to be." The subject headings of the eight chapters are: "Christ's Expectation of Men," "The Meanness of Sin," "Repentance and Forgiveness," "Service," "Sacrifice," "The Christian Virtues," "Reform," "The Church." That solemn and awful poem, Masefield's "The Widow in the Bye Street," is the story of a poor widow who toiled and starved to bring up her only child, and after all her labor saw him ruined by a woman of the street; saw him sentenced to be hung after killing his rival for the vile woman's favor. Before his death the infatuated boy comes to himself in disgust and loathing for himself and her. His poor mother hires a room near the prison in which he is awaiting death. When she tries to comfort him in his cell, he says:

"Where did you get the money for the room?
And how are you living, mother; how'll you live?"
"It's what I'd saved to put me in the tomb,
I'll want no tomb but what the parish give."
"Mother, I lied to you that time, O forgive,
I brought home half my wages, half I spent,
And you went short that week to pay the rent.

"I went to see'r, I spent my money on her,
And you who bore me paid the cost in pain.
You went without to buy the clothes upon her:
A hat, a locket, and a silver chain.
O mother dear, if all might be again,
Only from last October, you and me;
O mother dear, how different it would be.

"We were so happy in the room together,
Singing at 'Binger-Bopper,' weren't us, just?
And going a-hopping in the summer weather,
And all the hedges covered white with dust,
And blackberries, and that, and traveler's trust.
I thought her wronged, and true, and sweet, and wise,
The devil takes sweet shapes when he tells lies.

"Mother, my dear, will you forgive your son?"
"God knows I do, Jim, I forgive you, dear;
You didn't know, and couldn't, what you done.
God pity all poor people suffering here,
And may his mercy shine upon us clear,
And may we have His Holy Word for mark,
To lead us to His Kingdom through the dark."

Then at the end—the end save for the poor mother's going crazy after his execution—comes the mother's great soliloquy and prayer: one of the profoundest spiritual passages in contemporary literature.

"Red helpless little things will come to birth,
And hear the whistles going down the line,
And grow up strong and go about the earth,
And have much happier times than yours and mine;
And some day one of them will get a sign,
And talk to folk, and put an end to sin,
And then God's blessed kingdom will begin.

"God dropped a spark down into everyone,
And if we find and fan it to a blaze
It'll spring up and glow, like—like the sun,
And light the wandering out of stony ways.
God warms his hands at man's heart when he prays,
And light of prayer is spreading heart to heart;
It'll light all where now it lights a part.

"And God who gave His mercies takes His mercies,
And God who gives beginning gives the end.
I dread my death; but it's the end of curses,
A rest for broken things too broke to mend.
O Captain Christ, our blessed Lord and Friend,
We are two wandered sinners in the mire,
Burn our dead hearts with love out of Thy fire.

"And when thy death comes, Master, let us bear it
As of Thy will, however hard to go;
Thy cross is infinite for us to share it,
Thy help is infinite for us to know;
And when the long trumpets of the Judgment blow
May our poor souls be glad and meet agen,
And rest in Thee. Say 'Amen,' Jim." "Amen."

From this widowed mother's prayer one rises with a solemn sense of the cruel cost of sin; and pity for the poor innocent sufferer whose love compels her to pay for short-lived selfish pleasure in lifelong loving pain; bearing, as she says, her share of Christ's infinite cross. Not every preacher can be a literary artist; but we all can use the artist's work to show that pain of innocent and guilty alike is ever the ugly other side of the smooth and glossy surface of sin. To do that is to make men hate it, and lead them to repent. The true view of the Final Judgment makes it automatic and inexorable. Pictorial representations of this automatic judgment are found at the end of Plato's "Gorgias," and in Jesus's parable

of the Last Judgment. Phillips Brooks' sermon on "The Law of Liberty" also states it convincingly: "By this law we shall be judged. How simple and sublime it makes the judgment day! We stand before the great white throne and wait our verdict. We watch the closed lips of the Eternal Judge, and our hearts stand still until those lips shall open and pronounce our fate; heaven or hell. The lips do not open. The judge just lifts his hand and raises from each soul before him every law of constraint whose pressure has been its education. He lifts the laws of constraint and their results are manifest. The real intrinsic nature of each soul leaps to the surface. Each soul's law of liberty becomes supreme. And each soul, without one word of condemnation or approval, by its own inner tendency, seeks its own place. They turn and separate, father from child, brother from brother, wife from husband, each with the old habitual restrictions lifted off, turns to its own; one by an inner power to the right hand, another by a like power to the left; these up to heaven, and these down to hell. Do we need more? It needs no word, no smile, no frown. The freeing of souls is the judging of souls. A liberated nature dictates its own destiny." Here is part of what Dr. Hyde says on The Christian Virtues: "My religion is very simple. I love God and all my brothers." In Kennedy's drama these words are spoken by Manson, who represents Christ. He comes into the vicar's household in the disguise of a servant, and in the regular course of his service, and the conversations incidental to it, separates in that household the sheep from the goats. The text contains his separating principle. If Good Will for all your brothers is your aim you go to his right hand. If honors and emoluments, promotions, and preferments for yourself are your aim, then even though those honors and emoluments happen to be ecclesiastical, your place is on the left, and your destination the outer darkness. There is in the drama only one hopelessly lost soul—only one that even Christ can't save. He is James Ponsonby Makeshyfte, D.D., the Most Reverend the Lord Bishop of Lancashire. And why can't Christ save him? Why does he turn him out of the house? Because his real motto is: "Give as little, and grab as much as we can"; because there are spheres of human Good which he despises; because he is unwilling to sit at the table with a working-man; because he fails to include in his idea of good the welfare of the working-man; because his will is no bigger than his personal interests, and the dignities and emoluments of his ecclesiastical office. A man can't be as little as that, and share in the fellowship of Manson, Christ. For Christ's fellowship is not primarily an affair of learned lore, stained-glass windows, and ecclesiastical millinery: all of which the bishop has in abundance: it is genuine love of God and all his brothers, which the bishop utterly lacks. The vicar, the Reverend William Smythe, is half lost, half saved: and in the end is saved so as by fire. He has climbed to ecclesiastical preferment by taking unfair advantage of his brother: and by listening to the false and foolish advice of his ambitious wife, who loves him more than she loves God, and is more anxious to see him win a great reputation as scholar and preacher and churchman than to see him doing the greatest good to his people.

There is this sign of genuineness about him, however, that he heartily despises the bishop, and can't endure to have the old hypocrite around poisoning the air of his house. Under Manson's influence he becomes sincerely sorry for the wrong he has done his dissolute brother, Robert Smith, a humble scavenger. In the end he shakes off the selfishly ambitious influence of his too fond wife, joins his humble brother in doing the disagreeable and dirty work of cleaning out the church drain, because that happens to be what the people really need to have done. His repudiation of his wife's baleful influence is the turning point. She cares nothing for his real usefulness, everything for his preferment. . . . Yet even the ambitious wife is saved after much protestation. When the vicar finally joins his humble brother, takes off his coat and sets about the dirty and dangerous work of cleaning out the drain, she is brought to give him her blessing, "God's might go with you, William! Accept him, Christ!" and she is last seen taking with one hand her husband's hand, and with her other hand the hand of his humble and formerly wronged and despised scavenger brother, so that the three form a kind of cross. The real church Manson or Christ is building, the church Robert, the drain-digger, belongs to, the church to which he and Manson win his vicar brother and his ambitious wife, "ain't psalms, and 'ymns and tea parties, mind you"; it is "no dead pile of stones and unmeaning timber; no aggregation of Gothic arches and stained-glass windows. When you enter it you hear a sound as of some mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough, and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls—that is, if you have ears. If you have eyes, you will presently see the church itself—a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows—leaping sheer from floor to dome; the work of no ordinary builder! The pillars of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes: the sweet human flesh of men and women is molded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable: the faces of little children laugh out from every cornerstone: the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and up in the heights and spaces there are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of the world. It is yet building—building and built upon. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness: sometimes in blinding light: now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish: now to the tune of a great laughter and heroic shoutings like the cry of thunder. Sometimes in the silence of the night-time one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work up in the dome—the comrades that have climbed ahead." Robert Smith, the dissipated scavenger brother, understands and is drawn to that church. "I think I begin to understand you, comride, especially that bit abaht the 'ammerins an' the harches. S'pose there's drain 'ands wanted in that there church o' yours?" He goes in to dig the drains. With all his bad record he has two redeeming traits. He is tender to his long-lost, new-found daughter, and he works—works for the good he can do. "I work—and work well; that's more than some of 'em can say—and I don't get much money for it either." When reminded by the vicar of the stench and horror and darkness of his drain digging, he replies,

"What's it matter, if the comrides up above 'av' light an' joy an' a breath of 'olesome air to sing by? 'Igh in the dome, the 'ammerins of the comrides as av' climbed aloft!" And when the vicar in deepest penitence says, "I call myself nothing: I am nothing—less than nothing in all this living world," Robert, proud of the place in the service of the whole his humble vocation gives him, exclaims, "But I call myself summat—I'm the DRAIN-MAN, that's what I am." His place and function of service, his humble share in doing God's Good Will, makes him brother of Manson, the Servant in the House—Christ. That is a gospel every right-minded man in the world accepts as soon as he clearly sees it. Christian character, and all its constituent virtues, are by-products of living in Good Will. To aim at character directly; to cultivate the Christian virtues like Benjamin Franklin, giving one day to patience, another to chastity, another to generosity, is to miss altogether the Christian point of view, and become a conceited prig. If we trust and serve Good Will, all these graces will come trooping after us. But if sought directly they fly beyond our reach. The most characteristic Christian virtue is modesty; or as the New Testament calls it meekness, humility, poverty of spirit, not being puffed up. One who sees how vast is Good Will, what splendid achievements it is making, and how much remains to be done will come to see how small and how imperfect is his little contribution to the great whole. A young Christian, like a novice at any work or sport, may be filled with self-importance, and say and do things to show off his newly acquired accomplishments. But it is the sure mark of the novice—this self-centered, self-conscious air of importance and superiority. He who has come to admire Good Will in Christ and his fellow-Christians, and has learned to measure himself by that perfect standard, will understand how far his best achievements fall short of it; and will be modest as a matter of course; as the inevitable corollary of the plain fact of his manifold shortcomings. Whoever, like the bishop in the play, is proud and puffed up, has failed to see Good Will and his own true place far below its high requirements. To cultivate modesty directly is impossible: for the more we think we have of it, the less modest we are. But Good Will, by its contrast with our imperfect wills, induces modesty. The preacher will teach his people to measure themselves and each other by that searching standard.

Vital Elements of Preaching. By ARTHUR S. HOYT, Professor of Homiletics and Sociology in Auburn Theological Seminary. 12mo, pp. 326. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

FIFTEEN lectures given at Auburn Seminary and the University of Chicago. The author's two previous volumes set forth "The Work of Preaching," dealing with the sources and formation of the sermon for the present age, and "The Preacher," emphasizing the necessity for a vital spiritual personality in the messenger of Christ. The third volume, now before us, dwells upon the temper and attitude of the minister both as to the truth and as to the lives of his hearers. Preaching is set forth as a

social exercise. The preacher must be human, feeling in his heart the deepest desires and needs of the age in order to interpret the gospel aright to the man of to-day. This book discusses the psychology of preaching. Not many new things are likely to be said on so familiar a subject. The freshness and value of the volume must lie in the glow and impact of the author's personality and in apt up-to-date illustrations. About the preacher's motives, take this: We need to bring *all* the motives to bear upon our work and not to despise the lowest. The stern sense of duty may need often to compel us or hold us to our tasks. And duty is the voice of God, and "wears the Godhead's most benignant grace." But the power that most effectively constrains is *love*. Phillips Brooks compares the secondary motives of the ministry (such as the joy of work, the love of influence, the perception of moral order, the concern for truth) and the chief motive (the realized value of the human soul, the passion for humanity) to the staff around the commanding officer. "'I am not convinced by what you say. I am not sure but that I can answer every one of your arguments,' said a man, with whom a preacher had been pleading; 'but there is one thing which I confess I cannot understand. It puzzles me, and makes me feel a power in what you say. It is why you should care enough for me to take all this trouble, and to labor with me as if you cared for my soul.' It is a power which every man must feel. It inspires the preacher; and his hearers, catching its influence, become softened and ready to receive the truth. It is strength in the arm which strikes, and tenderness in the rock which receives the blow." Here is an incident: "Several years ago, in returning from a Western vacation, by the Great Lakes, the steamer stopping in the early evening at Detroit, I found myself in a square before the Russell House, listening to a street preacher. The motley throng that gathered is always of dramatic interest—working men and women, going home with their pails, loungers from the corners, drawn by idle curiosity, women of the town, and here and there a man, going out to dine. And through all indifference and interruption the preacher held his appointed way, with a purpose and a passion that did its arresting and convincing work. In the midst of the sermon he stopped, and began the song with the familiar refrain, 'Since Jesus is mine, I'm the child of a King.' Many a time since then has the voice of the street preacher been to me God's Word: in moments of weariness, when the soul shrank from the pitiful contrast between the ideal and the actuality, and in moments of moral failure, when the whole sky of life seemed overcast, have sounded the brave, cheery words of the street preacher, 'Since Jesus is mine, I'm the child of a King.'" Here is a different one: "Workmen are not insensible to the religious appeal. Too much must not be inferred from their hissing the Church yet cheering the name of Jesus, but it shows that they are not sunk below enthusiasm for an ideal—and that means much. During the railroad riots of '79, when an infuriated mob of strikers threatened to sweep up Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, and burn the homes of the rich, General Devereux, the president of one of the roads involved, went to the shops and finally got the ear of the men to speak to them. What should he say? Finally,

without premeditation, he began to tell the story of Jesus, his life of patient kindness and well-doing, his interest in every life, his understanding and sympathy, his love of the poor, and toiling, and suffering, the love that gave his very life for men. As the simple story proceeded, the hard lines gradually faded from the faces of the men, and fierce passions cooled, and something of the peace of Christ came into their hearts; the men recognized the ties of humanity, and the danger was past. I do not say that this is faith, but it is the capacity of faith, and whenever the Son of Man is presented in his divine reality, the hearts of men will respond to it." Here are the author and Phillips Brooks saying one and the same thing: "There is no help for the spiritual vision like the determined purpose to seek men. We lose faith in men because we don't love them enough. We don't yearn for their salvation. How startled many preachers would be when they come down from their finished pulpits to hear some man utter the cry of the Philippian jailor! Every faithful effort to win men will lay bare their spiritual nature and worth. Faithless, visionless preaching comes from moral indifference. The preacher whose heart is stirred, who is intent on the salvation of men, has a vision of what the soul is worth." Phillips Brooks said: "It is by working for the soul that we best learn what the soul is worth. If ever in your ministry the souls of those committed to your care grow dull before you, and you doubt whether they have any such value that you should give your life for them, go out and work for them, and as you work their value shall grow clear to you. Go and try to save a soul and you will see how well it is worth saving, how capable it is of the most complete salvation. Not by pondering upon it, nor by talking of it, but by serving it, you learn its preciousness." This is a point well driven in: "*The minister must maintain a manly relation to men.* That means that he must try to know them. I know there is a natural shrinking from men. They are often coarse, careless of speech and manner, lacking in respect for religious life, misinterpreting the very motive and effort of the preacher. All your training and tastes and ideals tend to separate you from such men. And they will impose a barrier from their side. They will very likely feel uncomfortable in your presence. The minister's presence may suggest the life they ought to lead, and are not willing to undertake. The minister's very presence should be the voice of the higher life. That's a beautiful story told by Mr. Crooker in The Church of To-day, of a shopkeeper who said of a certain minister of his city, 'Whenever he walks by my shop, I say to myself, "There goes a true man," and that moment everything good in me feels stronger and I find that it is then easier for me to live as I ought.' We can break through the barriers of men by our simple humanity. We have far more in common with men than any differences. And we can find and assert the common tie. Phillips Brooks did this with the men of Harvard. The service he rendered his Alma Mater as resident preacher was peculiarly prized by him. It is said that during the last service of this kind that he rendered, he went one morning into some students' rooms, as his wont was. He took in the situation at a glance, men who had spent the previous night in

dissipation, averted eyes and pallid faces of men who did not care just then to look into their own lives. But Bishop Brooks spoke no word of censure to them. With his great humanity, his big-heartedness, he soon touched matters of common interest, the likes of young men, the college they all loved so well. But when he went out, he said with his deep eyes, and heavy tones that seemed to penetrate into the very heart of things, *'Well, boys, it doesn't pay, does it?'* And in that presence their sin turned black before their eyes. They felt ashamed of it. They knew it unworthy of their manhood. Charles Kingsley knew every man, woman, and child in his parish. He always found some common bond of interest that helped him to be a friend and revealed the life to him. Edward Everett Hale gave as one of the three rules of his own life that he tried to rub up against all sorts of men. And we must believe in men if we are going to be their ministers. We can make no appeal to men unless we believe in them, believe in their capacity for goodness. Fronting the facts of life with open eyes, we must still hold to the divineness of life, the noble, heroic qualities of the common man, and that the majority are not incarnations of evil. Say with James Oppenheimer:

"Through one another—through one another—
No more the gleam on sea or land—
But so close that we see the brother—
And understand, and understand!
Till, drawn in swept-crowd closer, closer,
We see the gleam in the human clod,
And clerk and foreman, peddler and grocer,
Are in our family of God."

This is how Dr. John Watson speaks of the *pastoral work* of the true preacher: "With the true pastor, visitation is a spiritual labor, intense and arduous, beside which reading and study are light and easy. When he has been with ten families and done his best by each, he comes home trembling in his very limbs and worn out in soul. Consider what he has come through, what he has attempted, what, so far as it can be said of a frail human creature, this man has done. He has tasted joy in one home, where the husband has been restored to the wife from the dust of death; he has shared sorrow with another family, where pet Marjorie has died; he has consulted with a mother about a son in a far country, whose letters fill the anxious heart with dread; he has carried God's comfort to Darby and Joan, reduced suddenly to poverty, and God's invitation to two young people, beginning life together in great prosperity. It is exhausting to rejoice or to sorrow, but to taste both sensations in succession is disabling; yet this man has passed through ten moods since midday, and each with all his strength. His experiences have not all been wiped out, as a child's exercises from his slate; they have become strata in his soul." (The Cure of Souls, page 113.) Dr. John Watson held that the chief end of preaching was comfort. "Never can I forget," he writes, "what a distinguished scholar, who used to sit in my church, once said to me: 'Your best work in the pulpit has been to put heart into men for the coming week!' I wish I had put more. And when I have in my

day, like us all, attempted to reconcile science and religion, one of the greatest men of science, who used also to be a hearer in my church, never seemed interested, but when I dealt with the deep affairs of the soul, he would come round in the afternoon to talk it out." This from Bushnell shows the greatness of man's soul even in its ruins: "Here, within the soul's gloomy chamber, the loosened passions rage and chafe, impatient of their law; here huddle the wild and desultory thoughts; here the imagination crowds in shapes of glory and disgust, tokens both and mockeries of its own creative power, no longer in the keeping of reason; here sits remorse, scowling and biting her chain; here creep out the fears, a meager and pale multitude; here drives on the will in his chariot of war; here lie trampled the great aspirations, groaning in immortal thirst; . . . and yet, despite all this, a fact which overtops and crowns all other evidence, you are trying and contriving still to be happy, a happy ruin! O this great and mighty soul, were it something else you might find what to do with it; charm it with the jingles of a golden toy, house it in a safe with ledgers and stocks, take it about on journeys to see and to be seen. Anything would please it and bring it content. But it is the godlike soul, capable of rest in nothing but God, able to be filled and satisfied with nothing but his fullness and the confidence of his friendship." And Browning has voiced the spirit-life of man in his baseness—(Christina):

> Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows!
> But not quite so sunk that moments
> Sure though seldom are denied us,
> When the spirit's true endowments
> Stand out plainly from its false ones,
> And apprise it if pursuing
> Or the right way or the wrong way,
> To its triumph or undoing.
> * * * * * *
> There are flashes struck from midnights,
> There are fire-flames noondays kindle,
> Whereby piled up honors perish,
> Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle,
> While just this or that poor impulse
> Which for once had play unstifled
> Seems the sole work of a lifetime
> That away the rest have trifled.

To make men conscious of the secret processes of their lives, to fathom for them the depths of their unbelief and godliness, to make them see and feel the power of sinful desire in their hearts that pulls them down and turns the fairest promise into earthliness, this is the first work of the Spirit, and the first work of the preacher through the agency of the Spirit. "And he, when he is come, will convict the world in respect of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." We leave this book reimpressed with the greatness of the privilege of preaching. Even wider than this we wonder anew at the significance of that marvelous spectacle—the speaking man and the listening audience. To have the ears of one's fellowbeings, to cast over their minds and spirits the spell of music or

of speech, to transmit spermatic ideas, to plant the germs of desire and purpose and conduct, to rouse, inspire, stimulate and direct, to enter souls at the ear-gate and dominate that inner realm which rules the outer—what other opportunity equals or approaches this in dignity and responsibility? No wonder a dramatic critic says of a great comedian who won distinction by passionate devotion to his profession, "To him his art was a religion." Along with the *mystery of the mastery* of the speaker or the musician holding men by the ears, spell-bound, goes the wonder of the *possible greatness* of this transcendent power over the spirits of men. When we read of a great actress that "she drowns the stage with tears," we wonder something like that is not oftener seen in the pulpit. "There is no sensation in the world like that of singing to an audience and feeling that you have it with you. I would not change my experience for that of any crowned head." If she could say this, what should the preacher say? When we read in William Bell Scott's poem of the effect of Glenkindie's playing, we wonder that something resembling such effects does not oftener attend our preaching. There have been preachers who could preach as Glenkindie played. Serve notice on our colleges and seminaries that the world needs, longs, and is dying for more of such. Glenkindie, best of harpers, came to town. He handled his harp as if he loved it: he stroked the strings. The sorrows of his heart lent a strange power to his playing. Because of his power the lordly manor made him its guest, brought him into its great hall, gathered all its people to hear him and set him on the dais. "A kind damosel" among them tells what happened:

The very first stroke he strack that day,
We all came crowding near;
And the second stroke he strack that day,
We all were smit with fear.

The third stroke that he strack that day,
Full fain were we to cry;
And the fourth stroke that he strack that day,
We thought that we would die.

No tongue can tell how sweet it was,
How far, and yet how near;
We saw the saints in Paradise,
And bairnies on their bier.

Anon he laid his little harp by,
He shut his wondrous eyes;
We stood a long time like dumb things,—
Stood in a dumb surprise.

Then all at once we left that trance
And shouted where we stood;
We clasped each other's hands and vowed
We would be wise and good.

The modern pulpit sorely needs Glenkindies to cast the spell—the God's-spell and make men and women and children vow they will "be wise and good."

The Drama of the Spiritual Life. A Study of Religious Experience and Ideals. By ANNIE LYMAN SEARS. 8vo, pp xxiv+495. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $3.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES in The Varieties of Religious Experience broke new ground and introduced the reader to the psychological values of the religious life. It was unfortunate that he selected so many abnormal types to illustrate his arguments. There is room for another book which will deal with the normal development of the Christian experience in its many aspects. Miss Sears takes under consideration the devotional writings of the ethnic religions as well as of Christianity. Her purpose is to show that the religious life is both individual and social, quite as practical as emotional. The extent of her reading is very large and she quotes freely but inordinately from philosophy, comparative religion, theology, autobiography, fiction, and poetry. Considerable industry is shown, but the book would have been far better had it been half as long. This is particularly true of the three tedious chapters on "The Way of Life—its Nature, its Sources, its Forms." The thought needs clarifying and condensing; and furthermore there are far too many bewildering repetitions. The book may be regarded as a report of processes, but not an exposition of results. We seem to be traveling through a vast country of hills and valleys, of rivers and streams, of oases and deserts; but at the end of the journey we have got nowhere. It is not possible to describe the spiritual life in a purely scientific spirit and withhold one's personal convictions. The first condition is a sympathetic experience of its realities at their best. The questionnaire method has been overdone and there has also been in it far too much of a grand stand display. A purely academic treatment of the profound vitalities of the religious life is both colorless and superficial, and therefore unsatisfactory. Such is, unfortunately, the case with this book. What we mean can be better illustrated, if we compare it with a book by Professor Rufus M. Jones on Spiritual Reformers in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. (Macmillan.) The severest critic cannot say that there is lacking in these discussions the historical and scientific elements, but underlying them is that other attractive note of personal testimony. Instead of the halting and hesitating interpretation of the splendors of the Christian experience, which is found in Miss Sears, we have a positive setting forth of the spiritual and dynamic excellencies of Christianity, which as a religion cannot be placed on a par with other religions, because it actually possesses what they but dimly and uncertainly surmise from a distance. Dr. Jones's chapter on "What is Spiritual Religion" is alone worth the price of the book, which is three dollars. This introductory chapter is followed by a searching study of the strength and weakness of Luther's testimony. The rest of the book takes up the contributions to spiritual Christianity of such heroic souls as Sebastian Franck, Boehme, Whichcote, John Smith, and others whose very names are forgotten, but who kept alight the flame of devotion to Christ and his cause in days of spiritual dearth. There is on the other hand a certain aloofness in Miss Sears's discussions. For instance, the study of

the ethnic prayers is interesting for an understanding of the evolution of prayer from the lower forms of magic; but sufficient emphasis is not laid on the highest forms as found in the New Testament. Back of this defect is a vague and shadowy conception of God, which is at times naturalistic and again pantheistic, but hardly ever is it theistic. Readers of Balfour's Theism and Humanism will recall how that vigorous thinker shows the emptiness of a world where there is no fellowship with a personal God of righteousness and grace. The glory and strength of Christianity is not an ideal code but an actual character. It is true that man is essentially a dreamer and a possessor of ideals; but the Christian has found satisfaction in his ideals because they have been embodied in Jesus Christ. This fact is not made much of in these pages, not even in the closing chapter on "The Indwelling of the Spirit," where the evangelical emphasis concerning the indwelling Spirit would have given light in place of twilight and have spoken assuringly and comfortingly to the pilgrims of the Infinite. The section on sin and its consciousness is good so far as it goes. But the treatment of both sin and redemption fails to do justice to the New Testament declaration which is both final and authoritative, in spite of contrary assumptions made by philosopher, scientist, and psychologist. The dominating ideas of religious experience, according to this writer, are four: (1) the longing for a better than the present state, for an ideal, or, in more religious terms, for salvation; (2) a sense of immediacy, the feeling of certainty of the immediate presence of the divine; (3) the judgment, this unseen ideal is good and will help men, and it is also true; (4) the obligation on man's part to get into friendly relations with this unseen good. A deeper reading of the New Testament would have shown that all these ideas are adequately illuminated in the idealism of Jesus Christ, which is not an abstract system but a practical evangel that has brought peace, joy, and victory to myriads of souls. The discerning reader who takes note of what is at variance with evangelical Christianity can receive much help from this volume, which describes the search of the spirit of man everywhere for the eternal Spirit.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Acres of Diamonds. By RUSSELL H. CONWELL. 12mo, 180 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, with author's portrait, $1 net.

A LECTURE delivered over five thousand times, heard by eight millions of people, and bringing to its author four millions of dollars! Incredible but true. Nothing like it in human history. Dr. Conwell tells his method thus: "I visit the town or city where I am to lecture, and try to arrive there early enough to see the postmaster, the barber, the keeper of the hotel, the principal of the schools, and the ministers of some of the churches, and then go into some of the factories and stores, and talk with the people, and get into sympathy with the local conditions of that town

or city and see what has been their history, what opportunities they had, and what they had failed to do—and every town fails to do something—and then go to the lecture and talk to those people about the subjects which applied to their locality. Acres of Diamonds—the idea—has continuously been precisely the same. The idea is that in this country of ours every man has the opportunity to make more of himself than he does in his own environment, with his own skill, with his own energy and with his own friends." That lecture, Acres of Diamonds, occupies the first fifty-six pages of this volume. Biographical matter relating to the author, gathered and put together by Robert Shackleton, fills up the rest, and is not less interesting than the lecture. Dr. Conwell tells how he began public speaking: I was a young man, not yet of age, when I delivered my first platform lecture. The Civil War of 1861-65 drew on with all its passions, patriotism, horrors, and fears, and I was studying law at Yale University. I had from childhood felt that I was "called to the ministry." *The earliest event of memory is the prayer of my father at family prayers in the little old cottage in the Hampshire highlands of the Berkshire Hills, calling on God with a sobbing voice to lead me into some special service for the Saviour.* It filled me with awe, dread, and fear, and I recoiled from the thought, until I determined to fight against it with all my power. So I sought for other professions and for decent excuses for being anything but a preacher. Yet while I was nervous and timid before the class in declamation and dreaded to face any kind of an audience, I felt in my soul a strange impulsion toward public speaking which for years made me miserable. The war and the public meetings for recruiting soldiers furnished an outlet for my suppressed sense of duty, and my first lecture was on the "Lessons of History" as applied to the campaigns against the Confederacy. From that time I "sought practice" by accepting almost every invitation I received to speak on any kind of a subject. There were many sad failures and tears, but it was a restful compromise with my conscience concerning the ministry, and it pleased my friends. I addressed picnics, Sunday schools, patriotic meetings, funerals, anniversaries, commencements, debates, cattle-shows, and sewing-circles without partiality and without price. For the first five years the income was all experience. Then voluntary gifts began to come occasionally in the shape of a jack-knife, a ham, a book, and the first cash remuneration was from a farmers' club, of seventy-five cents toward the "horse hire." While I was gaining practice in the first years of platform work, I had the good fortune to have profitable employment as a correspondent or lawyer, or as an editor or as a preacher, which enabled me to pay my own expenses, and *it has been seldom in the fifty years that I have ever taken a fee for my personal use. In the last thirty-six years I have dedicated solemnly all the lecture income to benevolent enterprises.* The biographer tells "The Story of the Sword." When Russell Conwell was a boy in a country school at Lexington, a wise country Methodist preacher recognized something unusual in the boy and urged the parents to give him more education, whereupon supreme effort was made and young Russell was sent to Wilbraham Academy. He likes

to tell of his life there, and of the hardships, of which he makes light. He tells of how he went out on the roads selling books from house to house, and of how eagerly he devoured the contents of the sample books that he carried. "They were a foundation of learning for me," he says, "and they gave me a broad idea of the world." At the outbreak of the war he enlisted. The men of his Berkshire neighborhood, likewise enlisting, insisted that he be their captain; and Governor Andrew, appealed to, consented to commission the nineteen-year-old youth who was so evidently a natural leader; and the men gave freely of their scant money to get for him a sword, all gay and splendid with gilt, and upon the sword was the declaration in stately Latin that, "True friendship is eternal." And with that sword is associated the most vivid, the most momentous experience of Russell Conwell's life. That sword hangs at the head of Conwell's bed in his home in Philadelphia. "That sword has meant much to me," says Conwell, as he tells the tale: "A boy up there in the Berkshires, a neighbor's son, was John Ring. He was under-sized and under-developed —so much so that he could not enlist. For some reason he was devoted to me, and he not only wanted to enlist, but he also wanted to be in the artillery company of which I was captain; and I could only take him along as my servant. I didn't want a servant, but it was the only way to take poor little Johnnie Ring. Johnnie was deeply religious, and would read the Bible every evening before turning in. In those days I was an atheist, or at least thought I was, and I used to laugh at Ring, and after a while he took to reading the Bible outside the tent on account of my laughing at him! But he did not stop reading it, and his faithfulness to me remained unchanged. The scabbard of the sword was too glittering for the regulations, and I could not wear it, and could only wear a plain one for service and keep this hanging in my tent on the tent-pole. John Ring used to handle it adoringly, and kept it polished to brilliancy. To Ring it represented not only his captain, but the very glory and pomp of war. One day the Confederates suddenly stormed our position near New Berne and swept through the camp, driving our entire force before them; and all, including my company, retreated hurriedly across the river, setting fire to a long wooden bridge as we went over. It soon blazed up furiously, making a barrier that the Confederates could not pass. But, unknown to everybody, and unnoticed, John Ring had dashed back to my tent. I think he was able to make his way back because he just looked like a mere boy; but however that was, he got past the Confederates into my tent and took down, from where it was hanging on the tent-pole, my bright, gold-scabbarded sword. John Ring seized the sword that had long been so precious to him. He dodged here and there, and actually managed to gain the bridge just as it was beginning to blaze. He started across. The flames were every moment getting fiercer, the smoke denser, and now and then, as he crawled and staggered on, he leaned for a few seconds far over the edge of the bridge in an effort to get air. His clothes were ablaze, and he toppled over and fell into shallow water; and in a few moments he was dragged out, unconscious, and hurried to a hospital. He lingered for a day or so, still unconscious, and then came to himself and

smiled a little as he found that the sword for which he had given his life had been laid beside him. He took it in his arms. He hugged it to his breast. He gave a few words of final message for me. And that was all. When I stood beside the body of John Ring and realized that he had died for love of me, I made a vow that has formed my life. I vowed that from that moment I would live not only my own life, but that I would also live the life of John Ring. And from that moment I have worked sixteen hours every day—eight for John Ring's work and eight hours for my own. Every morning when I rise I look at this sword, or if I am away from home I think of the sword, and vow anew that another day shall see sixteen hours of work from me. It was through John Ring and his giving his life through devotion to me that I became a Christian. This did not come about immediately, but it came before the war was over, and it came through faithful Johnnie Ring." Ministers and laymen may be alike interested in the story of how a church was built at old Lexington. Here it is: When I was a lawyer in Boston and almost thirty-seven years old, I was consulted by a woman who asked my advice in regard to disposing of a little church in Lexington whose congregation had become unable to support it. I went out and looked at the place, and I told her how the property could be sold. But it seemed a pity to me that the little church should be given up. However, I advised a meeting of the church members, and I attended the meeting. I put the case to them—it was only a handful of men and women—and there was silence for a little. Then an old man rose and, in a quavering voice, said the matter was quite clear; that there evidently was nothing to do but to sell, and that he would agree with the others in the necessity; but as the church had been his church home from boyhood, so he quavered and quivered on, he begged that they would excuse him from actually taking part in disposing of it; and in a deep silence he went haltingly from the room. The men and the women looked at one another, still silent, sadly impressed, but not knowing what to do. And I said to them: "Why not start over again, and go on with the church, after all!" "But the building is entirely too tumble-down to use," said one of the men, sadly; and I knew he was right, for I had examined it; but I said: "Let us meet there to-morrow morning and get to work on that building ourselves and put it in shape for a service next Sunday." It made them seem so pleased and encouraged, and so confident that a new possibility was opening that I never doubted that each one of those present, and many friends besides, would be at the building in the morning. I was there early with a hammer and ax and crowbar that I had secured, ready to go to work—but no one else showed up! I looked over that building and I saw that repair really seemed out of the question. Nothing but a new church would do! So I took the ax that I had brought with me and began chopping the place down. In a little while a man, not one of the church members, came along, and he watched me for a time and said, "What are you going to do there?" And I instantly replied, "Tear down this old building and build a new church here!" He looked at me. "But the people won't do that," he said. "Yes, they will," I said, cheerfully, keeping at my work. Whereupon he watched me a few minutes

longer and said: "Well, you can put me down for one hundred dollars for the new building. Come up to my livery-stable and get it this evening." "All right; I'll surely be there," I replied. In a little while another man came along and stopped and looked, and he rather gibed at the idea of a new church, and when I told him of the livery-stable man contributing one hundred dollars, he said, "But you haven't got the money yet!" "No," I said; "but I am going to get it to-night." "You'll never get it," he said. "He's not that sort of a man. He's not even a church man!" But I just went quietly on with the work, without answering, and after quite a while he left; but he called back, as he went off, "Well, if he does give you that hundred dollars, come to me and I'll give you another hundred." Those two men both paid the money, and of course the church people themselves, who at first had not quite understood that I could be in earnest, joined in and helped, with work and money, and as, while the new church was building, it was peculiarly important to get and keep the congregation together, and as they had ceased to have a minister of their own, I used to run out from Boston and preach for them, in a room we hired. And it was there in Lexington, in 1879, that I determined to become a minister. I had a good law practice, but I determined to give it up. For many years I had felt more or less of a call to the ministry, and here at length was the definite time to begin. Week by week I preached there, and after a while the church was completed, and in that very church, there in Lexington, I was ordained a minister. To leave a large and overflowing law practice and take up the ministry at a salary of six hundred dollars a year seemed to the relatives of Conwell's wife the extreme of foolishness, and they did not hesitate so to express themselves. Naturally enough, they did not have Conwell's vision. Yet he himself was fair enough to realize and to admit that there was a good deal of fairness in their objections; and so he said to the congregation that, although he was quite ready to come for the six hundred dollars a year, he expected them to double his salary as soon as he doubled the church membership. This seemed to them a good deal like a joke, but they answered in perfect earnestness that they would be quite willing to do the doubling as soon as he did the doubling, and in less than a year the salary was doubled accordingly. Conwell did not stay very long in Lexington. A struggling little church in Philadelphia heard of what he was doing, and an invitation was given; and as the Lexington church seemed to be prosperously on its feet, and the needs of the Philadelphia body keenly appealed to Conwell's imagination, a change was made, and at a salary of eight hundred dollars a year he went, in 1882, to the little struggling Philadelphia congregation, and of that congregation he is still pastor—only, it ceased to be a struggling congregation a great many years ago! And long ago it began paying him more thousands every year than at first it gave him hundreds. Here is the story of how a church in Philadelphia was started: When Dr. Conwell first assumed charge of the little congregation that led him to Philadelphia it was really a little church both in its numbers and in the size of the building that it occupied, but it quickly became so popular under his leadership that the church services and Sunday school services were alike so crowded that

there was no room for all who came, and always there were people turned from the doors. One afternoon a little girl, who had eagerly wished to go, turned back from the Sunday school door, crying bitterly because they had told her that there was no more room. But a tall, black-haired man met her and noticed her tears and, stopping, asked why it was that she was crying, and she sobbingly replied that it was because they could not let her into the Sunday school. "I lifted her to my shoulder," says Dr. Conwell, "and said to her that I would take her in, and I did so, and I said to her that we should some day have a room big enough for all who should come. And when she went home she told her parents—I only learned this afterward—that she was going to save money to help build the larger church and Sunday school that Dr. Conwell wanted! Her parents pleasantly humored her in the idea and let her run errands and do little tasks to earn pennies, and she began dropping the pennies into her bank. She was a lovable little thing—but in only a few weeks after that she was taken suddenly ill and died; and at the funeral her father told me, quietly, of how his little girl had been saving money for a building-fund. And there, at the funeral, he handed me what she had saved—just fifty-seven cents in pennies. At a meeting of the church trustees I told of this gift of fifty-seven cents—the first gift toward the proposed building-fund of the new church that was some time to exist. For until then the matter had barely been spoken of, as a new church building had been simply a possibility for the future. The trustees seemed much impressed, and it turned out that they were far more impressed than I could possibly have hoped, for in a few days one of them came to me and said that he thought it would be an excellent idea to buy a lot on Broad Street—the very lot on which the building now stands. I talked the matter over with the owner of the property, and told him of the beginning of the fund, the story of the little girl. The man was not a church-goer, but he listened attentively to the tale of the fifty-seven cents and simply said he was quite ready to go ahead and sell us that piece of land for ten thousand dollars, taking—and the unexpectedness of this deeply touched me—taking a first payment of just fifty-seven cents and letting the entire balance stand on a five per cent mortgage! And it seemed to me that it would be the right thing to accept this unexpectedly liberal proposition, and I went over the entire matter on that basis with the trustees and some of the other members, and all the people were soon talking of having a new church. But it was not done in that way, after all, for, fine though that way would have been, there was to be one still finer. Not long after my talk with the man who owned the land, and his surprisingly good-hearted proposition, an exchange was arranged for me one evening with a Mount Holly church, and my wife went with me. We came back late, and it was cold and wet and miserable, but as we approached our home we saw that it was all lighted from top to bottom, and it was clear that it was full of people. I said to my wife that they seemed to be having a better time than we had had, and we went in, curious to know what it was all about. And it turned out that our absence had been intentionally arranged, and that the church people had gathered at our home to meet us on our return. And

I was utterly amazed, for the spokesman told me that the entire ten thousand dollars had been raised and that the land for the church that I wanted was free of debt. And all had come so quickly and directly from that dear little girl's fifty-seven cents." Doesn't it seem like a fairy tale! But then this man has all his life been making fairy tales into realities. He inspired the child. He inspired the trustees. He inspired the owner of the land. He inspired the people. The building of the great church—the Temple Baptist Church, as it is termed—was a great undertaking for the congregation, for the church is not in a wealthy neighborhood, nor is the congregation made up of the great and rich. Here is a sample of what sometimes happens in Conwell's church: One Sunday evening he made an almost casual reference to the time when he first met Garfield, then a candidate for the Presidency. "I asked Major McKinley, whom I had met in Washington, and whose home was in northern Ohio, as was that of Mr. Garfield, to go with me to Mr. Garfield's home and introduce me. When we got there, a neighbor had to find him. 'Jim! Jim!' he called. You see, Garfield was just plain Jim to his old neighbors. It's hard to recognize a hero over your back fence! We three talked there together, and after a while we got to the subject of hymns, and those two great men both told me how deeply they loved the old hymn, 'The Old-Time Religion.' Garfield especially loved it, so he told us, because the good old man who brought him up as a boy and to whom he owed such gratitude, used to sing it at the pasture bars outside of the boy's window every morning, and young Jim knew, whenever he heard that old tune, that it meant it was time for him to get up. He said that he had heard the best concerts and the finest operas in the world, but had never heard anything he loved as he still loved 'The Old-Time Religion.' I forget what reason there was for McKinley's especially liking it, but he, as did Garfield, liked it immensely." What followed was a striking example of Conwell's intentness on losing no chance to fix an impression on his hearers' minds. "I think it's in our Hymnal!" he said. And in a moment he announced the number, and the great organ struck up, and every person in the great church joined in the swinging rhythm of verse after verse, as if they could never tire, of "The Old-Time Religion." It is a simple melody—barely more than a single line of almost monotone music:

It was good enough for mother and it's good enough for me!
It was good in the fiery furnace and it's good enough for me!

Thus it went on, with never-wearying iteration, and each time with the refrain, more and more rhythmic and swaying:

The old-time religion,
The old-time religion,
The old-time religion—
It's good enough for me!

That it was good for the Hebrew children, that it was good for Paul and Silas, that it will help you when you're dying, that it will show the way to heaven—all these and still other lines were sung, with a sort of wailing softness, a curious monotone, a depth of earnestness. And the man

who had worked this miracle of control by evoking out of the past his memory of a meeting with two of the vanished great ones of the earth, stood before his people, leading them, singing with them, his eyes aglow with an inward light. His magic had suddenly set them into the spirit of the old camp meeting days, the days of pioneering and hardship, when religion meant so much to everybody, and even those who knew nothing of such things felt them, even if but vaguely. Every heart was moved and touched, and that old tune will sing in the memory of all who thus heard it. This strong servant of God still goes on, though now past seventy-three. He has for years been a keen sufferer from rheumatism and neuritis, but he has never permitted this to interfere with his work or plans. He makes little of his sufferings, and when he slowly makes his way, bent and twisted, down-stairs, he does not want to be noticed. "I'm all right," he will say if any one offers to help, and at such a time comes his nearest approach to impatience. He wants his suffering ignored. Strength has always been to him so precious a belonging that he will not relinquish it while he lives. "I'm all right!" And he makes himself believe that he is all right even though the pain becomes so severe as to demand massage. And he will still, even when suffering, talk calmly, or write his letters, or attend to whatever matters come before him. And he never has let pain interfere with his presence on the pulpit or the platform. He has once in a while gone to a meeting on crutches and then, by the force of will, and inspired by what he is to do, has stood before his audience or congregation, a man full of strength and fire and life.

Biographical and Literary Studies. By CHARLES JOSEPH LITTLE. Crown 8vo, pp. 352. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, with author's portrait, $1.25 net.

THIS volume of papers is edited and arranged by Dr. Charles M. Stuart, successor to Dr. Little in the Presidency of Garrett Biblical Institute, at Evanston, Ill. Three of these studies, those on Galileo, The Women of Dante's Commedia, and The Place of Christ in Modern Thought, we obtained years ago from President Little for the METHODIST REVIEW, where they were first published. President Stuart characterizes these lectures as "memorable and brilliant deliverances," imparting to thoughtful readers intellectual stimulus and spiritual glow. Dr. Stuart points out that they are admirable examples of Dr. Little's scrupulous and painstaking care for exact and vital expression, and goes on to say that in the choice and arrangement of words he had the sense of beauty as well as the thirst for truth. To judge from his manuscripts, President Little never repeated a lecture without revising it thoroughly. His corrections extend to phrases which the average writer would regard as altogether inconsequential. To take one of many: Originally the sentence ran, "'Nothing satisfies; nothing glorifies God but faith,' *said* Luther"; in the revision it becomes, "'Nothing satisfies, nothing glorifies God, but faith,' *retorted* Luther." In the one case the sentence might be taken as a declaration of Luther's general position; in the other it declares itself an answer on

Luther's part to the Roman doctrine of indulgences. Or this, "Ideas are not dangerous in solution; the peril begins with their precipitation." In the revision this becomes, "Ideas are not dangerous in the upper air; the peril begins when they walk along the ground"—a change of figure in the interest of vivacity. In such scrupulousness there is a moral quality. A man who feels that he has something to say to his own or succeeding generations is under moral obligations to say it in the most attractive and most forceful way possible. President Little had native fluency and facility; but he could not satisfy himself until every sentence was as good as he could make it. He toiled at noble expression as for virtue itself. It is hardly necessary to say that his reward is with him. Readers may or may not be interested in the topics of his lectures, but none can be insensible to the vigor and beauty of the idiomatic diction. Into whatever excursion he was minded to make among his varied interests President Little brought a passion for thoroughness. If it were a study of Dante, he must perfect his Italian; if of Ibsen, he would work in Norwegian. For one with his talent in acquiring languages this was no hardship; and it gave him a feeling of intimacy and mastery which shows itself in all his work. If it were a study of Galileo, he must first find the man in his works, then in the thought and life of his day. This particular study of Galileo a distinguished American physicist, himself a translator of Galileo, declares to be one of the most original and satisfying in our language. To us the greatest of these lectures are the first and last, The Apostle Paul and The Place of Christ in Modern Thought. We cannot refrain from giving our readers a sample of the first. It begins with a description of Saul of Tarsus on the day that Stephen is borne bleeding to his burial: Young, independent—for he has a lucrative handicraft—learned in the Scripture, strict in his religion, but already acquainted with the nursery of sin, vehement, passionate, energetic, with great depths of hatred and wrath within, and great fountains of affections also, enamored of the old and careless of the new, a man of action, not of contemplation, too white-hot in his own conviction to tolerate any opinion but his own; not a philosopher, not an ascetic, but so vehement in the pursuit of his chosen object that everything must be sacrificed to its attainment; so tongue-tied as to be eloquent only in rare moments and on great occasions, and even then more by the surprises of his thought and the vigor of his logic and his language than by the power of his presence or any grace of utterance—such was Saul. Three years after the death of Stephen —possibly two only, as we reckon—the little persecutor, no bigger than John Chrysostom or John Wesley, in fact just about the size of Alexander the Great, appeared again in the Holy City, this time not hunting down the saints, but hunting up Simon Peter. He essays to join himself to the disciples, but their recollections of him are too vivid; they shrink from him in dismay. Not until he finds Barnabas, "Son of Consolation," will anybody listen to his marvelous story. But this generous heart opens to receive him. Barnabas takes him by the hand and leads him to Peter and to James, the Lord's brother, the only apostles then in Jerusalem. Into their ears he pours with eager vehemence the story of his conversion

and of his mission. Men who had themselves been declared "drunk" because of the excitement of Pentecost would hardly be startled by such enthusiasm as gleamed from the eyes and trembled in the speech of their former persecutor. Men accustomed to miracles do not find miracles at all incredible. Peter as he listens remembers the look that pierced his heart and broke his conscience into tears; he and James thrill into recognition of their Master's voice as Saul all unconsciously falls into its very tone, telling them of the cry that smote him to the marrow—"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Then Barnabas tells what he knows or has learned about Saul's career at Damascus, how he had boldly given his testimony and taken his stand for Jesus, for the Jesus of Stephen, the Jesus of the Pentecost. The two apostles and the disciples recognize the signs of the Holy Ghost and give to him the right hand of fellowship. And Peter, whom he came especially to see, takes him to his house, where he abides fifteen days. History has no record of their conversations. Did Saul listen as Peter told him stories of their risen Lord? Or did Saul, full of his mission to the Gentiles, unfold to the astonished apostle the vista of Christian conquest as it glowed to his own believing eyes? Doubtless they discussed many questions, the stronger mind and character easily dominating the other. Fourteen years go by, ere the restless, vehement preacher appears again in Jerusalem. This time he comes up by revelation, but privately, to those who seemed to be pillars—James and Cephas and John. The coming of Saul and his companions is the crisis of Saul's life and work; not only that, it is the crisis of the early church and of Christian history. Apostles and elders are met together to consider a question which is to determine for all time whether Christianity means ritual or doctrine, tradition or life, bondage to the past or freedom in the present, a living apprehension of Jesus Christ by faith, or a dim, distorted apprehension of him by ceremonial observance. Now too was to be decided whether it was to perish with Jerusalem and to be rent to pieces with the Jewish people. For the little preacher Paul had been, during these fourteen years, achieving startling things. Barnabas had brought him from Tarsus to Antioch; there in that splendid city by the Orontes he had won the heart of Jew and Gentile; there a great church had been established, great enough to attract the ridicule of the witlings, great enough to boast in after years of half the population of the city. From Antioch Barnabas and Paul had gone to Cyprus, from thence to Pamphylia, from thence to Antioch in Pisidia. Here, rejected by the Jews, they had boldly appealed to the Gentiles, who were not slow to hear or to accept their message. Persecution blazed their track. Driven from Pisidia, they went to Lyacaonia. Left for dead at Lystra, the little preacher, who could no more lie still than sit still, picked himself up from the heap of stones and made his way the next day with Barnabas to Derbe, then back to Lystra, thence to the coast and home to Antioch. They had gladdened the hearts of the disciples, who were "called Christians first in Antioch," with the story of the opening of "the door of faith unto the Gentiles." But God had thorns for the flesh of his church as well as for the flesh of his saints—messengers of Satan to buffet them: the critics

of every new movement, the champions of tradition, the apostles of Yesterday, the high priests of Inertia and of Ancient Custom. These thorns in the flesh, these "false brethren," as Paul called them when very angry, these Judaizers, as we, calmer spectators of nineteen centuries away, can term them, insisted upon all the ceremonial law. Of course the Gentile is welcome to the gospel, but the Gentile must become a Jew. He must accept the parent with the child, the mother-in-law with the daughter, the law and its burdens with the glad tidings and its joy. The Christian is but a species of Jew, the kingdom of Christ is only a part of the kingdom of Israel. Without the deeds of the law, without the forms of the law, no man can be saved. "No!" rang out the sharp, shrill tones of Paul, stammering for vehemence and clamoring for liberty. "No! not for an hour will we give place to subjection. You are false brethren! You are spies! You would bring us into cruel bondage! You would check the outflow of the Holy Ghost!" With Barnabas and Titus, Paul has come up to Jerusalem. Barnabas is still the nominal head of the church at Antioch, but Paul is brain and will. It is a strange meeting after fourteen years. Paul is no longer young. The close eyebrows stand out prominent at the base of the high, bald brow. The gray eyes flash fire in excitement, but in repose are dull and ashen. The voice remains shrill; he hesitates at times, but there is dignity and majesty and power in his tones. Experience with men and mobs, with Christ and himself, has made him quieter. The splendid intellect, expanding itself upon the mystery of the gospel and strengthened by the demands of a great enterprise prosecuted amid insuperable difficulties, has come to perfect equipoise and perfect movement in Jesus Christ. The strong will is tempered by a mightier love; in the presence of the apostles and of elders the charity which is greater than faith and greater than knowledge flushes a placid face and gives an indescribable charm to every play of the strongly marked features. How he won Peter and John, above all James, we do not know, but win them he did, and out of that memorable council he came with the Magna Charta of Christianity in his trembling but triumphant hands. No marvel that when Barnabas and Paul came back to Antioch the letter which they brought made the "Christians" rejoice with consolation. It was the Magna Charta of Christian liberty; it bore witness to the emancipation of humanity from the yoke of ceremony and ecclesiastical tradition; it was a pledge of universal brotherhood, of the household of faith, invisible and indivisible to mortal eye and mortal device. It was a proclamation to all time that faith, not history, constitutes the Church of Jesus Christ; that the posterity of Abraham are those who believe; that the law is made alive in Jesus Christ. Augustine in his struggle with Pelagius, Luther in his struggle with Tetzel and with Leo, Wesley in his struggle with formalism and ecclesiastical inertia were only fighting Paul's great battle over again. The watchword and the dwelling place of the living church in all generations has been and shall be this: "The just shall live by faith." By the deeds of the law, by the ceremonies of the church shall no man be justified. Such are the glow and splendor kindled in the incandescent soul of Charles J. Little by his study of the great

Apostle to the Gentiles. In his study of Dante, Dr. Little, noting how the great Italian poet illustrates traits of Italian motherhood as they were in the thirteenth century, says, take as an extreme and gruesome instance the story of Bizarro, a brigand of Calabria, and his sweetheart, Niccolina. The young mother, carrying her infant boy in her arms, had accompanied Bizarro when pursued, and both took refuge in a cave. The poor baby, seeking nourishment in vain from the mother's empty breasts, moaned and cried, while the terrible dogs that guarded the fugitives warned them by their barking of approaching enemies. Exasperated, and fearing discovery, the bandit seized the child by the feet and dashed it against the wall of the cavern. The woman said nothing. In the morning when Bizarro was gone she dug a grave and buried her child. But, at night, when the father was sleeping, she seized his gun and shot him dead. She then cut off his head, placed it in her apron, took it to the nearest magistrate and demanded the promised reward. Some time after this, continues the French general then commanding in Calabria, the woman married and became an exemplary wife and mother. Pass now from this gruesome revelation of elemental maternal feeling to the picture of Carducci's mother repeating to her gifted boy Manzoni's fiery appeal to the Lombards. "Even to-day," he wrote, "when I repeat the lines I must needs spring to my feet and shout them as when I heard them for the first time. And I heard them from the voice of a woman, from the voice of my mother. It was Easter Monday of 1847. A glorious spring sunshine laughed in the turquoise sky and five fishing boats were lined across the distant sea, swift, graceful, white as antique nymphs, while on the hills, amid the emerald verdure of the fields and the foliage of the trees, appeared the ruined forms of the Middle Ages; and flowers bloomed everywhere, flowers in the plants, in the grass, flowers in the sky and on the ground, golden flowers and flowers of the loveliest incarnadine. How beautiful indeed are the peach blossoms of the spring-tide! And yet, after I heard those stanzas recited by my mother, I saw nothing of all this any more. Or, rather, I saw everything black. I had a ferocious desire to kill Austrians!" What tones they must have been! Or consider the picture of De Maistre's mother soothing him to sleep with verses of her favorite poets which he thus knew by heart before he knew their meanings. Or hear the mother of Mazzini, the memory of whom comforted and strengthened him in exile: "My son, be good and pure. Be strong. Learn to suffer!" Or listen to the mother of his friend Ruffini, who reconciled Mazzini to life, who restored his faith, and taught him to combine the love of God with the love of Italy and of humanity. Or watch the mother of Silvio Pellico as she fights her victorious battle for the life of her tormented darling after the physicians had abandoned hope. Here is Dr. Little's description of the martyrdom of Savonarola: What a place is Florence on a bright May morning! when the light streams down upon the Campanile and the dome, and fills the square between the tower of Giotto and Ghiberti's "Gates of Paradise." On such a morning even the great town hall cannot keep out the sunshine and the glorious springtime from the Piazza at its base. It was just such a morning in 1498 when all Florence crowded to the Piazza

to see an execution or a miracle. Bigi, Piagnoni, Arrabbiati, Compagnacci; Mediceans and "Weepers," Ragers and Desperadoes, all are there. Close to the scaffold surges the scum of Florence full of blasphemy, indecent cries, and brutal exultation. There come the friars yonder down the palace stairs! Their sacred habits have been taken from their shoulders; they are in woolen tunics, their feet bare, their hands bound behind them. Lo, they come! They are at the first of the three platforms now, standing before the Bishop Vasona. "*Separo te*," he falters! "*Ab ecclesia militant atque triumphante*." See those eyes flash! Hear that well-known voice ring out once more: "The church militant, yes! The church triumphant, no! That does not belong to you." What is yonder magnate mumbling now? O ghastly irony! The papal commissioner is absolving the martyrs from their sins! They have mounted the scaffold now; see those scoundrels thrusting sharp stakes between the planks to wound their naked feet! Sylvestro, poor, timid soul! Why, his face is shining like the face of Stephen! "Let us sing the *Te Deum*," exults Domenico, and all three chanted quietly together. First Sylvestro swings out from the gibbet. Domenico comes next with eager step, as though impatient for his crown! "Now, Prophet, work a miracle!" screams a shrill voice from out the crowd, but the prophet is reciting the Apostles' Creed! One look of sorrow gleams from out his tear-dimmed eyes. "O Florence, what hast thou done to-day!" And the mighty voice is still. The pile beneath the corpses had hardly blazed up about the dangling victims when a sudden wind arose and blew the flames away. "A miracle! A miracle!" exclaimed the startled throng. But the wind dropped and the flames rose up about the body and the crowd pressed back again. But the cords about Savonarola's arms had burned away, and something caused his hands to move; he seemed to lift them from the midst of flames, to bless once more the people who had doomed him to the stake. Pico the younger used to say in after years that he possessed a portion of Savonarola's heart, recovered by himself from the Arno. He found it, he declared, endowed with miraculous efficacy, for healing maladies and exorcising evil spirits. O prophet of Florence, I too found years ago, far away from the river Arno, a piece of thy wonderful heart is between the leaves of an old book, and I know now that Pico told the truth about its marvelous power. So says Dr. Little. Here is the close of the lecture on Luther: If one would know Luther in all the majesty of his faith and all the sweep of his mind, one must study his letters and the documents of this important period. Here is the vehement Luther, with his furious energy under the guidance of a supreme intelligence; the master mind in all that confusion of intrigue and conflict of purposes; fearless of potentates and consequences, undaunted and unperplexed because quite certain that he defends the cause of Jesus Christ. But he was not always thus: Luther urging the princes of Germany to the slaughter of the peasants fills us with dread; Luther with his arm about the dying Magdalena moves us to tears; Luther mocking the devil with coarse gestures or bespattering Henry VIII with abuse seems like a gust of dirty weather; Luther guiding Melanchthon and the princes at Augsburg and Ratisbon seems like alter-

nate thunderstorm and sunshine, purifying and illuminating the thick and poisonous atmosphere. Luther praying for the right word with which to render Holy Writ brings God nearer to us than the stars; Luther preaching against Melanchthon in the Church of Wittenberg darkens the face of Jesus Christ; Luther striking his lute and singing, "A mighty fortress is our God," reminds one of the voice of heaven among the pines of the forest; Luther commending his soul to God with the murmur, "I know that I belong to thee forever," reminds one of the clouds that cluster about the morning star and fade into a new and glorious day. Luther resembled the sky; he was full of open sunshine and hidden lightning; tremulous with zephyrs and resonant with thunderbolts; the home of clouds and dew-drops, of rainbows and refreshing showers; the home of water-spouts and cyclones and blizzards—the shelter, the joy, and the terror of his generation. Here is a bit about the value of a friend: It was not the discovery of the Bible by Luther in the Erfurt library; it was the discovery of Luther by Von Staupitz in the Erfurt cloister that changed the face of the world. The best that God can do for a man is to give him the right friend in the hour of his extremity; the best that God can do for the world is to bring noble souls together in the worship of a great truth or the accomplishing of a great deed. Moses and Jethro, David and Jonathan, Barnabas and Paul, Ambrose and Augustine—these are the friendships that exalt humanity and disclose the providence of God. And the friendship of Von Staupitz for Luther, of the Saxon noble for the Saxon peasant, of the tranquil disciple of Saint Bernard for the humble but eager student of Saint Augustine, reveals the noblest of which the old monastic life was capable. It was Von Staupitz who sent him, originally, to Wittenberg; it was Von Staupitz who made him teacher of philosophy and then teacher of theology; it was Von Staupitz too that sent him to Rome, and thus prepared him with that knowledge of the papacy without which he would have been quite helpless in his future contentions. And it was Von Staupitz who now made him the brain and conscience, the courage and the soul of the little university, soon to be the mightiest influence in Europe. The introduction to this volume by President Stuart is most admirable.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

China: An Interpretation. By James W. Bashford, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Resident in China. 8vo, pp. 620. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, $2.50, net.

The course of events in China has been so startlingly rapid in recent years that one who writes about that wonderful country, with a population of over three hundred and thirty-one millions, must have exceptional qualifications. Bishop Bashford is uniquely equipped for this work by temperament, training, and experience. His purpose is to interpret with sympathetic insight those dominant characteristics of the Chinese with which the world must reckon. "To quicken the interest in this vast nation, to help make China and the Chinese better known and better

understood, this book has been written; it is a growth rather than a composition; it has largely made itself. It is the result of twelve years' residence and some seventy thousand miles of travel in China, and ten thousand more in Japan and Korea, of hundreds of conversations with the Chinese upon all possible subjects, but chiefly about things Chinese, of unnumbered talks with foreigners of long residence in China concerning the Chinese, of the reading or examination of more than five hundred volumes on China, of more than forty notebooks written during the last twelve years mainly upon China, and of considerable meditation upon the problems of the Pacific Basin. The aim has been to make these problems understandable by Western peoples." He has succeeded in his undertaking and has produced the standard work on China. It is furthermore a masterly discussion of the intricate problems pertaining to the Far East by a missionary statesman with surpassing understanding, large vision, and apostolic optimism. He takes into most careful consideration every phase of Chinese life, past and present, and submits critical estimates of the temperament, industry, economy, thought, language, commerce, customs, religions, and government of this remarkable nation, which will bulk large in the coming years. The book is of additional value because it treats of world politics and also expounds those principles which make for the best kind of internationalism. He shows no hesitation in the utterance of convictions and of warnings; and he repeatedly makes it clear that only in Christ can an effective solution be found of the grave problems which confront the Chinese and other nationalities. The book opens with chapters on the relative position of China as to its incalculable mineral, agricultural, and industrial resources. He recognizes that the Chinese possess those qualities of virility and industry, intelligence and reasonableness, adaptability and cheerfulness, solidity, common-sense, and religion, which, under suitable conditions, make an exceedingly numerous people. The predominant bent of the Chinese mind is practical, with a tendency toward materialism, and this is reflected in the teachings of Confucius, whose influence has been far greater than that of Lao Tzŭ or Buddha. The arrest of Chinese civilization for two thousand years is attributed to its system of religion, because religion more than any other agency on earth molds the civilization and the life of the nation which adopts it. This paralysis of progress is impressively illustrated: "Inventing gun-powder a thousand years in advance of the Western world, they never used it even for national defense; discovering natural gas and petroleum centuries ago, they never dreamed of the possibilities of this marvelous fuel. Inventing the wheat drill, the fanning mill, the steam cooker with a dozen divisions, and the compartment boat, they carried none of these inventions forward to their practical possibilities. They carried to great success the art of manufacturing silk, the cultivation of the tea plant, and the manufacture of porcelain; but they lost the first to the Western world, the second to India, and are in danger of losing the third to more enterprising rivals. Above all, discovering five centuries in advance of the Western world the art of printing, they failed utterly to use this mightiest engine of human

progress for the general education and advancement of the masses. At the close of three thousand years of continuous history upon their part, and of advancing knowledge upon the part of the human race as a whole, this largest and most virile nation on earth is lying helpless at the mercy of the world." A further explanation of this stagnation is the Chinese lack of imagination which has always been kindled to finer issues by a religion with idealism like Christianity. The chapter on "Political Life in China" analyzes the weakness of the governmental system. Among the causes are (1) the fact that China was in the hands of an alien race from A. D. 1644 to 1911; (2) the other fact that the family, and not the individual, has been the unit of society, resulting in devotion to the family rather than loyalty to the nation; (3) the influence of Confucius has made the nation look backward rather than forward for twenty-four hundred years; and (4) the isolation of the Chinese. The remedy is stated in the following succinct paragraph: "With an entire reorganization of her system of taxation and administration, with suitable salaries for officials and the abolition of all forms of graft, with an extension or, rather, introduction of education by the government preparing the people for adaptation to their environment and for participation in public affairs, with a gradual grant of suffrage so that the people may become interested and intelligent sharers in public responsibilities, with the maintenance of swift and sure justice in all parts of the nation; with the strengthening of the central government, so that the nation may maintain her integrity and sovereignty against all foreign aggressors; with the reorganization of the currency and tariff laws; and with the establishment or, at least, the control of the means of transportation; with governmental encouragement of the opening of her mines; with scientific hygiene, afforestation, agriculture and breeding of animals; and, underlying all, with a quickening of the moral life of the Chinese by vital union with Jesus Christ, China will yet reach that stage of civilization which God has ordained for all his children." This is certainly a very comprehensive program; and although it will take many years before it can be carried out, yet it is well that an ideal be set before a nation, which has just begun to learn the elementary teachings concerning government of the people, by the people, for the people. We would like to quote other passages from this unusually suggestive book which has lessons of the greatest importance to all Western lands and more particularly to us in the United States. The chapters on "The Downfall of the Manchus," "The Transition," and "The Chinese Republic," contains historical information of the greatest value, without which we cannot appreciate the destiny of China. What consequences will follow the ominous death of Yuan Shih Kai, the first President of the United Chinese Republic, cannot be foreseen at the present time. Bishop Bashford is severe in his indictment of the militaristic policies of Japan. He is emphatic in pointing out that neighborly conduct must mark the relations of Japan toward China, and that such a course would be far more profitable in the long run than any aggressive and antagonistic spirit. The chapter dealing with this subject deserves careful study. "The Koreans seem to show a genius for religion. Just as God permitted the

Israelites to rest under bitter bondage to the Babylonians until polytheism was pressed out of them, so he may be suffering the Koreans to lose their nationality in order that they may make God their heritage. The Japanese, upon the other hand, have many of the qualities of the Greeks. They are the most brilliant and versatile of the Oriental races. Their minds are constantly open to new truth. They are leading not only in Western scholarship and Western sciences, but in certain types of drawing and painting which the Western nations will not rival. It is certainly possible, therefore, that just as Plato and Socrates and Phidias have ruled the Western world intellectually and . . . æsthetically for centuries, so the Japanese may remain the intellectual leaders of the Eastern world for generations to come." The chapter on "China and the United States" should be printed in pamphlet form and widely circulated, because of its sane and sober discussion of the so-called Yellow Peril. The volume is enriched by fourteen appendices on the population of China, methods of irrigation, plants, and vegetables used for food, courses of study, Japan's original and revised demands and China's reply, Japan's ultimatum, and China's acceptance, an outline of Chinese history, and other information of value to the student. This volume is nothing short of a missionary interpretation of history, and it should be read by all concerned in the Christianization of the world.

The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M. Enlarged from Original MSS., with notes from unpublished Diaries, Annotations, Maps, and Illustrations. Edited by Nehemiah Curnock, Assisted by Experts. Standard Edition, Vol. VII. London: J. Alfred Sharp. New York: Eaton & Mains, 1916. viii, 528. 20 illus. $2.70.

HAVING read every word of this book, we can hardly say to whom we feel the greatest debt—to the author, for his wonderful record of this tireless itinerancy through England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Channel Islands (July, 1784-August, 1789, aged 81 to 86 years!!), or to the editor for the multifarious information with which, in the notes, he has illuminated the text. And that leads us to express our profound sorrow over the irreparable loss Methodist learning and literature have suffered in the untimely taking off (even though well along in the seventies) of that noble worker and indefatigable investigator, the Rev. Nehemiah Curnock, who by deciphering the diaries and uncovering so many hidden paths of Methodist history, by this invaluable edition of the Journal, by his work on the proposed edition of Wesley's Letters, and by much other labor, has placed all students of our history under infinite obligation. He began this service when he was editor (1886-1906) of the Methodist Recorder (London), and happy is the library which has a complete set of that weekly for the last thirty years. It will have priceless materials for Methodist history. In fact we could wish that our editor had been even more profuse with his notes on the Journal. For instance: Is Wesley's judgment of the Irish language correct (p. 81)? Are his scathing denunciations of Frederick the Great well founded (pp. 13-14, 347, 493)? Who is Penry of the Diary? What does "within" mean in the same? (No doubt it refers

to private interviews Wesley granted to inquirers and others.) The private short-hand Diary is available for this whole volume, and it appears in Curnock's translation in smaller type at the proper place beneath the text. As said in former reviews, it is the barest mention of how he spent his time each day. Take at random July 23, 1787:

Diary	Journal
4 prayed, Psa. 50. 23, sermon; 8 tea, conversed, prayer, sermon; 10.30 read narrative, walk; 1 dinner, conversed; 2 read narrative, visited; 4 prayed, tea, conversed; 6.30 Lu 8. 18, visited the bands; 8.30 supper, conversed, prayer; 9.30.	I preached morning and afternoon. In the evening I met the bands, and admired their liveliness and simplicity. After preaching on Tuesday morning I retired again to Broughton.

The 4 and 9.30 refer to the time of his arising and of his going to bed, and the texts are those of his sermons. One would think such catalogue-like statements would be valueless, but they sometimes give precious light. The Journal makes no mention of his numerous ordinations during this period, except that for Whatcoat and Vasey it has the innocent entry: "*Sept.* 1, *Wed.* (1784).—Being now clear in my own mind, I took a step which I had long weighed in my mind, and appointed Mr. Whatcoat and Mr. Vasey to go and serve the desolate sheep in America." Under the next day Wesley inserted in the later editions—not in the first edition (that of 1789)—the following mistaken entry: "*Thurs.* 2. I added to them three more; which I verily believe, will be much to the glory of God." His memory as to "three" was at fault. He refers to the matter in the most general way, avoiding the word ordination, but the later ordinations he does not mention even thus far. But in his private short-hand Diary here for the first time deciphered and published he does mention them. "4. Prayed, ordained Rd. Whatcoat and T. Vasey." "4. Prayed, ordained Dr. Coke." That is, the ordinations were for America only, were not intended for publication in England, were performed privately in the house where Wesley was staying during Conference, very early in the morning, that is soon after 4 o'clock. The other ordinations are also mentioned in the Diary at their proper dates, but not an inkling in the Journal. This does not mean that Wesley was ashamed of his acts in this regard, or that he did not have a consistent or sufficient theory to explain them; it meant only that for England they were private acts, intended for countries for which they were made (though at the very last he even ordained Mather for England). As a loyal Anglican Wesley was the most inconsistent man that ever lived, professing—and sincerely—undying attachment to the Church, and yet doing acts all his life that smote his loyalty in the face. The Journal reveals also the embarrassment caused by his strange act of limiting the Conference which was to be his legal successor to 100 members, thus arbitrarily cutting off about 70 preachers. In fact in his long life Wesley committed three colossal errors of judgment—most men commit a hundred—first, his marriage, second,

the so-called Legal Hundred, and third, the exclusion of laymen from all legislative rights. The first probably shortened his life by ten years, the second caused widespread dissatisfaction and revolt, and the third was the sowing of dragon's teeth, which bore bitter fruit for a hundred years both in England and America.

The Truth of the Apostles' Creed: An Exposition by Twelve Theologians of Germany. Edited by William Laible, D.D. Translated by Charles E. Hay, D.D. Philadelphia: The Lutheran Publication Society (1422 Arch Street), 1916. 217 pp. Net, $1.

It is well known that in Germany, following in the wake of Ritschl, who followed Kant and Schleiermacher, there has been a widespread reaction against historic Christianity as held by the evangelical churches, which assumed in some places a violent opposition to the Apostles' Creed. Our older readers who are "up" in German movements will remember the storm of 1892-93 on the same subject, when we had so many pamphlets on that Creed. Now it happens that the "liberal" side of these controversies is the one which generally gets represented in English, as in the translation of Harnack's pamphlet, in the 1893 furor by Mrs. Humphry (Arnold) Ward, of Robert Elsmere fame, who was an enthusiastic follower of her uncle Matthew's rationalism, and in the "liberal" books translated in the Crown Library, in the Theological Translation Library, and by the London publisher Black. So determined is this "liberal" propaganda that many English readers are unaware of the power, scholarship, and piety represented by German divines who not only cling firmly to the historic faith but rejoice in it and defend it with learning and insight. In the echo of Harnack's name and the noise made by his disciples English readers are apt not to hear the voice of his equally brilliant and learned colleague Seeberg, not to speak of others less known but equally able. In order to defend the faith against recent assailants of the creed, the editor of the Allgemeine Evangelisch-Lutherische Kirchenzeitung (founded in 1868 by Luthardt) invited distinguished theological professors and one superintendent to write a series of articles, which appeared in 1913-14, were collected in volume and are here admirably translated by Dr. Hay of Baltimore. The historical introduction (What is the Creed to Us?) is by Bonwetsch, I believe in God by T. Kaftan, Maker of heaven and earth by Dunkman, Jesus Christ by Haussleiter, Conceived by the Holy Ghost by R. Gruetzmacher, Suffered under, etc., by Althaus, Rose again by Ihmels, Ascended, etc., by Schlatter, Shall come to judge by Wohlenberg, the Holy Ghost by Bachmann, Holy Church and Communion of Saints by Walther, Forgiveness of Sins by Weber, and Resurrection of the Flesh and Life Everlasting by Bornhäuser. The Leipzig successor of Luthardt, Dr. Ihmels, has a noble and convincing article on the real resurrection of Christ. Let no one judge Germany by the emperor, the general staff, and Belgium alone. There is a tremendous force of religious conviction and activity in the land of Luther and Spener, as Christian as it is intelligent, with scholars of abundant learning who are keeping the faith and defending it.

METHODIST REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1916

AN AMERICAN GIRL AT THE FRENCH BATTLE FRONT—SECOND INSTALLMENT OF LETTERS

February 27, 1916.

THIS A. M. a telegram came to expect 300 *blessés* this evening. The first time I have seen my *salle* vacant. And all those dear things I have been wooing back to life and strength were bundled off to the station. All the best reserves of France have been hurrying to Verdun in these days to meet the Crown Prince's attack. It is the sixth day of a conflict, they say, unprecedented. Know nothing except that every frontier town is crowded with wounded, and the battle rages, and we have retired several kilometers. The suspense is agonizing.

February 27, 1916.

All alone in my great *salle!* and, truth to tell, *"la petite mère"*—that's what the children call me now—is feeling pretty desolate as she looks down the two long rows of lifeless beds, all lined and squared for inspection, and only the dull, dim roar of the guns to break the stillness. The light falls softly enough through tri-colored folds, the stars after the storm wink kindly through the windows, there are fresh flowers on the table, and a smell of *eau de javel* and cleanliness everywhere; a scene to rejoice an inspector's heart. Not mine. My thoughts follow those poor children, so rudely routed out of their beds this morning and sent trundling off in carts and *brouettes*—anything one can find, since all available autos are requisitioned for Verdun—to the station, to make room for the latest victims of the Crown Prince. And I see my poor *"squelette"*—well-fattened now, but pale with

distress, and far too frail still to undertake a forty-eight-hour journey; and his next-door neighbor—the Tuffier triumph—"*notre chère Jean*," who so adores petting; and my gold-haired, pink-cheeked little Sergeant Vic—the prize baby, who looked so sweet in a white chemise (I confess to the weakness of reserving the best-looking one for him), and who was more afraid of being tickled than of having his fracture dressed—and all the others, perfectly miserable to go, but resigned with that matchless resignation that characterizes the French *poilu*. The *Médecin-Chef* had a telegram this morning demanding every bed in the Ambulance, after which came a series of orders and counter-orders, and making and unmaking and remaking of beds, and shifting and replacing of patients, enough to make us all lose our minds if we hadn't been drilled by months of the same thing; with the final result that everybody is gone, including several *operés* still dull with chloroform. After all this scurry and frantic cleaning the *blessés* may not arrive for a day or two, "*mais dans la vie militaire il ne faut jamais chercher à comprendre.*"

Meantime, this Verdun affair keeps us all at tremendous tension: the seventh day of the attack and still the engines of destruction hammer as guns never hammered since the beginning of time. First we lost, then we gained, now no one knows what is happening. There's always the far-off cannonade to remind us of the epoch, there's generally an *alerte* overhead, and the other night going home was really dramatic. It was the night when two entire *corps d'armée* passed through Vitry, a continuous stream of *camions* from five o'clock in the afternoon till four or five the next morning. I had to cross the line of march, and for over a half hour I stood watching, fascinated, forgetful of the cold and the hard work next morning, while one after one the autos passed at even pace, the single little light shielded above to trick the aeros and the cold, comfortless inside crowded with armed men singing and jesting as though it were a hay ride on an August evening. They had no idea where they were going, most of them hadn't even a cigarette, it was unbearably cold and damp, but nobody seemed to care. They were all going to help the *copains* together, and together they sang as if it were all a big

jest: "Aupres de ma blonde, tara, tara, tara, ra, ra," etc., and one was dangerously near having the sand-man drowned out of one's eyes. Now we know those joy-riders are all at Verdun and many of them will never come back.

March 13, 1916.

The last you heard of me I was waiting for wounded. Well, they came—300 in one night—the latest victims of Verdun, in such a condition as beggars description and pales all my former experience. We've never had such a rush as this, and the Ambulance, decimated by illness as it is just now, was quite demoralized. Usually the rough filth of the trenches is removed in the *depouillage,* but on that night there was no time for such daintiness, and they were dumped right into their beds with all manner of blood and mud caked to their shivering bodies. Imagine my despair over my clean sheets, so hard to come by! But such despair was too trivial beside the horrors one was powerless to cope with. Both operating rooms worked all night and all the next day and most of the next night (the same *équipe!*), but in spite of that more than one life was lost that could have been saved had there been a third. Most of my *blessés* arrived with their first *pansement* (*provisoire*), which had been done five days before. Even in winter you may know what that means and the kind of work it gave me—almost without sleep—for the next two days. One poor fellow, an Arab, and as beautiful a son of Islam as ever ranged the desert, had lain two days with an undressed wound in the leg before he was picked up. As soon as I looked at his body I knew it was *gangrène gazeuse,* but whether too far advanced for intervention I did *not* know. The pulse was scarcely perceptible. I tried to stoke him with cafeine and camphorated oil while I waited for the surgeon—a tragically long wait; and this is the worst of these arrivals *en masse,* for one is proverbially alone—trusting to heaven and a hasty glance that none of the other newcomers needed me as much. When B. came at last he said the gases had gained the abdomen and there was nothing to be done. I had him carried into the *salle d'isolement,* where, in accordance with the latest adaptation of Darwin's law, I should have aban-

doned him for the others. But, being more a creature of sentiment than reason, I couldn't, and happily my duty didn't require it, for no one else was *in extremis*. So every few minutes I slipped in to do something perfectly useless that might perhaps give a ray of comfort. He was perfectly conscious, talked disconnectedly of home and mother, wondered if I'd let him stay with me a day or two before being sent *a l'intérieur: "Je suis si fatigué."* When I washed the blood from his face and hands—half-furtively, for here they ridicule such things—he took my hands and kissed them; then I gave him half an injection of morphine, unable to bear the thought of his suffering alone and knowing no one would go to him, and left toward dawn to get a few hours' sleep before the next day's engagement.

"Vous partez, Mile?"

"Oui, mon enfant; il faut être bien sage, et bien dormir. Je viendrai de bonne heure, quand nous allons écrire une öonne longue lettre à ta maman."

He made a movement as if to detain me. Then changing to Arab—*"Alesh,"* he murmured, which is equivalent to our "God's will be done"—and smiled faintly. A few hours later when I opened the door the bed was empty and only a ghastly pool where he had lain. But I mustn't tell you any more of such tales.

March 14, 1916.

All my *infirmiers* were ill at once and I only had two wretched greenhorns through the next week (a little too ignorant even to peel our daily cartload of potatoes). With such guests you can imagine I had no chance to write even a card. A *"travail fou"* with thirty *pansements* a day, and everybody to wash from head to foot, and beds to make, and a good deal of the carrying, besides the temperature and usual details, and preparing the materials, you can't wonder that I slipped up on a letter. Now things are oft less frantic, but busy enough, and I've written this jagged document at *"plusieurs reprises."* It must get off now.

Just one word. In all these months I don't believe I've ever mentioned the exquisite compensation that comes almost daily in the shape of cards and letters from my children, often very illiter-

ate, but so full of heart. *"Chère petite mère,"* they begin. *"Ma bonne petite maman." "Notra gentille Mademoiselle Miss,"* etc. And Gaston—you remember my nasty, adorable Gaston? He writes me regularly from the trenches. Yesterday I got another poem, written under a bombardment, decorated with crossed swords—*croix de guerre*—very chic, entitled, *"Non, Verdun Jamais!"* He's the best patriot in the republic, is Gaston, and my! how he *does* love to trumpet victory, and curses on the Kaiser. I'll copy it for you when I have a moment.

March 16, 1916.

——— I never finished the story of Captain M. Occasionally, I'd hear a firm step along the *salle,* and a clear voice call out: "Is Mademoiselle Miss visible?" and there he stood at the door of my cage (*salle de pansements* is too dignified) as good to see and bracing as a channel breeze. Lithe and muscular, in a uniform that *fitted,* with a face absolutely handsome because of its honest ugliness, and high-bred withal. If I weren't too busy (work was slack then) we'd talk wounded and "front" and "back" and his wife, who was an American girl, and must be one of those raving beauties who occasionally subjugate the haughty principles of Albion's ungenerous sons. Captain M. might regret a suffragette but he'd never harm her! One day he said, "What would you like for your *blessés?* You can have anything you'd like!" I gasped, and stammered something about gum-drops or cigarettes. "Is that all? Wouldn't you like a gramophone? That's better than a piano—no work for you—and if you move on you can take it with you." Would I? I almost wept right there as I thought of the joy of the children who never have anything to relieve the monotony except some occasional silly prank of mine that is never musical. So it was arranged that I should have one straight from England with all the latest records, and meantime he'd "steal a march on the boys" and lend us theirs. The next day he appeared with fifty francs' worth of cigarettes and the gramophone. You may believe we worked those records as they have never been worked before, with such joyous results! It was rather a shock when the very day after came a telegram—ominously prophetic

of Verdun—that ordered the Saint John's Ambulance away—*"destination inconnu."* Captain M. came to say good-by and get the gramophone. On leaving he gave me one hundred francs to "buy paper for them to write to their best girls." Just one week later, Sunday noon, as I crossed the court, my gallant Englishman appeared. He had come all the way from Bar-le-Duc to wish me good-day. He admired my stock of bandages and I made him up a package, and meantime we had a good talk about the world in general. It was good to talk to some one who really thinks and feels. That was the last I saw of him, nor have I heard. I hope with all my heart those bandages weren't prophetic.

Well, I'm getting to Paris—after six months here—day after to-morrow. I can't believe it, hate to go, am almost afraid to, as if the *ennui* of separation from work were a beast that could devour me. But there is another big evacuation, and as there is a tie-up somewhere in the transportation system, now that we depend on Verdun instead of Champagne, it is a strategic moment to take a breathing space and arrange my affairs in Paris. You'll get a daily explanation of all that, and in my next I'll tell you the supreme delight of the Victory that has sheltered me with her reassuring wing, and brought me such eloquent message from you as no words could have expressed.

Paris, March 19, 1916.

After exactly six months to-day since I quitted her behold me once more in the arms of the enchantress. Her embrace is a bit stifling and her charms none too vivid, but then I haven't much chance to fall under her spell, pressed as I am by the affairs of the moment and haunted by the dear wistful faces I have left.

Since you've always been so eager for details of my life "on duty" perhaps you'd like to know what happens when I'm off it, and why, of all times, when this affair of Verdun is at its height I should take an opportunity to slip out of my trench. It looks so decidedly queer, and I have learned so thoroughly the incomparable advantages of telling the truth on all occasions whatsoever, that you might as well know, now that I'm as hale as ever, that I am the proud and swift vanquisher of the most gorgeous attack of

grippe you ever saw. It only lasted five days (in bed) but I had forty degrees and some tenths every day, with every symptom known to the connoisseur—complete extinction of several senses and impairment of the rest—and I got the best of it with a celerity that should win me a doctor's degree at least and a decoration for my good *vieille,* who attended my wants with an enthusiastic faithfulness. It passed off beautifully, an innocent enough result of the government's economy in coal and the really too hard work I had after the first invoice from Verdun.

Behold me, then, restored but shaky, with that indefinite feeling in one's propellers that follows a fever. I returned to my "service" but didn't feel brilliant, and when I heard there was prospect of another evacuation, having matters to discuss with Madame Carnet, I concluded it was the time appointed to migrate if I wanted to be fresh for the coming strain, which will be fierce. The *Médecin-Chef,* who has never failed to show me his confidence and esteem, wanted to give me an unlimited *"permission,"* with such advice, to "stoke up" for the summer. But I chose to fix ten days, which I can prolong later if I choose.

My birthday party, which couldn't be held on the right day because I was in bed, we had on Friday afternoon—two big cakes, all soft and creamy inside, with a candle for each *blessé;* a canny way of concealing my age, which nearly coincided. We had it just after supper, for there's little time for mirth and trifling, and it being nearly dark, with lovely stars outside, the little constellation on the table showed up bravely. It's astonishing how these children, old and young, love anything that shines. Indeed it was their delight over the tree at Christmas that made me think of having a birthday party—a fete, as you know, that I usually prefer to suppress. But it was excuse for candles, and no time for private aversions, and I admit I never saw such a successful party. Even the two fractures that groan all the time and the smashed-up *estragale* who expects to lose his foot forgot to be miserable; and the big butcher, who is furious with all of us because we don't relieve him of his left arm (he swears it's no use to let a joint like that grow any longer, and treats our really good and conscientious surgeon for a fool every time he sees him) softened to a smile.

Then on Saturday morning (yesterday) I took the early train. Don't imagine I lack the protection of the church. It awaited me at the station in the shape of good Pasteur Saintenac, who represents the Protestant persuasion at the Ambulance in a mild and godly way. For the rest, he does the work of a simple *infirmier auxiliaire:* runs errands, takes the guard, and washes dishes very submissively, and gives you the impression that he would court persecution "as unto the Lord." When he does the dishes in my *salle* if I have a possible moment I always go and help, with an instinctive effort to equalize the unfitness of things. Pasteur S. was awfully concerned about my going off alone. If the recent birth of his son hadn't put his wife in the impossibility of receiving visitors he would have insisted on my accepting his humble hospitality. Utterly useless to explain that Paris was a sort of home to me, that I had friends there and much to do. He must needs meet me on the platform with his hands full of letters addressed to pastors, and other good people in Paris, to be delivered in person. In these letters he exhorts his friends to surround me with sympathy and Christian affection. Of course it's sweet of him, but I have no idea of playing postman around Paris, and what to do with these blessed documents I don't know.

It was a lovely morning, soft and silvered with light mists that veiled the rising sun. I had forgotten the world was so beautiful, that spring tints were so delicious, that the forms of trees and brooks and clustering villages were so alluring. I assure you that an optical alteration takes place when you have looked at nothing earnestly but white sheets, alas! too often gray, and pale faces and red wounds for a long time, and your retina gets sensitive to beauty in a way that is amazing. At Chalons there came into my compartment—first class, if you please, which is rather handsome of the government—a lieutenant of the 251st Infantry, going home on five days' leave. Of course we began to talk about Verdun, and if I had any doubts about a victory final and complete this stalwart soldier, fresh from the trenches, was ready to dissipate them. He'd "seen war" at less than fifty meters from the start, and moreover his wife and children, mother and sisters, had been held prisoners in the invaded district for over a year, but "*nous les*

aurons, les sales Boches!" he kept reiterating with a conviction that couldn't be doubted. Altogether it was a profitable journey, and most surprising. We arrived nearly on schedule time. At the beginning of the ruse, the trains sometimes took twenty-two hours between Paris and Vitry.

My coming to this hotel was an invention of B's in obedience to my request for something cheap and central, Passy being out of the question at least during the first days of my sojourn. Poor lad! I suppose he was also influenced by the fact that his father's pharmacy sits imposingly at the corner and that I could call on his complaisant paternal in case of need. The situation is excellent, right near the Opera, within a stone's throw of every place I want to go, so that on the whole it suits me exactly.

March 21, 1916.

Well! The charm of the charmer is beginning to tell, and I keep repeating to myself what you so often used to say when we went out together, "Was there ever such a place as Paris?" It is a particularly rare moment, too, clouds and soft sun, the ghost of a green shimmer along that most triumphant of all vistas, up the Elysian fields, violets and jonquils at every street corner, and flags and trophies a-flutter everywhere in honor of our illustrious visitors. For yesterday the Generalissimo Cadorna arrived, amid a furor of *"Viva l'Italia."* To-day it is the turn of Serbia's illustrius prince to drown his misfortune in sympathy and champagne. (I've seen so much *luster* about everywhere, I suppose that's why I repeated the adjective.) To my great disgust I could see neither of them; but the Red Cross is an absorbing profession, and if one is to be worthy of its insignia one might as well make up one's mind not to do or think about anything else. All day I've spent chasing about, seeing officers and secretaries and dignitaries, with rather better results than one generally gets when affairs are taken out in talking. Also, I've had opened my cases recently arrived from you and Miss K. and Miss C., and somebody in Boston—(I can't find out whom), to see what they contained, after which they will be closed, ready to follow me to the scene of action. They had just come a little while ago, so no time has been lost. O, what a

harvest! When I saw those dear little wash-cloths, and hot water bags and rings, and oil-cloth, and malted milk, I almost wept; and what a blessing to have all that cotton and gauze! The coming months will melt it fast enough, and heaven only knows where the material is to come from to close up all the wounds that will be made before next autumn. Thank God, there is *you* to "hold up my hands," as you call it, that would too often drop lifeless in sheer despair. Say what you will, it is you and *you only* that are responsible for all the magnificent help, and you, who have befriended France ever since I was born, are helping here now as valiantly as anyone living. Also I went to the *Comité des Secours Americains*—a spacious, elegant interior, with high windows looking toward the Seine and the prettiest bevy of busy stenographers. We do things well and no mistake, as I took pains to tell the nice, drawly Georgian sub-secretary who attended to me. But the best thing I did during the day was to arrange with a deputy to see Godard about certain things and acts of the *Service de Santé* on the front.

March 22, 1916.

I simply couldn't finish this last night, being just dog-tired with talking. Haven't done much to-day in consequence, which is perhaps a good thing. Straying along the Boulevard des Capucines I came across a *vitrine* full of articles made by the *blessé* in hospitals. No better charity in the world, so I modestly encouraged it by buying some knick-knacks for you: a pendant, a barette for your hair, and a bead ornament. Don't be alarmed, the former are not silver nor are those real amethysts, but neither are they too common looking, and as the authentic work of poor *mutilés* you may deign to wear them. I shall send them all together, and trust they won't be sunk. The maker's name is on all except the beads.

I read the Hill-Top on the Marne when I was getting over grippe, and found it perfectly charming. The first and only book I've read since I took to soldiering.

Paris, March 23, 1916.

With the instinct of self-preservation (not to say revolt) that you've seen of old after a shopping bout I've fled to this graceful

rotunda overlooking the chimney pots to restore my scattered faculties with a cup of China tea. There are soft blue flowers on the table, the tea found the "right spot," and I have a satisfying sense of commissions finished which gives me the right to laze for the afternoon. O the luxury of "staying put" and doing nothing! Moreover, there is the Eiffel Tower, all dim and fantastic off yonder against an opal sky, standing guardian like over the safety of Paris, sentinel at her aerial portal, and challenging all sorts of vague verses that are hesitating there at the back of my brain. Let them lie! I'm sure I'd trip up on their feet, and it's much more profitable to have a good cosy chat with you, and tell you all my intimate commonplaces, than double over a rhyme.

A heightened morale is gaining all along the front of hopeful significance. The spirit of the men from Verdun is infinitely brighter than those of Champagne in September. Not that the latter were depressed, but these have a light on their faces as if they really saw the end of the tunnel. God grant it!

In my letter posted this A. M. I thanked you for the Hill-Top tale. It is a good experience, spiritedly sketched, and I like the lady's pluck. It was so diverting to read English again after so long.

During this harangue the lights in the boulevard below have begun to come out, and the Eiffel Tower has faded into the mist. I must hasten to post this.

I get such touching letters from Vitry. My *infirmiers* want me back.

"Mademoiselle Miss"

BROWNING'S INDICTMENT OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM

If the papal authorities had placed many poems of Robert Browning under their ban it should have caused him no surprise. Many literary productions are pilloried in the Index for offenses less grave than are found in some of his shorter poems and in whole passages in many of the longer ones. No writer of English verse has placed Roman Catholic leaders and practices in such an unlovely light. In none but polemical works is that Church so openly condemned, and few writers of Anti-Romanist polemical works strike harder than these poems. "But," says an objector, "Browning wrote poetry. He did not conduct arguments." I answer, "Yes, but remember that he was a man of amazing knowledge, unpurchasable honor, and his poetry was chiefly about men and women and their motives, and reflected actual conditions." In art, correct drawing is more important than color or light. In literature, fidelity to the facts of life is a canon not to be broken. If literary artistry garnishes falsehood the author is dishonest and his work a fraud of deepest dye; a crime against society. Much of this condemnation of Romanism is found in The Ring and The Book, and this great poem is founded upon documentary evidence set down in "this square old yellow book" where the record of Guido's trial for murder was bound up. Browning mastered its contents. In his own words:

> "I fused my live soul and that inert stuff
> Before attempting smithcraft,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The life in me abolished the death of things,
> Deep calling unto deep: as then and there
> Acted itself over again once more
> The tragic piece."

Browning knew Italy. Florence was his adopted home. He knew the history of the Roman Catholic Church through the

centuries of which he wrote. He was deeply convinced of the fundamental place of religion in life, and was hurt in his most sensitive spot when those who were supposed to be shepherds proved to be wolves destroying the flocks. His condemnation of Romanism as it existed in the times and lands of which he wrote is dispassionate, and wholly incidental to other purposes. He does not revile, he reveals. The lens of his literary camera was wide-angled, sharp, and very rapid. If evil comes out in his poetical pictures it is because it was before his camera and was "taken." At the close of that matchless poem on the sacredness of true marriage—The Ring and The Book—Browning gives his own literary creed, which perfectly answers any critic who would contend that the art of poetry cannot be harnessed to the serious and far-reaching service of truth:

"Why take the artistic way to prove so much?
Because it is the glory and good of Art
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine at least.
How look a brother in the face and say,
'Thy right is wrong; eyes hast thou yet art blind;
Thine ears are stuffed and stopped, despite their length;
And, oh, the foolishness thou countest faith!'
But Art—wherein man nowise speaks to men,
Only to mankind—Art may tell a truth
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,
Nor wrong the thought missing the mediate word.
So may you paint your picture, twice show truth,
Beyond mere imagery on the wall;
So, note by note, bring music from your mind,
Deeper than ever e'en Beethoven dived;
So write a book shall mean beyond the facts,
Suffice the eye, and save the soul beside."

One of the indictments brought by Browning against the teachings of Rome is that it cheapens forgiveness, and that it makes the way of the transgressor easy when God makes it hard. In the last speech of Count Guido Franceschini, before he is beheaded for stabbing his wife Pompilia, Guido is made to say:

"It must be,
From law its fiercest, there's a wink somewhere."

That is, though Sinai blazes its Thou shalt and its Thou shalt not, "there's a wink somewhere"; a knowing smirk which as good as says, "but you will get off nevertheless." The charge is not a new one, but everyone familiar with conditions in countries where the confessional has exercised its natural influence for centuries knows that this indictment is true to life. As the Archbishop of Bogota says, in a pastoral letter to rebuke the immorality of his clergy (December, 1908):

> "And yet there are priests who only rarely go to confession, and others who never confess at all. There are those that select easy-going confessors who pass over everything and then give absolution; *and there are not wanting others whose confession is nothing more than a sad routine practiced between one sin and another, to their own deception.*" (Italics mine. H. C. S.)

In the nature of the case it must be that confession becomes in numberless instances such "a sad routine." When God forgives our sin he couples that gracious act with another of even greater meaning for our souls. He regenerates the moral nature, taking away the stony heart of our flesh and giving us clean hearts. With his promise of true forgiveness run the wondrous words, "and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Even if we believed in the power of the priest to forgive sin we know that he cannot change the innermost heart of the penitent and send him from the confessional "a new creature in Christ Jesus." With the same sinful nature, and with life running on in the same old channels, the same sins will be committed. For the devout soul what is there but the "sad routine practiced between one sin and another?" Let this path be trodden often, and every time a man "of like passions" with the one who makes the confession pronouncing so easily the formula of forgiveness and fixing a conventional penance, which in turn can be avoided by the payment demanded for an indulgence, there must grow up in the mind of a thoughtful worshiper the idea that "there's a wink somewhere" for any sin, and man has made tolerable what God made terrible.

One of his characters strikes hard at the alleged miraculous cures effected when sick or halt or blind touch certain relics. He

shows the essential hypocrisy of the church authorities in encouraging their use by the ignorant at Lourdes and Lujan, and at countless Catholic shrines and churches all over the world. He says:

> "'Here's a shred
> Of saintly flesh, a scrap of blessed bone,
> Raised King Cophetua, who was dead, to life
> In Mesopotamy twelve centuries since,
> Such was its virtue!' twangs the Sacristan,
> Holding the shrine-box up with hands like feet
> Because of gout in every finger joint.
> Does he bethink him to reduce one knob,
> Allay one twinge, by touching what he vaunts?
> I think he half uncrooks fist to catch fee,
> But, for the grace, the quality of cure,—
> Cophetua was the man put that to proof!
> Not otherwise your faith is shrined and shown
> And shamed at once; you banter while you bow!"

Could any ordered and merciless polemic put the case more vividly? Would it be possible to strike the sordidness and superstition of relic-touching a harder blow? One sees it as in a flash of heaven's own light, and revelation is enough.

Church unity is constantly preached by the Roman Catholic Church. In season and out of season her writers and preachers hold Protestants up to ridicule because of their divisions and their supposed antagonisms, and their own condition of union is played up as one in which all is love and harmony, the union for which our Lord prayed. Browning shows that this outward unity but poorly hides the petty hatreds and bitter jealousies, the un-Christian and sinful animosities between monk and monk and bishop and bishop. In the powerful novel, La Roma, the same thing is set forth in grim detail with nothing untrue or even unreal except the names of characters and places. In his "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister" the poet lets us see the true conditions prevailing in a monastery where Roman Catholic leaders would have us believe the inmates were living in Christian unity, had given up all selfish ends and were spending lives of brotherly service all lapped in love. The entire poem should be read. A few of its

lines only can be quoted here. A monk speaks under his breath of his brother monk:

> "Gr-r-r—there, go, my heart's abhorrence!
> Water your d——d flower pots, do!
> If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
> God's blood, would not mine kill you.
> . . . . . .
> Hell dry you up with its flames!"

In the last stanza the monk is represented as called to the evening service of prayer. He is repeating the solemn Latin words of the service, his eye being fixed on the hated brother monk. How far his own heart was from that "fullness of grace," love, and oneness in spirit for which Christ prayed may be judged as we hear him sing or repeat four words of evening prayers and then, in the same breath, utter his hate:

> *"Plena Gratia.*
> *Ave, Virgo!* Gr-r-r—you swine!"

In "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed's Church," we see a Roman prelate stricken to his death. As the last agonies approach he calls his "sons" to his bedside and gives them his dying messages. They are not spiritual advices. They convey no idea of rapture in seeing so soon the face of Christ and meeting those whom he "has loved long since and lost awhile." Neither are they tender words for the flock of St. Praxed's Church, where he had longed served. No, all was of a desire to have revenge on a former Bishop—a tomb built in St. Praxed's, as was the custom in Italy, to perpetuate his name and memory. And one so matchless in its beauty as to outshine the plain stone of a hated rival. His first thought was that the marble must be of the finest kind and purest quality. He demands:

> "Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe
> As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse."

But quality of marble and its particular niche were not uppermost in his mind. They were means to an end. That end was revenge.

Here is this aged bishop spending his last breath scheming for the erection of a marble memorial which should be better placed and far outshine

> "—Old Gandolph with his paltry onion-stone."

His words burn. They well up from an inward molten rage not cooled by divine grace, lapse of years, or even by the chilling waters of the river of death.

> "I fought
> With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know;
> —Old Gandolph cozened me despite my care;
> Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner South
> He graced his carrion with, God curse the same!
> . . . . . .
> Put me where I may look at him!
> For Gandolph shall not choose but see and burst!
> . . . . . .
> And then how I shall lie through centuries
> And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
> And see God made and eaten all day long,
> And feel the steady candle flame, and taste
> Good strong thick stupefying incense smoke!"

Can anyone imagine Christ being pleased with an outward ecclesiastical unity when hatreds, jealousies and a stronger than death passion for revenge burn in the hearts of its leaders? But the intrepid poet goes further. He declares in line after line that immorality existed among monks and priests and bishops, and that even cardinals were not free from suspicion. In this same poem Browning not only shows the desire for revenge which whipped up the failing strength of the dying Bishop, but shows that this celibate Bishop had reared a family of sons to whom he openly bequeathed his villas, and upon whom he relied for the material, location and workmanship of the tomb which was to surpass the tomb of "Old Gandolph."

> "Draw round my bed: is Anselm keeping back?
> Nephews—sons mine . . . ah God, I know not! Well—
> She men would have to be your mother once,
> Old Gandolph envied me, so fair she was!

What's done is done, and she is dead beside,
Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since.

. . . . . .

Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas, all,
That brave Frascati villa with its bath.

. . . . . .

All *lapis*, all, sons! Else I give the Pope
My villas! Will ye ever eat my heart?
Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick,
They glitter like your mother's for my soul.

. . . . . .

Your tall pale mother with her talking eyes.

. . . . . .

Old 'Gandolph . . .
As still he envied me, so fair she was!"

At the last, as a final incentive to impel his sons to carry out his dying requests about the tomb, he promises, in words I shall not quote, to pray for the gratification of their basest passions.

Count Guido Franceschini had spent more than a quarter of a century in Rome

"In culture of Rome's most productive plant—
A cardinal,"

and he knew the double life that was led by many an ecclesiastical leader. In Guido's last speech before his execution he is addressing a cardinal who had come to his cell to help prepare him for death. He says:

"Go eat your heart, you'll never be a Pope!
Inform me, is it true you left your love,
A Pucci, for promotion in the Church?
She's more than in the Church—in the churchyard!
Plautilla Pucci, your affianced bride,
Has dust now in the eyes that held the love,

. . . . . .

'Deny myself' meant simply pleasure you,
The sacred and superior, save the mark!
You—whose stupidity and insolence
I must defer to, soothe at every turn—
Whose swine-like snuffling greed and grunting lust
I had to wink at or help gratify."

In the Pope's monologue in The Ring and The Book this

condemnation is pronounced upon the young priest Girolamo (his brother the Abate has just been called a "fox-faced brute"):

> "Pass to the next,
> The boy of the brood, the young Girolamo,
> Priest, Canon, and what more? nor wolf nor fox,
> But hybrid, neither craft nor violence
> Wholly, part violence part craft; such cross
> Tempts speculation: will both blend one day
> And prove hell's better product?
> . . . . . .
> For there's a new distinctive touch, I see,
> Lust—lacking in the two—hell's own blue tint
> That gives a character and marks the man."

Perhaps no one passage so perfectly discloses the naked worldliness and unspirituality of the Roman Church in the sixteenth century as that which describes the entrance of the young aristocrat of Arezzo, Guiseppe Capousacchi, into the priesthood, toward which he had been directed from his childhood, and his progress under episcopal tutelage. A great-uncle had been a bishop in Arezzo and the young man says:

> "You see,
> For his sake, how it was I had a right
> To the self-same office, bishop in the egg,
> So grew in the garb, and prattled in the school,
> Was made expect, from infancy almost,
> The proper mood o' the priest."

The hour came when the final vows of celibacy, chastity, and poverty were to be taken. He was honest, and he drew back, "awe-struck," saying:

> "'How shall holiest flesh
> Engage to keep such vow inviolate?—
> How much less mine? I know myself too weak,
> Unworthy! Choose a worthier, stronger man.'
> And the very Bishop smiled and stopped my mouth
> In mid-protestation. 'Incapable?
> Qualmish of conscience? Thou ingenious boy!
> Clear up the clouds and cast thy scruples far!
> I satisfy thee there's an easier sense
> Wherein to take such vow than suits the first
> Rough rigid reading. . . .

Nobody wants you in these latter days
To prop the Church by breaking your backbone—
As the necessary way was once, we know,
When Diocletian flourished and his like.
That building of the buttress work was done
By martyrs and confessors: let it bide,
Add not a brick, but where you see a chink
Stick in a sprig of ivy, or root a rose
Shall make amends and beautify the pile!

. . . . . .

Renounce the world? Nay, keep and give it us!

. . . . . .

Saint Paul has had enough and to spare, I trow,
Of ragged runaway Onesimus:
He wants the right hand with the signet ring
Of King Agrippa, now, to shake and use.'"

This episcopal leader goes on advising that the candidate for orders should cultivate his "superior gift of making madrigals" and become a society leader while a priest. He took the vows. "Those terms changed all," and later on the same Bishop advises him in his duties:

"'Enough attention to the Countess now,
The young one; 'tis her mother rules the roast,
We know where, and puts in a word: go pay
Devoir to-morrow morning after mass!
Break that rash promise to preach Passion Week

. . . . . .

Rome's the essential harbor; make for port,
Crowd sail, crack cordage! And your cargo be
A polished presence, a genteel manner, wit
At will, and tact at every pore of you."

Browning shows the hold that the Roman Catholic Church maintains over families by the influence of the priests over women. This comes out in many ways, and in far too wide a range of his poems to permit of adequate illustrative quotations. Abate Paolo, who had been

"Established here at Rome these thirty years,
Who played the regular game,—priest and Abate,
Made friends, owned house and land, became of use
To a personage"

—a Cardinal—tells his older brother, Guido, that it will not be

difficult for him as a priest to arrange a money-making marriage for the penniless count. He offers his services, only stipulating that the business be left entirely in his hands.

> "Only, you see
> 'Tis I, this time, that supervise your lead.
> Priests play with women, maids, wives, mothers—why?
> These play with men and take them off our hands."

The crafty priest hies him away

> "To the woman dealer in perukes, a wench
> I and some others settled in the shop
> At Place Colonna."

Fitting fee brings out the fact that Pompilla, the child of Violante and Pietro, is thirteen, beautiful, and rich enough to bring Count Guido a competence. Thence at once to the modest home. Paolo sees the supposed mother, and dazzles her middle-class brain by proposing Count Guido as a husband for their beautiful daughter. Lovers of Browning will recall the smooth, Jesuitical putting of the case by Paolo to Violante as related by The Other Half-Rome. Those who have not read it should turn to The Ring and The Book and see this priest "in action." He glosses, suppresses, idealizes and distorts, not only the facts, but his real motive, as he needed to do to win so desperate a case. Tertium Quid says of this interview:

> "According to the words, each cheated each,
> But in the unexpressed barter of thoughts
> Each did give and did take the thing designed,
> The rank on this side and the cash on that—
> Attained the object of the traffic so."

And again, the same disinterested party says:

> "The straight backbone-thought of the crooked speech
> Were just—I Guido truck my name and rank
> For so much money and youth and female charms—
> 'We Pietro and Violante give our child
> And wealth to you for a rise i' the world thereby.'"

Pietro forbade the marriage, but Paolo carried his point. "Letting

pass a little day or two," Violante contrived a clandestine marriage.

"Transfer complete, why, Pietro was apprised.
Violante sobbed the sobs and prayed the prayers,
And said the serpent tempted so she fell,
Till Pietro had to clear his brow apace
And make the best of matters: wrath at first,—
How else? pacification presently,—
Why not?—could flesh withstand the impurpled one,
The very Cardinal, Paolo's patron friend?
Who, justifiably surnamed 'a hinge,'
Knew where the mollifying oil should drop
To cure the creak of the valve-considerate
For frailty, patient in a naughty world."

Then Paolo repeats his formula for handling difficult family situations:

"Mothers, wives, and maids—
These be the tools wherewith priests manage men."

And who shall say that the identical method is not now at work in the families of our own nation?

Hear the Pope say hard things of his own priests and church officers in his review of the appeal of Guido from the death sentence of the civil courts—an appeal made possible because he had taken certain of the lower orders leading to the full status of a priest. As Tertium Quid puts it:

"He clipt
His top-hair, and thus far affected Christ."

The Pope orders confirmation of the sentence:

"For I find this black mark impinge the man,
That he believes in just the vile of life.
. . . . . .
Such I find Guido, midmost blotch of black
Discernible in this group of clustered crimes,
. . . . . .
See, they lick the master's hand,
This fox-faced horrible priest, this brother-brute
The Abate,—why, mere wolfishness looks well,
Guido stands honest in the red of the flame,
Beside this yellow that would pass for white,
Twice Guido, all craft but no violence,

The copier of the mien and gait and garb
Of Peter and Paul that he may go disguised,
Rob halt and lame, sick folk in the temple porch!
Armed with religion, fortified by law,
A man of peace, who trims the midnight lamp
And turns the classic page—and all for craft,
All to work harm with, yet incur no scratch.

. . . . . .

But the portentous brothers of the man
Are veritable priests; protected, each
May do his murder in the Church's pale,
Abate Paul, Canon Girolamo!
This is the man proves irreligiousest
Of all mankind, religion's parasite!

"The Confessional" is a scorching bit of verse. It is the burning protest of a young woman against the treachery of a priest. In confessing a sin into which she had been led the old priest learned the name of her lover and betrayer. It proved to be the name of a man who was "wanted" by the authorities.

"But when I falter Betran's name,
'Ha!' quoth the father; 'much I
Blame the sin; yet wherefore idly grieve?
Despair not—strenuously retrieve!
Nay, I will turn this love of thine
To lawful love, almost divine;

For when he lies upon thy breast
Thou mayest demand and be possessed
Of all his plans, and next day steal
To me, and all those plans reveal,
That I and every priest, to purge
His soul, may fast and use the scourge.'

. . . . . .

He told me what he would not tell
For hope of heaven or fear of hell;
And I lay listening in such pride!
And, soon as he had left my side,
Tripped to the Church by morning-light
To save his soul in his despite.

I told the father all his schemes,
Who were his comrades, what their dreams;
'And now make haste,' I said, 'to pray
The one spot from his soul away;

To-night he comes, but not the same
Will look!' At night he never came.
For next night: on the after-morn
I went forth with a strength newborn.
The church was empty; something drew
My steps into the street; I knew
It led me to the market place:
Where, lo, on high, the father's face!

That horrible black scaffold dressed,
That stapled block . . . God sink the rest!
That head strapped back, that blinding vest,
Those knotted hands and naked breast,
Till near one busy hangman pressed,
And on the neck those arms caressed . . .

. . . . . .

No part in aught they hope or fear!
No heaven with them, no hell!—and here,
No earth, not so much space as pens
My body in their worst of dens—
But shall bear God and man my cry,
Lies—lies, again—and still, they lie."

If any one is moved to remind us that Browning wrote only of Roman Catholic conditions as they existed in the time and place in which he lived in the years which had long been dead when his arraignments were lodged against the system, let it be noted that the basic principles of Romanism are unchanged and unchangeable. Her own boast is that "Rome never changes." The Papacy with its alleged authority as the vicegerent of God on earth with power over all earthly things; the priesthood having delegated to it power to recreate the very body and blood and substance of the Redeemer of mankind every time he repeats the sacraments.

Even more shocking than the protest of this maddened girl is the picture of the slow and agonizing death of a victim of the persecuting fury of the Church shown his readers in "The Heretic's Tragedy." We see the smiles of satisfied inquisitors, hear the freezing sneers of onlookers at the gruesome spectacle, and through it all catch the comment and instructions of those who believed that they did God service in doing Jacques du Bourg-Molay to death in the public square of Paris.

"In the midst is a goodly gallows built;
'Twixt fork and fork a stake is stuck;
But first they set divers tumbrils atilt,
Make a trench all round with the city muck;
Inside they pile log upon log, good store;
Fagots not few, blocks great and small,
Reach a man's mid-thigh, no less, no more,—
For they mean he should roast in the sight of all."

Good sappy bavins that kindle forthwith;
Billets that blaze substantial and slow;
Pine-stump split deftly, dry as pith;
Larch-heart that chars to a chalk-white glow;
Then up they hoist me John in a chafe,
Sling him fast like a hog to scorch,
Spit in his face, then leap back safe,
Sing "Laudes" and bid clap-to the torch.

Chorus.—*Laus Deo*—who bids clap-to the torch.

John of the Temple whose fame so bragged,
Is burning alive in Paris Square!
How can he curse, if his mouth is gagged?
Or wriggle his neck, with a collar there?
Or heave his chest, which a band goes round?
Or threat with his fist, since his arms are spliced?
Or kick with his feet, now his legs are bound?

Too horrible for quotation are the final scenes, drawn so vividly by a literary artist who felt to the full the monstrosity of the proceeding, and whose words convey the sufferings of the writhing victim with terrible fidelity, until

"Forth John's soul flared into the dark."

In "Holy Cross Day" and "Filippo Baldinucci on The Privilege of Burial" our poet-prosecutor drives home the guilt of the Church in its long and pitiless persecutions of the Jews. In the former of these he puts this statement into the lips of a Jew who had been driven into a Christian Church to hear a Bishop preach a Lenten sermon:

"O Thou, if that martyr-gash
Fell on thee coming to take thine own,
And we gave the Cross, when we owed the Throne—

"Thou art the Judge. We are bruiséd thus,
But, the Judgment over, join sides with us!
Thine too is the cause! and not more thine
Than ours is the work of these dogs and swine,
Whose life laughs through and spits at their creed,
Who maintain thee in word and defy thee in deed.

Enumeration of the poems carrying indictments of the Roman Church is not possible here. It is patent or latent in scores of his best productions. These citations will answer their purpose if they stimulate readers of the output of this poet "of things as they are" to a new alertness for the militant note sounded here and there in his writings as teachings and practices of Romanism impressed him as being in irreconcilable antagonism with Christ's gospel of love and fairness and service.

Homer A. Stuntz

THE PREACHER AS A READER OF GENERAL LITERATURE

The "Talk-it-Out-Club" was the smallest of organizations. It had only five members. They had been friends in college and all through the years they had stuck to the habit of lunching together once a month and then having several hours of talk. Sometimes only four members were present at a meeting. Sometimes only three. And very rarely there were only two. But it was the pride of the club that there had been a meeting every month for twenty years. "Tom" Sherman was the editor of a big city daily. Dick Brewster—Dr. Richard C. Brewster—was the pastor of a church which had worked itself into the warp and woof of the city's life, John Linton was a professor in a theological seminary located near the big town, Fred Milburn was a writer of popular stories, and Dan Martin was a country preacher who had shepherded one flock twenty miles out from the city for many a year. No papers were ever read at the Talk-it-Out-Club. No subjects were ever announced. Tom Sherman said he came to find out what the subject would be; for without fail, sooner or later, some theme would loom up and then there would be rare good talk when every man gave of his best.

A wholesome, vigorous redblooded group of men they looked as they sat about the table in a private room at the hotel this January Monday. There had been the usual exchange of personal experiences and of comments about the moving pageant of the world. Fred Milburn looked up suddenly when there was a lull in the conversation. "I saw a preacher the other day," he said.

There was a quick flash in Dick Brewster's eye. "Think of it!" he cried. "Did you capture him? What was he like? Describe the specimen."

The popular novelist leaned back thoughtfully.

"You see," he began, "I was looking up material in a foreign quarter of the town. I found material enough, but right in the midst of it I found a parson who had his finger on the pulse of

every person in that part of town. He knew all about them. He talked their kind of talk. He was the big brother of the whole quarter. Why, do you know, I learned that not a policeman in that district knew what was really going on there as well as this preacher! And the political boss who thought he kept that section in his pocket couldn't touch him for grip on the people. He's right in the center of the ring—begging the pardon of the clerical gentlemen present. He's a preacher you can't describe without going to the sporting page for a vocabulary."

Tom Sherman broke in to remark, "Preachers used to be experts in books. Now they are getting to be experts in life."

The theological professor turned upon the editor scornfully. "Why drag in the fallacy of 'either—or' when it doesn't cost any more to say 'both'? Preachers don't have to repudiate their libraries in order to get into contact with life. The typical preacher of to-day knows a lot about people and he has no end of knowledge of books too."

"That was true of my parson in the foreign quarter, anyhow," said Fred Milburn. "He took me into his study. There were no end of well thumbed masterpieces and it took my breath for a minute to see the volumes of present-day essays and poems and fiction. The man had everything Alfred Noyes has written. You ought to have seen his eyes shine as he talked of him. He had three or four volumes of Samuel Crothers's essays, with four or five of Arthur Benson's. He had Walter Lippmann's three books. He even had the Spoon River Anthology"—this with a chuckle; "he had Basil King's Street Called Straight and The Way Home. And he had every one of David Grayson's books. What do you think of that for the library of a preacher?"

A light had come into Dan Martin's eyes at the mention of David Grayson. "Of course a mere novelist wouldn't be expected to know," he cried merrily, "but David Grayson is part of the pastoral equipment of a well-made country parson. He reads David Grayson in order to get acquainted with his own people."

Dr. Richard Brewster looked up eagerly. "You men of the open country can't have a monopoly on Grayson," he said. "Only

last week I was going to deal with a man with my nerves, instead of with my head or my heart, and one chapter of The Friendly Road called me to time and gave the key to the situation."

"But I hadn't finished," said Fred Milburn. "My preacher in the foreign quarter had every book O. Henry wrote on a shelf below a row of books by Rudyard Kipling. He had Ralph Connor's stories, and near the books of Professor Steiner, on Immigrants Before and After, Mary Antin's Promised Land, Jacob Riis's Making of an American, Robert Hunter's Poverty, Donald Lowrie's My Life in Prison and My Life Out of Prison"—and here he came to a halt quite out of breath.

The editor lifted a finger in half-solemn, half-jesting fashion. "Just remember, gentlemen," he said quietly, "that the man who is looking for source material regarding contemporary life cannot afford to miss O. Henry. He may not tell you much about regeneration, but he does give you no end of information about the people who have got to be regenerated."

Dick Brewster was ready with the next word. "Right you are, Tom," he declared. "The man who does things in the world of to-day must know the soil where he's going to plant the seed, and O. Henry has detailed information about a good many kinds of human soil."

"But what about the seed?" inquired John Linton. "Did this wonderful man have any books which suggested that he might be a preacher?"

Fred Milburn grinned. "Well, to be frank, I made a careful investigation and I was mighty glad of the books he didn't have. He had no predigested theological brain food. There were no sermon outlines. There were no books of sermonic illustrations arranged by topics. There were no commentaries of the type which do a man's homiletical work for him in such a fashion that he loses his intellectual integrity. I have seen clerical libraries which were a warranted substitute for ministerial brains."

"But what did he have to help him as a preacher?" persisted John Linton.

Fred Milburn thought a moment. "I'll have it right away," he said. "I spent a couple of hours in the man's library and he

was talking of his books all the while. Yes, I remember now. He pointed to four of the volumes of Yale Lectures on Preaching —the one by R. W. Dale, the one by Phillips Brooks, Peter Forsyth's Positive Preaching and the Modern Mind, and Sylvester Horne's Romance of Preaching—and told me how much they had helped him. It seemed he had heard Horne, in his church in London, and the powerful, passionate oratory of the man had completely captured him. He said a curious thing about Peter Forsyth: 'Forsyth grips me because he knows how bad it all is and what a big thing has been done about it.'"

"'The cruciability of the cross,'" said Dr. Richard Brewster quietly. "I think it was Sir William Robertson Nicoll who objected to that phrase, but it seems to me it goes to the root of the matter. I won't undertake to defend the etymology, but I'm sure of the theology."

Dan Martin had been waiting to get in a word. "Did this prize parson seem to live in the intellectual world of to-day?"

The novelist smiled broadly now. "Not so entirely as a certain country parson we all know," he replied, "but I thought he did fairly well. Hermann's book on Eucken and Bergson was on his table, The Creative Evolution was on a shelf nearby, and beside it was Eucken's Main Currents of Modern Thought. Then I noticed a little book on American Thought, From Puritanism to Pragmatism, and another, on Personalism and the Problems of Philosophy, by Ralph Flewelling. He talked about these things in a human sort of way, too. He had heard Eucken and Bergson and he had been a pupil, he said, of Professor Borden P. Bowne. Well-worn copies of Bowne's books were on his shelves. He seemed quite keen about philosophy. He said he got a good deal of recreation out of philosophical reading after he had been tackling a difficult human being. He seemed to feel that books are rather elementary after you have been dealing with people."

"If our kings were only philosophers and our philosophers were only kings—" paraphrased Dick Brewster; "only in this case it's our parsons who are becoming philosophers. What would Plato have thought of that?"

"Inasmuch as he was the greatest preacher of classic Greece

he could scarcely object to the combination," Dan Martin flashed back quickly.

Still Fred Milburn was not through. "I can't remember all the commentaries, though I've heard John Linton talk about them enough to know they were the right ones. The poets who have stolen fire from heaven were there—copies which had been used, too. You ought to have seen the man's Browning. There was history, and biography, and there were books on social and economic subjects. 'I economize on everything except my books,' the parson said. There were books like Harold Begbie's Twice Born Men and Souls in Action, dripping with first-hand contact with human spirits, and last of all there were—" here Fred Milburn paused, and concluded dramatically, "there were books on athletics: Spaulding's America's National Game, a fat volume on Intercollegiate Football, and some volumes of the Baseball Magazine."

Tom Sherman threw up his hands. "I don't believe it," he cried. "It's all an Alice-in-Wonderland-Grimm's Fairy Tales-Arabian Nights-production. You made it up. There isn't any such parson."

In the most unconscious way in the world Dan Martin interrupted. "Don't go too fast, Tom," he cried. "Why, I have most of those books myself." The theological professor joined in: "I plead guilty too; I have every one of them."

Tom Sherman looked at Dick Brewster. "Put the last witness on the stand," he said. "Now, you telephone-plagued, nerve-racked metropolitan parson, tell me: do you have all these books?"

"It is even as you say," replied Dick Brewster. "And do you read them?" "I cannot deny it." "When?" asked Sherman dramatically, with flashing eyes.

Dick Brewster reached a hand into the pocket of his sack coat and pulled out a book which filled it tightly. It was Alfred Noyes's last volume, The Lord of Misrule. "I always have one or two of them in my pocket. I read Masefield's Everlasting Mercy in a trolley car. Just listen to this," he said, turning the pages of Noyes's book:

"'Salomon sacked the sunsets
Wherever his black ships rolled.
He rolled them up like a purple cloth
And packed them into his hold.
Salomon packed his heart with dreams,
And all the dreams were true.'

"I can make pastoral calls after I've read things like that or this:

"'You chatter in church like jackdaws
Words that would wake the dead
Were there one breath of life in you,
One drop of blood,' he said.

You feel fire in your tongue ready to turn itself into words the next time you preach after reading that."

Tom Sherman was looking at him in wonder. "You carry your books and your emotions like that all the time?" he asked.

Dick Brewster laughed. "There's a book I'm reading in nearly every room in my house," he confessed, "and there are one or two in my pockets as well. They are always waiting whenever I have a minute."

"And when does your mind rest?" pursued the editor.

"That's the secret," cried Dick Brewster merrily, "and of course you've really learned it long ago. Whenever you change the subject of your thoughts your mind rests. My books of general reading are a recreation. They renew my brain. They don't tire it—of course," he added, "I take plenty of exercise. I don't make books an excuse for letting my muscles get flabby. All the parts of the machine work together."

Frank admiration was in Tom Sherman's eyes as he looked at his finely built, vigorous friend. "You'll do," he chuckled; "you'll do even for Saint Mark's."

In the meantime Fred Milburn's thought had taken another trail suggested by Dick Brewster's remarks. "So you are reading as a preparation," he said; "a preparation for dealing with people and a preparation for preaching sermons? A good many people I know use reading as an escape."

Dan Martin was in the thick of the conversation in an instant. "An escape!" he cried contemptuously. "And, if that is all, think what comes of it! The reaction is worse than the

thing you tried to escape from. You can't escape life. You've got to face it."

John Linton half protested. "But you wouldn't deny, Dan, that a man has the right to forget his worries in a good book. After an hour of reading sometimes one sees everything in happier and more wholesome relations."

"That's not an escape," said Dan Martin. "Or, if it is, it's an escape from your nerves and not from life. Of course you can use a book just as you sleep, for a rest. But you don't expect to sleep forever, and you'll wake up in the same world with just the same problems."

"I know what Dan means," said Dick Brewster. "There is a woman in my church who evades every serious responsibility life would force upon her, and she keeps from thinking of them by filling her mind with the contents of fascinating books. I've found her weeping over a book one moment, and the next perfectly cold and cynical about a human being whom life had wounded."

Tom Sherman looked up with another thought flashing in his eye. "Do preachers ever get caught in that trap?" he asked. "Are they ever the pastors of the people they have read about in books rather than the actual members of their congregations?"

John Linton was smiling in gay remembrance. "Do you know," he said, "I once found that I was preaching to a congregation made up of Charles Dickens's characters. Then a little later every member of my congregation was provided by Thackeray."

"What did you do about it?" asked Tom Sherman.

"Well, I began to check the people off. I found I wasn't all wrong. There were characters like those of Dickens there, sure enough, and there were some who might have had their portraits painted by Thackeray. Then there was no end of other wonderful kinds. What I discovered was that a book must be an introduction to the study of people and not a substitute for it."

Fred Milburn, who had a turn for psychology, now asked, "What's all this reading doing to us? Do our literary emotions make us less capable of real emotions? We have most experiences through books before we have them in life. Does it help? Or does it hurt?"

Dan Martin was ready with his reply. "It may do either one. It all depends on a man's attitude toward books and toward people. I had a wonderful time when I read Kathleen Norris's Mother. It seemed to set all the fountains of feeling playing. I felt as if I had never understood my own mother until I read that book. Then I had to go to see a woman who had just lost a little baby. I had made such calls often, but this time it was different. I didn't say much to the woman, but I just had to pray before I left her. There was a deep sort of light in her eyes as I rose to go, as she said, 'You do understand, and it helped.' "

There was a moment of rather tense quiet. Then John Linton said, "I once gave The Ring and The Book to a sensitive, eager young college student. He met me the night after he had read Pompilia. We took a turn out on the quiet street together in the moonlight. The boy looked at me with one of those wonderful bits of confidence you get from a lad sometimes. 'I sat up until two o'clock reading Pompilia last night,' he said. Then he hesitated and added, in a low firm tone which I have never forgotten, 'There are some things I'll never be able to do—now.' "

Tom Sherman's eyes were burning quietly. It was a rare thing for him to speak right out of his inner life. He had a dread of wearing his heart on his coat sleeve. But now he said, "The Idyls of the King did that for me. It came just at the right time. Guinevere was the poem which performed the last bit of surgery.

> " 'We needs must love the highest when we see it,
> Not Launcelot nor another.'

There's been many a bitter scrap since then, but I've always known it was Arthur who set the pace." The men had now struck that deeper mood when talk seems to burn with the glow of life itself. Fred Milburn looked up. "I read John Masefield's Daffodil Fields last night," he said. "Is it as bad as that? Where did the Everlasting Mercy come in with those people?"

Dick Brewster turned toward him. "I read Daffodil Fields last week," he said, "and I think it's true, and life is as bad as that. But it isn't all the truth. And it isn't the most important truth that poem tells. In fact I'm sure John Masefield didn't tell

all there was to tell about those people. He told facts, and he portrayed feelings correctly, but there were other facts. You may be sure the Everlasting Mercy was at work right in the Daffodil Fields."

"You think there was some deep struggle and failure—some opportunity and some rejection—which lay back of some of the things Masefield tells?" inquired Dan Martin.

"Just that," said Dick Brewster.

"If one could only be sure," said Fred Milburn.

"Sure! You've got to be sure," Dick Brewster flashed back. "Why, man, you—a novelist—a student of life in the raw and the real—don't mean to tell me you ever came to grip with a man—and found that fate did the thing for him! I don't mean events. Anything can happen a man. I mean inner attitude. The light may be dull and dim, but there's always light enough for a man to know which way he ought to turn his face. And he dies with his face turned toward it or against it. That's what life's about."

Fred Milburn's face had a strange quiet on it. "I've known men to die in the mire with their face turned toward the stars," he said.

Dan Martin looked at his watch, and with a quick gesture rose. "Only time for the four-thirty train," he said; and then added, "To-day has been just right. We began with books and ended with people. That's what the preacher has got to do. That's what everybody must do. The University of Humanity—that is the greatest school of all."

So the "Talk-it-Out-Club" ended its meeting for the day.

Lynn Harold Hough

ASPECTS OF SCHOLASTICISM

Abelard compiled his revolutionary *sic et non* to show that the infallible fathers of ecclesiastical tradition were very far from being in agreement on many fundamental questions. The modern student could compile a similar volume of opinions gathered from philosophers, historians, and literary men in general concerning the Scholastics, the thinkers who dominated the intellectual life of Europe during the Middle Ages. In one column he could arrange the adverse judgments of such men as Bacon, Hobbes, Voltaire, Disraeli, Mosheim, Brucker, George Henry Lewes, Carlyle, and Tait. In another column he could arrange the favorable judgments of such men as John Stuart Mill, Cousin, Neander, Baur, Hamilton, Maurice, R. Seeberg, and Windelband. Bacon calls the Scholastics *cymini sectores,* as, indeed, in many ways they were; but R. Seeberg says of these same hair-splitters that they fixed their vision firmly upon "the loftiest goals of human knowledge," and strove for their attainment with a "marvelous and untiring acumen." Hobbes quotes from Suarez, a representative of Scholasticism in its degenerate days, and says of the quotation: "When men write whole volumes of such stuff, are they not mad, or intend to make others so?" Windelband, however, regards these madmen as "interesting personalities," who expressed themselves in "an astonishing amount of literary production, and in a passionate agitation of scientific controversies." Carlyle, in characteristic fashion, could find nothing better—or worse—with which to compare the Scholastics than "spinning dervishes," who balanced, somersetted, and made postures, at best gyrated swiftly, and "ended where they began." But John Stuart Mill, while declaring that the Scholastic dialectic had the "incurable defect" of beginning with arbitrary premises, believes that the modern mind owes far more to it than is generally admitted, and that the present modes of education "contain nothing which in the smallest degree supplies its place." Where the guides disagree there is nothing for the follower to do but to ascertain for himself. One

of the first things his independent investigation will do for him will be to cause him to revise his estimate of the "Dark Ages" of his school-day text-books. Then, too, he will find that Scholasticism was the alembic through which ancient thought passed on its way to its large domination of the modern mind. So true is this that the seeker for truth will discover that no adequate appreciation of the work of the Scholastics is possible without a fair understanding of Plato, Aristotle, the Neo-Platonists, and Augustine. He will discover also that because he knows what the Scholastics have done he has the best possible introduction to the work of the great modern thinkers, notably to Descartes, Berkeley, Hegel, and Cousin. Briefly, therefore, a sympathetic knowledge of Scholasticism is a fair demand on the student who would survey the methods by which the human mind has sought to grapple with the problems from whose lure it can never escape.

A general view of the whole Scholastic period yields an impression similar to that which one would get were one able to take a bird's-eye view of a majestic river, fed by many tributaries, and emptying itself into the ocean by means of an estuary. Scattered and diverse factors of the early Christian centuries were gradually brought together, and finally synthetized, existing together in this way through the thirteenth and the first half of the fourteenth century. Then the disintegration took place, owing partly to intrinsic, partly to extrinsic causes, and various currents, again separated, traveled in their own channels, some to be altogether lost, others to be gathered into the heritage of modern life. The various contributory causes to Scholasticism in its full glory may be distinguished, somewhat arbitrarily perhaps, as Christian and non-Christian. Into the non-Christian tributary there run such streams as the Platonic tradition injected into dogma by Augustine; the preservation of ancient logic represented by Porphyry and Boëthius; the Neo-Platonic philosophy represented in the work of John Scotus Erigena; the over-emphasis on rationalism represented by Abelard; the Jewish and Arabian philosophy brought to Christendom through the Crusades and by wandering scholars; and above all the Aristotelian logic and science and philosophy as these came to be fully understood by the Chris-

tian thinkers of the thirteenth century. Into the Christian tributary there runs such streams as the infallibility of Scripture and tradition, everywhere assumed, but especially evident in the work of "Summists" like Peter the Lombard; the essential Christian bias of the Carlovingian Schools, which had for masters such men as Bede, Alcuin, Eric, and Lanfranc; the emphasis on faith as a source of knowledge represented by Anselm in opposition to pure Rationalism; the Mysticism which is evident in the School of Charters, and which fructified under Bernard of Clairvaux and the Victorines; the rise of the Universities, notably that of Paris, which accentuated the Christian bias of the Carlovingian Schools; the passion for learning combined with a devout faith seen in the Mendicant Orders; and the willingness of the pre-Aristotelians, such as John of Salisbury, to admit light from sources other than those distinctively Christian. These two sets of factors, separated here rather for the conveniences of thought than because they can always be distinguished in reality, were merged by the great synthetists under the principle that the natural and the supernatural, or reason and revelation, were the complements the one of the other. . . . The synthesis, with its more or less hesitant beginnings in Alexander of Hales, reached its climax under Albert the Great and Thomas Aquinas. Hardly, however, had the great system of Thomas crowned the entire Scholastic effort before its supremacy began to be called in question. A school represented by Henry of Ghent looked askance at Aristotelianism and the attempt to graft orthodoxy on it, and undertook a revival of Augustinian Platonism. But it was the Franciscans, Roger Bacon and Duns Scotus, particularly the latter, who began the rupture of the synthesis which Scholasticism had achieved under the great Dominican. Scholastics henceforth became known as either Thomists or Scotists, the former standing for the *union of philosophy* and theology, the latter standing for their complete separation. . . . The rupture was assisted by the hermit Ægydians, who contended for a pure Augustinian theology; but it was the revival of nominalism which really sounded the death-knell of the system from within. The work of Thomas was wrapped up with a moderate Realism it could not exist with

the Nominalism—strictly speaking, Terminism—of William of Occam. Scholasticism rapidly drifted into those infinite subtleties which have been too generally regarded as typical of the whole movement. It had its violent re-action in the German Mystics, Eckhart, Tauler, and Suso, who renounced the method entirely. There was a spasmodic revival of Rationalism represented in Raymond of Sabunde, and the immortal work of Dante was "Aquinas in verse." But the world which brought Scholasticism forth had changed. The passion for the humanities and for natural science had come to stay. Erasmus could make the Scholastics one of the chief objects of his satire in his *Encomium Morioe.* "They are surrounded with a bodyguard of definitions, conclusions, corollaries, propositions explicit and propositions implicit. . . . They will tell you how the world was created. They will show you the crack where sin crept in and corrupted mankind. . . . They will make you understand notions, and instants, formalities, and quiddities, things which no eyes ever saw, unless they were eyes which could see in the dark what had no existence. . . . Then there are Realists, Nominalists, Thomists, Albertists, Occamists, Scotists—all so learned that an apostle would have no chance with them in argument. They will tell you that, although Saint Paul could define what Faith is, yet he could not define it as adequately as they can." Gabriel Biel and Nicholas Cusanus, commonly regarded as the last of the Scholastics, made an attempt to revive interest in the outworn system, and were followed in this by the Jesuits, Vasquez and Suarez, but it was too late. The native air of the Scholastic growth was ecclesiasticism. It required a Christendom intellectually a unit under churchly authority. By mysticism, skepticism, and a new knowledge of the world many of its basic assumptions were utterly destroyed, and with those gone the system itself degenerated and finally perished.

Scholasticism assumed the truth of the content of the orthodox Christian faith, and the truth of the tradition with which the faith had become encrusted. To no one except to an occasional Rationalist like Abelard did it occur to regard the faith itself as an object of criticism. Not only did the earlier Scholastics not dream of questioning the patristic doctrines including the author-

ity of Tradition: they even thought that there needed to be no other reason for accepting them than the fact that they were the dogmas of the Church. But this naïve position could not be long maintained. The very men who defended it did that which at length weakened it. Throughout the period of the barbarian conquests, such men as Martianus Capella, Boëthius, Cassiodorus, and Isidore of Seville, together with Bede in England and devoted scholars in Ireland, kept the lamps of learning burning, and while their work fostered the rising Scholasticism it fostered also a spirit of inquiry. Charlemagne began to cover Europe with schools—the Palatinate School, and those at Tours, Fulda, Rheims, Chartres, Bec, Bologna, and Salerno became powerful centers of influence. The men whom Charlemagne enlisted to be his helpers were men of high ecclesiastical standing. Even in the dark days preceding the great emperor, it was the Church which befriended what of learning there was. Indeed, as Windelband points out, the one institution which saved the achievements of the Greek mind during the centuries of barbaric conquest in Europe was the Church. Nothing else could have done it. But the Church was necessarily committed to a certain type and formulation of truth, and this must be preserved at all cost. Augustinianism, with its Neo-Platonic structure grouping around the central thought that man needed salvation and that this salvation was mediated through the Church, dominated the Church of this period. The Greek mind therefore, says Windelband again, reached the rising Romanic and Germanic peoples through the work of Augustine, and the education of the new Europe began with its introduction to the Augustinian interpretation of Christianity. Yet it was this very accession of means of culture through the Church—and here is the point of this apparent digression—which compelled that treatment of doctrine which characterizes mature Scholasticism. That dogma was true merely because the Church said so was seen to be an insufficient defense. Thinkers must do more than merely systematize what they had received. If the Church was to hold the awakening mind it must go to it with an unimpeachable claim. The great thinkers of the Church therefore brought to the defense of the faith every possible weapon from the arsenal of dialectic

They were not concerned to produce anything new so much as to defend what was old. The doctrines, as before, were not subjects of doubt, but they were now held to be subjects of rational proof. To justify to the reason that which faith had already unquestioningly accepted—this was the aim of the Scholastics. The great principle was at length forged out: faith was *supra rationem,* but was not *contra rationem.* "The proof of the rationality or tenability of Church doctrine consistent with a systematic philosophy —this formed the program of an enormous intellectual task: it was the labor of Scholasticism." The error into which these bold thinkers fell, the error which finally did much to bring the whole vast attempt into disrepute, was not their unquestioning acceptance *in toto* of the primitive faith, but their acceptance of the countless accretions which had grown up about it.

It was mentioned above that Mysticism was one of the factors in the disintegration of the Scholastic system. This is undoubtedly true, yet Scholasticism throughout its entire period, reveals a persistent strain of Mysticism. Augustine did more than formulate truth and construct arguments. The Neo-Platonic element in the great thinker's work necessarily issued in an emphasis on feeling, experience, and life. The influence of Pseudo-Dionysius and of Erigena was in the same direction. Frequently the dialectic and mystical tendencies co-exist in the same person, as in the case of Bernard of Clairvaux and of Bonaventura. Even such acute dialecticians as Anselm and Thomas Aquinas were men of simple and devout faith, who sought to keep alive by prayer that spirit of devotion which dialectic had a tendency to impair. The former was the spiritual adviser of the English Queen Matilda, and the latter was accustomed to pray earnestly for guidance in the difficult places of his thought. Indeed, there are legends concerning the ecstatic experiences of the Angelic Doctor which might well be attached to the most avowed believer in "immediate feeling."[1] Even the destructive work of Duns Scotus had its origin in his conviction that theology was a "practical" science, concerned

[1] It is said that after Thomas had completed his treatise on the Eucharist, three monks, at Naples in 1273, saw him raised from the earth in an ecstasy, at the same time that a voice from the crucifix on the altar said, "Thou hast written well of me, Thomas: what reward wilt thou have?" Thomas replied, "None other than Thyself, Lord!"

fundamentally with the salvation of the soul by the conformity of the human will to the divine will; and he, perhaps the keenest thinker of all the Scholastics, had small faith in dialectic, as a means to this knowledge of God. Both the dialectic and the mysticism ran to all manner of wild vagary. But each exercised a check upon the other, and extremes were prevented which otherwise would undoubtedly have been reached.

The problems of the Scholastics were many. One is impressed with the immense range of the thought of these men. There does not seem to be a question which could possibly have occurred to the mind of the time to which they did not address themselves. Although in general they subjected reason to authority, the amazing skill with which they argued that this was proper both proves their faith in reason and prepared for the later emancipation of reason from ecclesiastical bondage. Emphatically denying the sufficiency of reason they yet soared to the loftiest altitudes by the aid of the very reason they affected to belittle. The problems they dealt with were both theological and philosophical, and two of them possessed a paramount interest. . . . The first of these concerned the precise relations existing between faith and reason. In this connection we have the well-known motto of Anselm, *Credo ut intelligam;* and the equally well-known motto of Abelard, *Intelligo ut credam.* It was characteristic of Thomas that he endeavored to combine the two. Yet it is Anselm rather than Abelard who is the typical Scholastic. Thomas never made such claims for reason as were made by Erigena, Abelard, and Roscellin. Anselm insisted that reason was subordinate to authority, which it was the province of faith unquestioningly to accept. Indeed, he held that faith must be prior to any manner of adequate religious knowledge, a position in which he was followed by the Victorines. It was Thomas who stated what may be regarded as the final Scholastic position on this question. He distinguished the two realms, natural and supernatural. The truths of the first were discoverable by reason. The truths of the second, or, properly speaking, "mysteries," were revealed to faith. But all truth is one, and both the natural and the supernatural rest back upon God. Consequently, while the truths of revelation are *above*

reason, they are not *contrary to* reason. They cannot be, since each comes from God. Duns Scotus, however, and after him William of Occam, would entirely separate the two realms. In opposition to Thomas that reason could examine, co-ordinate, and vindicate the truths of faith, they held that the province of reason was the purely philosophical. So strongly did they insist on this complete separation that there grew up the doctrine of the two-fold truth—that what was theologically true may be philosophically false. It was this palpable evasion of the issue which finally gave birth to that skepticism which more than any other one thing discredited the whole Scholastic movement.

The second great question concerned the nature of universals. From the time the question was first broached there was not a Scholastic who did not ponder it. No possible aspect of the question and no possible solution of it seems to have escaped these men, and we have the Nominalism of Roscellin, the Indifferentism of William of Champeaux, the extreme Realism of Anselm, the moderate Realism of the thirteenth century as represented in Thomas, and the Terminism of William of Occam. The Conceptualism of Abelard was an acute attempt to mediate between Nominalism and Realism. The question was brought to the attention of early scholars by a passage in Boëthius's translation of the *Isagoge* of Porphyry. The passage reads thus: *"Mox de generibus et speciebus, illud quidem sive subsistant, sive in solis nudis intellectibus posita sint, sive subsistentia corporalia sint an incorporalia, et utrum separata a sensibilibus posita et circa hæc consistentia, dicere recusabo."* He is not the only man who has made the refusal, and for the same reason assigned by the author, that the matter is "altissimum," and calls for much careful investigation. The questions propounded are three. (1) Do universals exist as actual realities or as mere ideas? (2) If they have real existence, is it as corporeal or as incorporeal? (3) Are they within or without the concrete particulars? It is customary in some quarters to ridicule this question and to deplore the endless discussions to which it gave rise. Yet the very fact that it was debated for so long is in itself sufficient evidence that there is a real problem here. "It is a serious mistake," writes a Roman

Catholic scholar, "to describe the problem of universals as a barren dispute, a controversy about over-refined subtleties. The denial of the universal means sensism, and leads incidentally to the denial of the abstractive power of the human mind. Moreover, the universal has its ethical as well as its psychological aspect, and the denial of the universal means ultimately the destruction of moral ideas and the subversion of the stability of moral principles." The various forms of the answers given to Porphyry's questions are classified as either Realistic or Nominalistic. At the root of one is Pantheism; at the root of the other is Individualism. Adherence by anyone to Realism or Nominalism is "an accurate indication of philosophical tendency." The extreme Realists could claim the support of Plato; the moderate Realists followed in the footsteps of Aristotle; the Nominalists had the sanction of the ancient Stoics. According to the Nominalists, *universalia* (by which is meant the generic concepts, the class in distinction from its members), exist *post rem;* according to the extreme Realists, they exist *ante rem;* according to the moderate Realists, they exist *in re.* The first means that the universal is only a mental conception; the second, that it has substantial existence apart from individuals; the third, that it exists in and with the object of sense as its essence. There were still other forms of the answer. Indifferentism held that the universal was that element in which individuals are "not different." Conceptualism (or Sermonism) held, in distinction from Realism on the one hand and pure Nominalism on the other hand, that since things cannot be predicated of things, the genus, which is a predicate of a number of individuals, can be only a name; not, however, a mere *flatus vocis,* but rather a *sermo,* a name used as a sign. Terminism held that the universal is a term pure and simple, with no reality beyond that of the mental act it symbolizes. The question was of vital interest to the Scholastics, not merely for its own sake, but because the answer they gave it bore in a very practical way on their entire theological position. For example, on the basis of Nominalism Roscellin built up his Tritheistic error, and Berengar denied Transubstantiation; extreme Realism underlies Anselm's ontological argument, and was declared by him to be

the only philosophy capable of supporting Trinitarianism, and the same Realism, logically worked out, led to the Pantheistic tendencies revealed by the School of Chartres; moderate Realism supported the imposing synthesis of Thomas; Conceptualism was the philosophy upon which Abelard built up his extreme emphasis on the individual and his rights; and Terminism worked out in a most pronounced empiricism. Obviously, therefore, this question, so far from being one of mere verbiage, has implications of the most far-reaching significance.

The extreme interest of the Scholastics, especially those of the earlier period, in logical questions will not be wondered at when we understand the paucity of material with which they were compelled to work. The *trivium* (grammar, rhetoric, and dialectic) and the *quadrivium* (arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music) were the usual subjects of study. Opinions differ as to the range of the earlier Scholastics' library, but that it was exceedingly limited there can be no doubt. They had Boëthius's versions of Aristotle's *Categories* and *De Interpretatione;* Boëthius's translation of Porphyry's *Isagoge;* Chalcidius' (sixth century) translation of Apuleius's *De dogma Platonis* (second century); Macrobius's (c. 400) commentary on Cicero's *Somnium Scipionis.* In the last two Plato's doctrines were seen through a Neo-Platonic medium. For the study of logic there were the works of Boëthius; a tract by Augustine, *Principia Dialecticoe;* the *Satyricon* (dealing with the seven liberal arts) of Martianus Capella; the *De artibus ac disciplinis liberalium literarum* of Cassiodorus; and the *Origines* of Isidore of Seville. In addition to these, Turner mentions the Timoeus of Plato; additional works of Augustine and the Neo-Platonists; translations and compilations by Marius Victorinus (fourth century), Claudianus Mamertus, and Donatus; some of the works of Cicero, Seneca, and Lucretius; pseudo-Augustinian treatises and Latin translations of Origen, Clement of Alexandria, and Pseudo-Dionysius. Picavet adds some acquaintance with Ovid, Vergil, Terence, Juvenal, Horace, and Lucian. At the best, this was a library limited enough. Yet some wise words of Philip Gilbert Hamerton have a fine application here. He says that there is ample evidence that

men may live the intellectual life and attain to very sound thinking in spite of very limited literary acquisitions. "Whoever reads English is richer in aids to culture than Plato was, yet Plato *thought* intellectually. It is not erudition that makes the intellectual man, but a sort of virtue which delights in vigorous and beautiful thinking." The work and experience of the early Scholastics are substantial proof of this.

But not all the Scholastics were so limited in their literary aids. The thirteenth century was the Golden Age of Scholasticism chiefly for the reason that the thinkers of the period had made a complete acquisition of Aristotle. It took time to do this. In fact, the beginnings of the acquisition may be discerned as early as the middle of the twelfth century. The Byzantines are to be credited with being the direct transmitters of Hellenism, which had been driven from Athens by Justinian (529), and from Alexandria by the Arabs (6640), and found a more or less congenial home in Constantinople. Here in the course of centuries were accumulated great treasures of ancient Greek literature and philosophy. The Arabians became assidious students of the works of Aristotle. When Justinian banished the philosophers from Athens, many of them took refuge among the Persians and Syrians, and from these the Arabians derived their first knowledge of Aristotle and Plato. That the Arabians should receive the Greek philosophy through contact with Syrian Christians is another evidence of the Divine use of the best means at hand. In the course of time there was developed what has been called the Arabian Scholasticism. The outstanding men in the movement were Avicenna, a Neo-Platonist in his theory of a Sovereign Intelligence as the highest reality and the source from which emanate all heavenly and earthly intellects, and an Aristotelian in his Realism and in his doctrine of sensation; and Averroës, whose eulogy of Aristotle has often been quoted: *"Aristotelis doctrina est summa veritas, quoniam ejus intellectus fuit finis humani intellectus."* Besides the Arabians who were interested in philosophy were the Jews who lived among them, and whose special interest was with the relation of philosophy to Judaism. Avicebron and Moses Maimonides did notable work in this con-

nection. Before the Jews came under the influence of the Arabians their philosophical successors to Philo had been the Cabalists, who attempted a syncretism of Oriental mythology, Hellenistic science, and Judaism. The contact with the Arabians brought Greek learning into the synagogue, and compelled a re-statement of many Judaistic doctrines. This movement was accelerated when the Orthodox Mussulmans reached the limits of their forbearance with their own philosophers, and ordered their writings to be burned. Driven from Arabian schools, philosophy found a refuge among the Jews, and this fact still further affected the inheritance of culture which in a little while was to pass to Christendom. The chief service of both the Arabians and the Jews lay in this long preservation among them of the materials of ancient culture. If they gave to Christendom an Aristotle weighted with a misleading Neo-Platonic incrustation their service must nevertheless not be denied its full value.

Full of interest is this story of how Aristotle came in completeness and purity to the Christian thinkers of Europe. The awakening intellectual activity of the middle of the twelfth century was creating many new problems. There was a craving for first-hand knowledge—a craving expressed in an enthusiastic study of nature and the self. The hitherto unquestioned union of ecclesiasticism and philosophy was beginning to be challenged. The one obvious need—and one is impressed with the parallel with our own age—was for an entirely new synthesis of life and thought. Where was there a better frame-work for such a synthesis than the philosophical system of Aristotle? For centuries platonism had dominated the Church, owing largely to the fact that it provided the philosophic fundament of Augustine. As has been already pointed out, Aristotle was known almost exclusively by his dialectical works, and these only in the alien garb of the translations and commentaries of Porphyry and Boëthius. The process of the full acquisition of Aristotle began when wandering scholars, attracted by the fame of the Moorish schools in Spain, journeyed to them from the North. Among these pioneers were the Venerable Peter, Abbott of Clugny, who translated from the Arabic the life of Muhammed; Robert Ratanensis, an Englishman, who translated

the Koran; and Michael Scot, "the last minstrel," who translated Avicenna's treatise on Aristotle's Book on Animals. The process was accelerated by the mercantile operations of the Jews. In their travels Jewish merchants entered all parts of Europe and helped to make possible to European scholars the acquisition of some of the inexhaustible literary treasures which abounded in the Jewish and Arabian schools and libraries. A third stage of the process is marked by the Crusades. Especially after the fall of Constantinople in 1204 the West became possessed of many manuscripts bearing on the ancient philosophies, and scholars seized upon these with a pardonable avidity. The final stage of the process was reached as the Scholastics came into possession of the original writings, translating them directly from the Greek into the Latin, and bestowing especial attention on the works of the great Stagirite.

Of the system which thus came to Europe Windelband writes: "It is a creation of such magnificent proportions and of such construction that it can have been only the work of a life filled with the pure love of truth, and even then it is almost beyond our comprehension. For the Aristotelian philosophy includes the entire range of knowledge of that time in such a way that it comprehends all the lines of earlier development at the same time that it considerably elaborates the most of these lines. It turns upon all territories an equal interest and an equal intellectual appreciation." Workman, dealing with the discovery, aptly quotes from the famous sonnet which Keats wrote when Chapman showed him Homer. The Scholastics must have felt

> "Like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific."

Naturally the discovery increased the problems of these men, more so in the days when Aristotle was seen through Arabian eyes than afterwards. Aristotelianism at first was almost identical with Averroism, and Averroism was but few removes from Pantheism. This element speedily became manifest in the pantheistic tendencies of David of Dinant and Amalrich of Bena. And be-

cause Aristotle seemed to be the enemy of the traditional faith the Church endeavored to place him under a ban. A council at Paris in 1209 condemned all of Aristotle's physical writings, together with the commentaries on them, and utterly forbade their use. A similar prohibition was made by the legate Robert at the University of Paris in 1215. Again, in 1229, the Pope forbade the introduction of "profane science" into the study of Scripture and tradition. But it was no more possible to drive Aristotle into obscurity than it was to repress the instinct which reached out toward him. The tide was rising, and it was irresistible in its might, and no King Canute and his courtiers in the shape of a Pope surrounded by obscurant advisers could speak any word that could drive it back. And for once ecclesiastical despotism recognized the inevitable. Mollified by the more accurate translations of Aristotle as these were made from the Greek, it gradually lifted its ban. It saw that there was no necessary connection between the true Aristotle and heresies and insurgencies. If it was true that Tertullian had referred to him as the "Father of Heresies," it was also true that Augustine and the Gregories had spoken highly in his praise. In 1231 Gregory IX recommended the use of expurgated copies of Aristotle, and by the middle of the century the emancipation was complete. Indeed, so completely did the Church receive the quondam "heretic" that he ceased to be referred to by name at all. He was simply "The philosopher," and everyone knew who was meant. He was quoted in almost the same way as were the canonical writers, and the plain opinion of Aristotle on a disputed point was to men an end of all strife. It was said that what John the Baptist was to Christ, that Aristotle was to Christianity—*"præcursor Christi in naturabilis."* Roger Bacon could say without fear of contradiction that it was nothing but "dense ignorance" which led to Aristotle being condemned in the first place. "He was deemed," writes Fisher, "to have exhausted the resources of the human mind, when it is not aided by supernatural light, in the ascertainment of ethical and religious truth."

But the men who had so eagerly received Aristotle were men who, for the most part, were satisfied as to the integrity, sacred-

ness, and authority of the traditional dogmas of the Church. Precisely here the new discovery created for them a vast and yet attractive problem: the harmonizing of Aristotle with Christianity, or, more accurately, with orthodoxy. It is not surprising that when the full force of the problem first presented itself to them there followed a general unsettlement, and not a few were inclined to adhere to Aristotle in those matters wherein he seemed to conflict with tradition. Around this great central problem many lesser problems grouped themselves. Almost inevitably the question of universals retired from its commanding position. The days when knowledge was confined to dialectic had forever gone, and the question of universals, although still emphasized, could not maintain its supremacy in the new world of thought and knowledge. Other fundamental questions were either reopened or now for the first time broached: the sources of theology, the nature of revelation, the necessity of revelation, the relation of faith to knowledge, the office of theology, the uniqueness of Christianity—such theological questions as these were attacked with a new zest, in conjunction with such more purely philosophical questions as the principle of individuation, the origin and nature of the soul, the origin and nature of ideas, and the elements of substance. The required synthesis was made, and it was made within the realm of orthodoxy; a fact as remarkable in itself as it was significant in its results. "A host of well-disciplined churchmen," writes Seeberg, "of indefatigable industry and brilliant endowment sprang up to make the Church supreme in every department, as in no other era." The result was the most imposing attempt known to history to systematize and harmonize the world of faith and knowledge. Eucken says of the Scholastic synthesis of the thirteenth century that it "exerted, and in spite of the changed conditions and the contradictions still exists to-day, a profound influence upon mankind." There are those who deplore what was now done. There are those who declare that when Aristotle became Christianized and Christianity became Aristotelianized, the wheels of intellectual progress were stayed. They err who say it. That what was done was an unmixed blessing is not for a moment to be thought. It was not. The time came when the synthesis had to

be disintegrated in the interests of freedom and truth and many a noble man suffered in the attempt to break it up. Nevertheless, the effort compels our admiration. More than once have new stores of knowledge compelled the Church to attempt a similar synthesis, but never has this been so successfully accomplished as it was by the intellectual giants of the Golden Age of Scholasticism.

It is evident therefore that Scholasticism was the true child of its age. There is a certain inevitableness about it which must be understood if an adequate judgment is to be passed upon the system. Given the antecedents, the heritage, the immediate circumstances, and the mental proclivities of the Scholastics, and their work and its method follow in natural and necessary sequence. No other result could have been achieved by the mind of the time working with the material of the time. Mind trained, fed, and dominated as that was could do no other than adopt the dialectic method of investigation. Grant the many absurdities of Scholasticism; grant its failure to add much to the sum of human knowledge; grant the ridiculous and even scandalous character of some of its discussions; grant all this, and still the movement as a whole is not discredited. An astounding speculative faculty was cabined, cribbed, and confined in limits which were not the less cramping that they were not consciously felt. The glory of the Scholastics lies not so much in the method they used and the system they developed as in the spirit which animated them, the zeal and enthusiasm with which they addressed themselves to their task, and the clear way in which they stated ultimate problems. When the writer was in his early teens, he read in a church history a chapter on the Scholastics. The chapter closed with a sentence whose rhetorical finish captured his youthful imagination, and he memorized it. The sentence has stayed with him through the years, and he still feels that the truth could not be more accurately expressed: "Though these men carved few fresh stones from the theological quarry, they shaped and chiseled with laborious masonry the stones already quarried, and constructed out of them with rare architectural skill a solid and symmetrical edifice."

Edwin Lewis.

A METHODIST ONOMASTICON

If the literature of knowledge as well as the literature of power is to have a legitimate place in our libraries, if the books for a day as well as the books for all time deserve attention, and if the proper study of mankind is man, then a volume like Who's Who in American Methodism fills a place of considerable importance. Especially now that the union of the Methodisms is so much in the air, any work which provides the means of getting better acquainted with the living men of the various denominations is a decided boon. We welcome, therefore, this attempt to make known to each other the chief personalities of the Methodist churches which in the course of time, it is to be hoped, will form the one great Methodist Church of America. It is of necessity very imperfect and will be much improved in subsequent editions, but for a first attempt no small praise must be allotted it.

The main difficulty, of course, lies in the selection of the names. Even with the utmost pains some are liable to be inserted who have no rightful claim and there will be some strange omissions. The number of such lapses in the make-up of the present volume is singularly large, and would seem to indicate that sufficient care was not exercised. The compiler—Carl Fowler Price, engaged in the real estate and insurance business, New York city, a Wesleyan graduate in the class of 1902—places the responsibility for the names upon a "Board of Nominators chosen from all parts of North America with special reference to their knowledge of Methodists in their respective localities and their ability to select with impartial judgment the more prominent names," these nominators being in turn chosen by "certain ecclesiastical leaders eminently competent for the task." Perhaps no better method, on the whole, could have been devised, but we should very much like to know the names of these nominators. Their work, manifestly, should have been checked and reviewed from various sources perhaps somewhat less "ecclesiastical." Many names in the two volumes, The Methodist Who's Who, published in London, and

Who's Who in America, published in Chicago, every way worthy of insertion, have apparently failed to find favor with the Board of Nominators responsible in the present case. We say apparently, for we are told in the Preface that some of those left out (number unknown) are themselves to blame in that they failed to furnish the information, which is, indeed, a pity, and we learn also that those in the Appendix are there, rather than in their alphabetical place, simply because of their delay in responding. It is certainly too bad that we miss such names—to mention only a few out of many in the immediate vicinity of the writer of this critique—as Dr. William I. Haven, Dr. William E. Huntington, Professor L. T. Townsend, Rev. Edgar J. Helms, Dean William M. Warren, John C. Ferguson, Professor T. N. Carver, Judge L. E. Hitchcock, Franklin B. Dyer, and Everett Olin Fisk, all of whose names occur in the compilations previously referred to. If the special nominator be to blame, as seems likely, he certainly gave the matter less attention than it deserved; and such slackness, which could doubtless be paralleled in the other sections, goes far to deprive the book of that authority and value which it ought to have.

There are a little over two thousand names in the book—2,039, if we have counted correctly. Of these, 1,485, or 72½ per cent, belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church; 405, or 20 per cent, to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; and 149, or 7½ per cent, to all other Methodist denominations; that is, to the nine others that are represented here. The 149 are divided as follows: 85 from the Methodist Church of Canada; 18 from the Methodist Protestant Church; 13 from the African Methodist Episcopal; 9 from the African Methodist Episcopal Zion; 7 from the Primitive Methodists; 7 from the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church; 5 from the Free Methodists, 3 from the Wesleyans, and 2 from the British Methodist Episcopal Church. What shall be said about this proportionate division? It can hardly be satisfactory all around, and may indeed impress rather unfavorably those who are suspecting us of an endeavor to swallow up the lesser Methodist bodies. But perhaps nothing better could be done under the circumstances. We have certainly not sinned here as flagrantly as

did the compilers of the London Methodist Who's Who in 1913. For they, out of a total of 3,271 names, allotted to the Wesleyan Methodist Church 2,163, and gave to the Methodist Episcopal Church 158, to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 48, to the Canada Methodists 119, to the Primitives 348, and to the United Methodists 315. In other words, while eighty per cent of the Methodist membership of the world is in the United States, they had in this book, which pretended to cover all of Methodism, only six per cent of the names; an absurdity which it would be hard to parallel. It was, doubtless, not wholly the fault of the compilers, but it illustrates the difficulties and dangers of such compilations, and the inevitable tendency to make them one-sided. Those at a distance are much less likely to respond, or to be invited.

Another classification of the 2,039 shows that 1,383 are ministers, 627 are laymen, and only 29 lay women. We are sure that this last number does not fairly represent the sisters. There should be more of them mentioned. Quite a number found in Who's Who in America are omitted here, for no good reason that can be seen. Nearly all those enumerated are connected with the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, the Woman's Home Missionary Society, or the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. We find among them, of course, Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, of the Chicago Deaconess Home; Mrs. Lois Parker, for more than fifty years a missionary in India; Mrs. Charlotte F. Wilder, author, and teacher of the college young men's Bible class at Manhattan, Kan.; Mrs. Calista McCabe, editor of Woman's Home Missions; Miss Alice May Douglas, writer, editor, lecturer; Mrs. Bishop Foss and Mrs. Bishop McDowell, Mrs. Jane Bancroft Robinson, Mrs. Katherine Lent Stevenson, Mrs. Delia Lathrop Williams, Mrs. Thomas A. Edison (daughter of Lewis Miller); Mrs. Carrie W. Barnes, Recording Secretary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society; Mrs. Elizabeth P. Anderson, Recording Secretary of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, whose life-size portrait hangs in the State capitol of North Dakota in recognition of her work in securing moral laws; Miss Emma A. Robinson, general secretary of the Junior Epworth League, and author of many books for the Leagues; Miss Grace M. Roraback, national

field secretary Woman's Home Missionary Society. All these are of our own Church. From the Church, South, only four are given —Mrs. Robert W. McDowell, secretary Home Department of the Board of Missions; Mrs. George W. Ross, assistant treasurer of the Board of Missions; Mrs. H. R. Steele, educational secretary of the Board of Missions; and Miss Mary N. Moore, president of Athens College, Alabama. Only one woman is selected from all the other Methodisms—Mrs. Lelia C. Walters, wife of Bishop Walters of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, vice-president of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society.

We have found it a matter of much interest to note the careers of the 627 men in the ranks of the Methodist laity deemed by the Board of Nomination to have sufficient general importance or celebrity to make it worth while that their names be entered here. The judgment of said Board will be very decidedly challenged as to many of these. In a large number of cases their chief, if not only, distinction is that they were members of some General Conference. In fact, we should infer that all found on the roll of General Conferences were inserted here, which may be all right from the point of view of "certain ecclesiastical leaders," bishops and such like, but will be questioned by others. Not much more than half of these names have anything more than the merest local significance; they have not been, and will not be, heard of outside an extremely limited area.

The division among the laymen denominationally is even more one-sided than among the ministers. Of the 627, no less than 485, or 77 per cent, pertain to the Methodist Episcopal Church; 116, or 18½ per cent, to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; and 26, or 4½ per cent, to the other branches. Let us look at these latter first. We find that one of these 26 belongs to the Wesleyan Church—James M. Palmer, LL.D., Principal of Mount Allison University, Sackville, N. B. One has membership in the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church—John C. Dancy, LL.D., editor of the connectional organ Star of Zion and of the Quarterly Review at Philadelphia, also secretary for Church Extension, member of nine General Conferences and three Ecumenical, an

officer of the General Conference for thirty years. The African Methodist Episcopal has two representatives—William S. Scarborough, President of Wilberforce University, and John R. Hawkins, of Washington, D. C., President of Kittrell College for ten years, commissioner of education for sixteen years, and now financial secretary. Belonging to the Primitive Methodists are three, namely, B. R. Acornley, of Fall River, Mass., printer for twenty-five years and Book Agent for the Eastern Conference for four years; Tom Brierly, also of Fall River, supervising clerk of the American Thread Company; and Enoch George, of Pittsburgh, a blacksmith, assistant secretary of the General Conference, teacher of forgery at the Carnegie Technical School. The Methodist Protestants have six—W. C. Adamson, M. C., from Georgia for the ninth term; F. P. Adkins, a lumber dealer; Robert A. Armstrong, who has been manager for the Armour Packing Company in many States, has installed systems of wireless telegraphy in the Sandwich Islands, the South Seas, Japan and Siberia, and is now manager of the Telefunken system of wireless telegraphy; Cyrus E. Custis, a farmer; Francis W. Pierpont, manager of the Board of Publication at Pittsburgh; and Joseph N. Wills, secretary-treasurer of a hardware company in Greensboro, N. C. The Methodists of Canada supply thirteen. Of these one is president of a college and another a college professor; one is leader of the Liberal Party in the legislative assembly of the Province of Ontario (Newton Wesley Rowell); one is an editor-publisher; one a lawyer; one was master of a vessel for eleven years, and has been a merchant for thirty-two years; one is a portrait painter; one has been a postmaster for thirty years; one is president of a life insurance company; one president of a sheet metal products company; one a manufacturer; one (John James Maclaren, L.L.D., D.C.L.), justice of the Court of Appeals, Toronto; and one (Chester D. Massey) president of the Massey-Harris Company, manufacturers of farm implements.

As we turn to the 116 lay members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, that figure here it becomes evident that we can indicate only in a general way their positions of importance. The most prominent are the following: Nathan P. Bryan, United States

Senator from Florida; Philander P. Claxton, LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education; John C. Floyd, Congressman from Arkansas ten years; Nathaniel Harris, LL.D., Governor of Georgia; Robert E. Blackwell, LL.D., President Randolph-Macon College; James H. Kirkland, Chancellor Vanderbilt University; A. H. Carmichael, Speaker House of Representatives, Alabama; Luther J. Williams, Judge Superior Court of Appeals, West Virginia; William H. Waste, Judge Superior Court, California; John A. Rich, Judge Criminal Court, Missouri; George W. Gage, Associate Justice Supreme Court, South Carolina; Andros Osuna, General Superintendent Public Instruction, Mexico City; W. N. Sheats, State Superintendent Public Instruction, Florida; John H. Reynolds, President of the University of Arkansas; David M. Smith, publishing agent of the Church at Nashville for twenty-five years. There are no less than twenty-four lawyers in the group, ten bankers, mostly bank presidents, eight college presidents, eight college professors, five physicians, six in the lumber business, four wholesale grocers, two in the jewelry business, two in real estate, two farmers, two clerks of the Supreme Court, three school principals, one each in wholesale hardware, oil, provisions, marble, coal, pottery, shoes, woolens, life insurance, one newspaper publisher, one editor, one pharmacist, one contracting horticulturist, one railway station agent, one evangelist. One is superintendent of a public utilities company; one is assistant secretary of the Church Board of Education. One who was in the wholesale grocery business, afterward specialized on chewing gum and pickles, and for the last twenty years has been managing director of the American Chicle Company. This, perhaps, sufficiently indicates the broad variety of industries which have brought distinction more or less decidedly, and no doubt large competence in many cases, to these 116 men. In almost all instances they fill a large number of local church offices and have several minor lines of labor in which they have commended themselves to their fellow citizens.

But a still larger task is before us as we endeavor to give some little idea (it can be only a slight one) as to the 485 Methodist Episcopal laymen who have risen sufficiently out of the ranks of their fellow church members to gain a footing in this more select

company. Here the lawyers far outnumber all other classes, there being no less than seventy-one of them, besides twenty judges. Among these latter we find John C. Clark, Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, president of the trustees of Wesleyan University; Henry Wade Rogers, United States Circuit Court; H. L. Sibley, Circuit Court of Ohio, shoemaker for ten years, lawyer for fifty; I. E. Robinson, Supreme Court of Appeals, West Virginia; Charles Wesley Lynch, Supreme Court, West Virginia; S. M. Weaver, Supreme Court, Iowa; J. M. Killits, United States District Judge, Sunday school superintendent, Toledo; John N. Brodrich, Court of Common Pleas, Ohio, treasurer of a Bible class twenty-five years; Conrad, Supreme Court of Delaware; Pollock, District Judge, North Dakota; and many others in superior courts, district courts, or circuit courts of Iowa, California, Colorado, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Michigan, Nebraska, Ohio.

Of college and university presidents there are no less than fifteen, at the head of the following institutions: Northwestern, Minnesota, Illinois, Cornell, Nebraska Wesleyan, Ohio, Willamette, Antioch, Albion, Taylor, Moores Hill, Vincennes, Samuel Huston, Illinois Woman's College, State Institution for the Deaf, Mississippi. There are also fifty-seven college professors, a number which might, of course, have been much extended. Of school principals there are fifteen, of superintendents of school six. So that the entire educational contingent numbers ninety-four, a little surpassing the legal. Of bankers there are 43, physicians, 15, real estate operators, 16, insurance men, 16, editors, 13, including the editors of the New York and Pacific Christian Advocates. There are 14 investment brokers, 8 farmers, 7 lumber men, 5 manufacturers, and 5 Young Men's Christian Association secretaries. The following great variety of occupations contribute ones and twos to the sum total: jeweler, merchant tailor, broom, and whip manufacturer (for fifty years), furniture manufacturer, furniture dealer, worsted mills superintendent, engineer, stock dealer (fifty-four years), pork packer, wholesale hardware, ecclesiastical painting and decorating, iron and steel, tax commissioner, accountant, publisher, chair manufacturer, soap, tan-

ning, fruit grower, silversmith, chemicals, cotton seed oil, printer, advertising manager, cashier Methodist Book Concern, millinery, traveling salesman, railway mail service, rubber, hats and furs, canner, cold storage, rolling mill, bridge making, railway clerk, pharmacist, flour mills, fruit grower, shirts and collars, county commissioner, woolen mill manager, mining, carpenter, knitting mills, paper mills, biscuits, coal, wholesale grocer, hospital superintendent, street railway president, evangelist, station master, builder, paper pattern manufacturer, dentist, corporation director, funeral director, architect, steel spring company, foundry company president, clothing company president, wagon maker, sales manager, broom corn dealer, grape juice, furrier, president chemical company, president telephone company, civil engineer. Not a few cases illustrate the versatility of the American mind and its readiness to turn from one line of business to another. One has been a banker for twenty years and an editor for thirty years, also in Congress for ten years—William Albert Ashbrook, of Johnstown, O. Another, after practicing law for twenty years, became president of a manufacturing company and was candidate for Governor of New York on the Prohibition ticket—Francis B. Baldwin, of Elmira. A number of farmers put themselves down as having done much evangelistic work. Martin Campbell, of South Bend, Ind., has been a member of four General Conferences, and of the Indiana Senate, is president of the South Bend National Bank, and of the Campbell Paper Company. Charles A. Carlisle, also of South Bend, has been engaged in railroading, banking, and in the purchasing, advertising, and traffic departments of Studebaker Brothers Manufacturing Company. William C. Kitchin, Ph.D., after being a missionary educator in Japan for many years and author of many text books, taught in Boston University, was professor of Romance languages in the University of Vermont for four years, was in the insurance business for thirteen years, and has now for five years managed a tourist agency. Wesley Montgomery, of Newark, has been engaged in farming, lumber dealing, banking, and real estate. John L. M. Zietlow came from Germany to America in 1863, was a machinist for many years, then a bookkeeper, then a farmer, but having studied electricity went into the

telephone business, and having organized and managed several telephone companies consolidated them as the Dakota Central Telephone Company, of which he has been president for twenty-six years. Also very much varied is the record of Ezra Thompson Blodgett, of Little Rock, Ark. He was educated for the ministry and preached twenty years in Oklahoma, then he entered the dry goods business, organizing a company, then took up the task of colonizing a large tract of land in Big Creek Valley. He was chairman of a Young Men's Christian Association committee which raised $100,000; headed a Sunday school class of 400 business men in Wichita leading to twenty other classes; organized a gospel team with 500 conversions in 1912, which led to the organization of twenty-four other teams with nearly 2,000 conversions.

It is very gratifying to find in this book so large a recognition of the missionary force of the church, full of keen interest and importance. Besides the nine Missionary Bishops there are no less than thirty-three names of those who have been most active and prominent in various fields, including George Heber Jones and James M. Taylor, at present on the home staff, but not including several others who once did good service abroad, but have been for quite a while permanently retired, such as James Sumner Stone, James Matthew Thoburn, James Mudge, Burton Saint John, F. H. Wright, and Homer C. Stuntz. Counting all these names about fifty missionaries, past and present, are enumerated. Philo M. Buck should be here, the senior active missionary of India, on the field in various positions for forty-six years and author of very many books. Thomas Bond Wood, dean of all workers in Latin America, engaged since 1869, achieving wonderful things for religious liberty and educational advance, of course should be here. Also Dr. N. S. Hopkins, the eminent physician of North China, William G. Shellabear and James M. Hoover, of Malaysia, and Edwin F. Frease, who for thirty years has achieved great success in India and North Africa, superintendent now of the latter mission. The thirty-one names of those still active which have come under our notice are as follows: T. J. Scott (recently retired), B. T. Badley, F. L. Neeld, Rockwell Clancy, H. R. Calkins, N. L. Rockey, L. A. Core, John W. Butler, C. W. Drees, G.

F. Arms, Harry Farmer, E. H. Richards, J. M. Springer, Elmer E. Count, Gideon F. Draper, H. W. Schwartz, John W. Wadman, George A. Simmons, J. R. Denyes, W. A. Noble, H. H. Lowry, C. F. Kupfer, F. D. Gamewell, Joseph Beech, John Gowdy, R. C. Beebe, I. T. Headland, G. S. Miner, G. H. Schilling, B. M. Tipple, D. S. Spencer.

The secretaries of the Annual Conferences appear to a much less extent than might perhaps be expected, considering the important nature of their duties and the (at least local) prominence attaching to them. That it is in most cases merely local and very temporary would seem indicated by the fact that only sixteen of them out of 156 have found a place here. Past secretaries to a considerable extent also appear. The following are the sixteen whose names are in the 1916 Year Book and also in the Who's Who, together with the indication of their length of service where it is made clear: James Mudge, of New England, 28 years; A. B. Sanford, New York East, 20 years; Edwin Genge, Troy, 19 years; W. F. Steele, Colorado, 16; Edwin Locke, Kansas, 16; J. W. Anderson, Missouri, 14; J. F. Cooper, New England Southern, 13; L. S. Boyd, Central New York, 10; C. E. Irons, California, 10; D. H. Tribou, East Maine, 8; V. F. Brown, West Ohio, 6; Eben S. Johnson, Northwest Iowa; A. P. Camphor, Central Alabama; W. S. York, Northwest Nebraska; Harry Farmer, Philippine Islands; G. W. Florence, Central Tennessee.

If one inquires curiously concerning the veterans, or really aged men of mark, his researches are rewarded by the discovery of some quite remarkable careers. There are no less than eighty-four names of those whose birth was in the twenties and thirties, their ages reaching from seventy-seven to ninety-five. We must not enumerate all these. Of eighty years and over there are fifty-one. Even this number were we to give any particulars would tax unduly our space. The oldest mentioned is Rev. Aaron E. Ballard, of Ocean Grove, N. J., President of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association for the last ten years; born December 25, 1820, entered New Jersey Conference in 1844, "author of the famous paragraph 248 in the Discipline." Next comes Rev. Ammi B. Hyde, of University Park, Colo., born in 1825, graduated from

Wesleyan in '46, and teacher in various institutions almost ever since. The oldest in the Methodist Church of Canada is Rev. William S. Griffin, now just ninety; he has been a member of every General Conference since '74, president of three Annual Conferences, treasurer of the Connectional Fund twenty-two years, regent of Victoria University, etc. Also ninety is the Rev. William S. Turner, of Spokane, who organized the first Methodist Church in Honolulu in 1856. Rev. Thomas H. Hagerty, of Saint Louis, chaplain in Grant's and Sherman's army, is eighty-eight. David Simpson Gray, LL.D., of Columbus, O., engaged in railway, banking etc., for sixty-five years, oldest of the Methodist laymen here appearing, is eighty-seven; so is Bishop Joseph S. Key, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Rev. Richard N. Price, of the same church, is eighty-six, chaplain in two wars, college vice-president, editor, author, member of six General Conferences. Rev. William F. King, of Mount Vernon, Ia., president of Cornell College for forty-three years, is eighty-six; so is the Rev. E. B. Ryckman, of the Canadian Church. Bishop J. W. Hood, of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church is eighty-five; as is Ira E. Chase, M.D., of Haverhill, Mass. Bishop Vincent is eighty-four; also the Rev. Bennett Mitchell, who had the unusual experience of being a member of four different Conferences without transferring, through the formation of new Conferences; he was a member of five General Conferences, presiding elder of four districts, and Prohibition candidate for Governor of Iowa. Dr. W. F. Warren, of Boston, is eighty-three, as is also Dr. Albert Carman, bishop for ten years of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, and since 1883 General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada. It would be a delight to give some particulars concerning the seventy or eighty others who have reached or are nearing the eighty-year mark, but we cannot much further enlarge. Dr. Buckley was born in '36, Dr. Henry A. Buttz in '35, Bishop Isaac Lane, of the colored Methodist Episcopal Church, in '34, Dr. Isaac F. King, brother of W. F., in '34, Rev. William McKinley in '34, Bishop Thoburn in '36, A. W. Wilson, of the Southern Church, in '34, and the Rev. Henry Wheeler, of Ocean Grove, in '35. All these venerable men have rich histories, the condensed

outlines of which, *multum in parvo,* appear under their names on pages and furnish abundant food for thought.

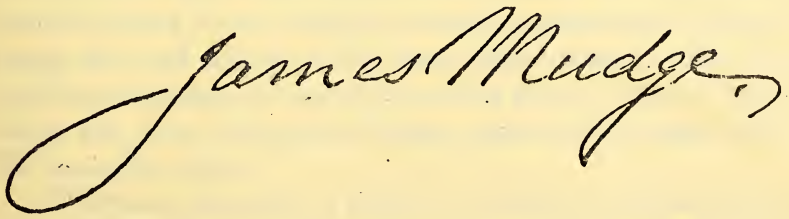
We have still left, so far untouched in our treatment, the great body of the ministry, from the many hundreds of whose life-sketches preserved within these pages much of interest might be gleaned. It is evident that our space will permit only the briefest indications of the riches here gathered. The bishops, of course, are all here—Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, South, African Methodist Episcopal, African Methodist Episcopal Zion, Colored Methodist Episcopal and Free Methodist. Also the various General Conference dignitaries of all sorts. There are many editors, secretaries, and college presidents. Especially marked careers in the Canada Church are those of Dr. William Briggs, of Toronto, Book Steward for thirty-eight years; Dr. Nathaniel Burwash, of Toronto, president of Victoria College for twenty-nine years, and an extensive author; Dr. S. D. Chown, of Toronto, Associate General Superintendent of the Church since 1910; Dr. Albert C. Crews, of Toronto, editor of Sunday school publications; Rev. William Elliott, missionary to Japan, who received from the late Emperor Mutsuhito the decoration of the Fifth Order of the Rising Sun, permission to wear it being given by the late King Edward; Rev. Richard W. Large, M.D., medical missionary among the Indians of British Columbia, stipendiary magistrate, justice of the peace, medical health officer, coroner, superintendent of a hospital, etc.; Rev. John C. McDougall, missionary among the Indians of the Northwest since 1860, active in suppressing the Riel rebellion, author of many books.

In the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, we find noteworthy the biographies of the bishops—Bishop Morrison mentions that he has raised for church and college purposes more than $3,000,000—and of the different editors and professors: T. N. Ivey, of the Christian Advocate, H. M. Du Bose, of the Review, W. F. Tillett, of Vanderbilt. John L. Kirby has the unique experience of being an assistant editor at Nashville for forty-four years, or since 1872, aiding in that time Drs. A. L. Haygood, W. G. E. Cunnyngham, J. J. Tigert, Gross Alexander, and H. M. Du Bose, and before that time he was on the editorial staff of four

secular journals for thirteen years; he does not give his age. Rev. John M. Moore also has been on the staff of the Saint Louis and Texas Christian Advocates, and editor of the Daily Christian Advocate, and is now secretary of the department of Home Missions. The Rev. Andrew Jackson Lamar has been Publishing Agent for the last thirteen years, and was in the Confederate army two years. Rev. James W. Lee, an extensive author, headed an expedition to Palestine in '94 to secure materials for an illustrated book entitled Early Footsteps of Christ and His Apostles.

A large proportion of the ministers credited to the Church, South—and this applies in great measure to those of the Methodist Episcopal Church too—are noteworthy for nothing except that they have been presiding elders or members of the General Conference.

But, after all these criticisms and deductions are made, it should be distinctly said that the book is a most valuable and useful one, reflecting much credit on the brave soul who dared enter on so very considerable, laborious, and costly an undertaking. We hope its sale will warrant another edition, which can be very much improved, and we hope all who are asked for facts will promptly respond. Why not? It is in the interest of the general public. It does not imply an unworthy seeking of undeserved notoriety. Of course, the presence or absence of a man in a book like this cannot permanently affect his usefulness or his standing before either God or discerning men. Men of real greatness will not particularly care for fame of this kind.



THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE ENGLISH PULPIT

Critics have often noted with surprise the fact that the epoch of the Restoration in England was at once the period of the greatest licentiousness in English literature and the period which we rightly call the "Golden Age of the English Pulpit." The brilliant plays of Wycherley, Vanbrugh, Congreve, and the poems of Rochester and Cleaveland are frequently so grossly indecent that they are read to-day only by the seasoned, plodding student. Their staple theme is conjugal infidelity and their language is at times almost incredibly coarse. These men have had, to be sure, able apologists. The amiable but illogical Charles Lamb tried to show that the world of the Restoration dramatist was a dream world in which the laws of conventional decency did not apply. "Supposing that to be true," one can imagine sour old Jeremy Collier replying, "Why should one dream only of profanity, obscenity, and vicious chicane?" But Macaulay, though he was no nearer a true estimate than Lamb, has shown that the world of these dramatists was a fairly faithful replica of an actually existing phase of social life. The more sympathetic explanation, behind which the dramatists tried to defend themselves, that vice and crime were depicted on the stage only to be satirized and punished, will not bear scrutiny. The unbiased reader even of Dryden, the greatest man of his age, cannot avoid the conclusion that these subjects were treated *con amore,* and that they found, if not a large, at least an enthusiastic audience among men and women of the most refined classes. The long and brutal repression of nearly all normal human instincts except hatred and pride during the Puritan régime had brought about this inevitable result.

It becomes, therefore, a matter of interest and importance to account for the large number of eminent preachers who flourished in England at just this time—preachers whose fame endures in our own day and whose contemporary vogue was wide and great; men of powerful and subtle intellect, of astonishing erudition

and of monumental devotion. Never before or since has England had such a body of preachers as ministered in the myriad churches of London, that "city of spires," during the reign of the Merry Monarch. Seldom has any Protestant pulpit been more powerful with the people. The church and the play-house shared between them the functions of the modern newspaper, which was then just coming into being. Between the church and the play-house there was little of the modern antagonism and jealousy. Neither was trying to encroach upon the other's territory and there were few problem plays in the theater, no sermon-dramas in the pulpit. Londoners, in the time of the second Charles as in that of Elizabeth, went to church and to the theater partly, at least, for instruction. The instruction they expected and got from the church sermon was not what we should call exclusively religious. A large ingredient was a popular form of casuistry. Rules for conduct entirely in the spirit of the Jesuitical "case-books" masqueraded successfully as religion. The audience felt itself defrauded of its rights unless there was also a forensic display of Christian evidences and some thrilling exposure or vituperation of heretics. The days of deep and intimate religious experience had passed. Nicholas Ferrar, George Herbert, or the group that gathered about Lord Falkland at Great Tew would have felt a strange chill in the religious atmosphere of the London churches in the Restoration. Long before the great rationalizer, John Locke, had written his Reasonableness of Christianity the fatal step had been taken—it had been tacitly agreed that the case for religion must be decided by the unaided reason of man. After all the true foundations of Christianity had been thus removed, there followed the inevitable fall into the sinks of pathos from which the Wesleyan revival rescued the preachers of the next century.

The audiences of the seventeenth century were not jaded by the week's work or distracted by worldly concerns. There was no Sunday Supplement to dull the edge of the morning. They must have been intellectually alert and inured to hard thinking or they could not have tolerated the close and labored dialectic of Sprat and Stillingfleet that seems difficult even in reading to-day. These men threw no sop to the idly curious, they made no attempt to

"tickle the ears of the groundlings," they stooped to no meretricious forms of advertising. Week after week they delivered their massive sermons, any one of which would make a book, in our degenerate days, as solid and four-square as though hewn out of granite. We are wont to think of the monumental patience of seventeenth century audiences as of something peculiar to the Puritans of New England, but Mather and Shepard and Edwards put no greater strain upon the nerves and patience and intellect of their audiences than did Pearson and Bull. In book form the sermons of the London preachers sold more widely than any other form of literature of their time. After the death of John Tillotson two thousand pounds were offered for the copyright on two volumes of his sermons.

We cannot say, of course, whether it was in large part the same audience that supported stage and pulpit. It seems not improbable. Much of that which revolts the modern reader in Restoration comedy is merely a conventional mode of speech. Few things change more rapidly or more unaccountably than our notions of what constitutes indecency in language. The sermons and devotional writings of Restoration England abound in expressions that would not be tolerated in polite society to-day. At that very time French literature was going through a period of squeamishness pushed to the point of prudery which should be almost as disgusting as the license of England. It was at this time that England borrowed from France the word *"choquant."* During the blue-stocking early Victorian days France came to feel the need of such a word and took it back in the form "shocking." To-day it appears that another reversal of position is taking place. France is becoming more restrained and periphrastic, while England, with America some ten years in her wake as usual, is becoming more outspoken. The whole matter seems to be more closely related to drawing-room etiquette than to morals. It may be said, however, with full assurance, that the corruption of the court which was mirrored in contemporary literature extended only a short way out into English society. Court and theater were confined to London and London did not dominate the entire country as it does to-day. Even in the metropolis itself more than half the

population was opposed to the tendencies of the court and remained stanchly Puritan in thought and politics, if not in church affiliation. The situation was analogous to that in nineteenth-century France. The great mass of the people remained sound, honest and clean, untouched by the depravity of a part of the great city. But, since the only way of earning a livelihood by the pen lay through pleasing the court, it so happens that most of the writing by which we estimate the temper of the times was produced by and for members of a small fashionable circle. Thus, although the world of Restoration comedy was not a dream world, it was a small and comparatively unimportant world. No further proof of this is needed than the fact that the polite literature of the time, and especially the drama, shows nothing but contempt for the common man. The works of John Bunyan are a better guide to the greater England of the Restoration than all the London drama taken together.

The pulpit, however, was popular with all classes. There was no problem of the unchurched. Courtiers and cobblers alike had their favorite preachers. King Charles himself posed as a connoisseur in homiletics. The demand for sermons exceeded the supply and the clergy was frequently obliged to protest against what seemed to them an exorbitant popularity. They saw clearly that their public was interested not in the religion but in the eloquence and, above all, in the dialectic of their sermons. The popularity of the funeral sermon proves this, and the contemporary preachers of France—Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Fenelon—had to meet much the same situation. Robert South says flatly that preaching is "the least part of a divine." The great business of the divine, he thinks, is to "refute the opinions and stop the mouths of gainsayers and to resolve cases of conscience—a matter requiring much knowledge of the canon and the civil laws." It is clear that he has in mind a sort of research professorship in religion. The clergy should be stripped for action in the field of polemics. The dry, hard legalism of this view is evident at once. A century and more of religious warfare had given Englishmen a taste for controversy in matters theological which is observable in Scotchmen even to-day. Salvation was still felt to depend upon

orthodoxy. From the days of Hooker to those of South the English church had been surrounded by enemies of all sorts, and in defending itself against these it had narrowed and hardened into a dry intellectualism. This tendency was accentuated by the great contemporary vogue of casuistry. It was the age of the Jesuits. Even Jeremy Taylor, perhaps the most modern-minded preacher of the century, wrote a moral case-book, a dictionary of morality, elaborate and exceedingly detailed, by reference to which all questions of conscience might be immediately resolved. Even his superb Holy Living and Holy Dying show the contemporary faith in moral recipes as well as the tendency of religion to run out and dry up in the sand flats of ethics. But if this is true of Taylor, who had the vision of a mystic and the fire of a poet, it is vastly more true of the men who followed him in the Restoration age. In them there is nothing but pure intellect. Their method is argumentative and their purpose is to save souls by syllogisms. They are leviathans of learning. They bristle with excerpts from the Latin of Tully and Seneca and from the Greek of the church fathers. They martial their ponderous paragraphs like admirals deploying a squadron. Their dialectic is as subtle as a rapier and as crushing as a cannon ball. It is not insignificant that the greatest of them was also the greatest English mathematician of the century after his own pupil, Isaac Newton. Barrow's biographer says that he worked out his sermons in exactly the same spirit in which he approached a problem in geometry. This is said in praise. But the modern reader of these lucubrations is more likely to bemoan the loss of such extraordinary talent to the bar and the wool-sack. In nearly every sermon, just as in the ethics of the Jesuits and in the French and English literary criticism of the day, one finds the dry rot of legalism. There is eloquence in the grand manner—an eloquence cold and calculated and reduced to rule. There is a lordly, majestic English style which has never been excelled in its kind and which is of the utmost importance in the shaping of modern English prose. There is of scholarship more than enough and a great superfluity of intellectual subtlety. But here one's admiration stops short. Of religious fervor, of spiritual insight, of real profundity, there is

scarcely a trace. These men draw up the heavy siege-guns of their rhetoric, they close up every avenue of escape with their Argus-eyed dialectic, they assemble battalions of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew precedent—and all for what? As the French proverb says, "To blow in open doors." They despoil the Scriptures and the fathers, they ransack shelves of Latin folios, they write for a week in hot haste, *cum calamo currente,* to demonstrate—a platitude! *"Parturient montes; nascetur ridiculus mus."*

It was an age of contraction and restringency, and it is in just such ages that we find the rational faculty arrogantly asserting its claim to unlimited rule. It was the badly intellectual quality of these men, their uninspired formalism, their lack of spiritual fervor, which made them, despite their great following, ineffective in their own generation and which made necessary the reforms of Whitefield and Wesley in the next. They are contemptuous of the imagination—that faculty which Goethe says "governs the world" and which Napoleon called the "queen of human hearts." Of the role of the unconscious and the intuitive in religious experience they are profoundly ignorant and, as a consequence, profoundly scornful. "Persons pretending to act by the 'inward voice,' " says Robert South, "are by no means to be endured in the communion of a Christian church, for they are the highest scandal and reproach to religion, indeed a much higher and greater than drunkards, swearers, or robbers upon the highway." In another place he asserts that persuasion is the whole function of the preacher. The phrase, as applied to the public orator, goes back to Quintillian and is to be found in all the old-fashioned text-books on rhetoric. Having in mind certain Dissenters who had presumed to preach without learning Greek he insists that persuasion requires human learning, and sums up his argument by stating that "the study of the arts and sciences in the surest and most ready way to that of divinity." This last assertion is only an argument drawn from the *status quo.* A boy's proficiency in his Latin exercises was considered sufficient evidence of his fitness for the church. Nine tenths of the boys at Cambridge had the pulpit in mind as their ultimate goal. Several of the members of the Royal Society, founded by Charles II, soon after his accession,

for the advancement of science, were prominent churchmen. Isaac Barrow was one of its most eminent fellows and Bishop Sprat was its first historian. This, to be sure, was a good sign. These men could not foresee the time when English science and the English church would be arrayed against each other. Science and religion were to them only two sides of one truth. God's work and God's word could not be at variance. Barrow explained his passion for geometry in a charmingly naïve fashion that would have brought great comfort to the contemporary religious recluse and geometer, Blaise Pascal, if he could have accepted it. Barrow says that divinity had always been the goal of his studies, but, seeing that chronology was necessary to divinity and astronomy to chronology and mathematics to astronomy, he had spent some time upon his mathematical studies. It may be doubted whether a degree of proficiency in mathematics that made him a forerunner of Leibnitz and Newton in the discovery of the differential calculus was a necessary preparation for his biblical studies. His statement that chronology is necessary to divinity is an admirable illustration of some fundamental differences between his point of view and that of the present day.

In this matter of erudition the contrast between the churchmen of London and those of the country is very sharp and striking. In the first volume of his History of England, Macaulay, with his habitual extravagance, has accentuated this contrast without warrant. The Grounds of the Contempt of the English Clergy, written in 1670 by Dr. John Eachard, an Oxford fellow and not a churchman, is a delightfully witty and instructive treatment of this subject by an unbiased contemporary. Eachard's very title shows that he has not the London clergy in mind, for the preachers of the metropolis were held in the highest esteem. He finds that there are two "grounds" for the contempt of the country clergy—ignorance and poverty. While on the subject of ignorance he makes a suggestion which, considering the time, is very remarkable. "Suppose," he says, "that some part of time was allotted for the reading of some innocent English authors, where the boys need not go every line so unwillingly to a tormenting dictionary, and whereby they might come in due time to apprehend common

sense and begin to judge what is true. I think that most of that ridiculousness, phantastical phrases, harsh and sometimes blasphemous metaphors, abundantly foppish similitudes, childish and empty transitions so commonly uttered out of pulpits and so fatally redounding to the discredit of the clergy, may be charged upon the want of instruction in English. Among the first things that seem to be useless may be reckoned the high-tossing and swaggering preaching, either mountingly eloquent or profoundly learned. Such sermons grow out of mere studiousness of being wondered at or else to gain a respect from the people. For if the minister's words be such as the constable uses, his matter plain and practical, he may pass for an honest man but no scholar. Whereas, if he springs forth now and then in high raptures to the uppermost heavens, dashing here and there an all-confounding word, if he soars aloft in unintelligible huffs and preaches points deep and mystical,—this is the way, say they, of being accounted a most able and learned instructor." This is probably the first plea for the study of English literature as against the ancient classics. John Wesley's prescription of Spenser's Faerie Queene for his students in the ministry is later in date but no less courageous than that of Eachard. Both men had in mind the necessity that the speech of the pulpit shall be readily intelligible to the people. Neither of them was an obscurantist. Both, indeed, were distinctly school men, equipped with the best classical culture of their day. Both were able to handle the mother tongue with precision and power. They saw clearly that one great vice of the homiletic style in their day was its prevailing Latinity. In their attack upon this they did good service to the English language.

Eachard has some interesting words upon the social standing of the country clergy. "Shall we trust them," he writes, "in gentlemen's houses, there to perform holy things? With all my heart, so they be not called down from their studies to say grace to every health; provided that they have a little better wages than the cook or the butler; as also there may be a groom in the house as well as a chaplain (for sometimes to the ten pounds a year, they crowd the looking after a gelding): and that he may not be sent from the table, picking his teeth and sighing with his hat

under his arm whilst my knight and lady eat up the tarts and chickens: it may also be convenient if he be suffered to speak now and then in the parlor and that the maid-servant and he sit not too near together at meals, nor he be presented to her as a suitable husband." In speaking of the poverty of the clergy he says that a country parson is fortunate if he possesses more than half a dozen books. "Many of the laity," he continues, "are extremely tender of the spiritual welfare of the clergy and wish them very small temporal goods lest their inward state should be endangered. The clergy ought to be dieted and kept low, to be meek, humble, and always loth to ask for their rights, not seeming to have any respect for this vile world. O how prettily and temperately may half a score of children be maintained upon almost twenty pounds a year! How becoming a thing it is that the hands which serve the altar should fill the dung-cart! How pleasant to see the man of God fetching up his single melancholy cow from a small rib of land scarce to be found without a guide!" In Oldham's *Satires* we find similar testimony:

> Diet, an horse, and thirty pounds a year,
> Besides the advantage of his lordship's ear,
> The credit of the business and the state,
> Are things that in the youngster's eye seem great.
> Little the unexperienced wretch doth know
> What abject slavery he must undergo.
> When dinner calls, the implement must wait,
> With holy words to consecrate the meat,
> And hold it for an honor seldom shown
> If he be deigned the honor to sit down.

As late as 1710, Steele ridicules, in one of his Tatler papers, the idea that clergymen should be excluded from the last courses of the dinner. He points out that what would be taken by a Catholic priest as an unforgivable affront is accepted as a matter of course by the docile clergy of England. The contemptuous treatment accorded to clergymen on the London stage is one of the main points of attack in Jeremy Collier's famous diatribe. It should be said, however, that the clergymen ridiculed in the Restoration comedy are almost without exception ignorant hypo-

crites and charlatans, and that the dramatists did not need to go many miles out of London to find an abundance of models.

It is an easier matter than might at first appear, considering the large number of London preachers who were prominent during the Restoration period, to form a fairly precise and comprehensive idea of the pulpit oratory of the time. The range of individuality was far narrower than at present. The whole tendency of the age was toward the establishment of fixed and definite norms of thought and expression, and toward the policing of all eccentricities into conformity. The subject matter of the sermon, moreover, and the great example of style, is common to all. A study of the sermons of Isaac Barrow and of Robert South, the two most powerful preachers of their time, gives a very satisfactory view of the main tendencies in sermon-writing in the Restoration period proper. Jeremy Taylor, Elizabethan in temper and style, is the most favorable example of the standards out of which these men developed and from which they departed. John Tillotson, although he died in 1694, belongs in spirit to the Queen Anne period and shows humanitarian and latitudinarian traits which were powerful in undermining the stern controversial and intellectualistic tradition of the earlier school.

Elizabethan and Jacobean sermon writers, together with writers in all other forms, suffered for lack of native standards and models. Roman Catholic sermons could not be used. The Protestant type was slow in developing. All this made for freedom, spontaneity, and individuality, but it also made for a crotchety queerness, for a "conceited style," and for lack of balance and moderation. The noble luxuriance of a Donne or a Hooker was too likely to degenerate into the rank and weedy growth of an Andrewes or an Ussher. It was only by dint of genius, indeed, or at least great intellectual power, that these earlier men, without landmarks or guiding hands, were able to hew their paths through the labyrinthine jungles of their learning. John Donne had genius of a gloomy, sepulchral sort, and Richard Hooker had one of the most powerful intellects that have ever used English prose as a medium. Jeremy Taylor, perhaps justly more famous than either, was a florid genius in whom profusion, exuberance, romantic

disorder, were raised, if possible, to the level of merits. We do not ask of Taylor the chill logical precision of Butler or Paley any more than we inquire into John Keats's attainment in mathematics. Taylor is the romantic poet of the English pulpit. Though he lived until 1667, he is a continuator of the Elizabethan tradition in the adventurous enthusiasm of his thought, the gorgeous and magical splendor of his rhetoric and the sumptuous profusion of his fancy. In all these qualities he stands in marked contrast with the lean, pedantic propriety of his immediate successors.

Taylor's Holy Living and his more beautiful Holy Dying have made his irridescent and daring style familiar to all readers of English devotional literature. But his Liberty of Prophesying, now almost forgotten, illustrates an admirable trait in him that sets him off from Restoration divines even more sharply than does his style. This noble work, although it was written in the midst of controversial rancor almost inconceivable to-day and at a time when Taylor was himself suffering religious persecution, is the most emphatic utterance of the century in favor of religious tolerance. In an age of bitter polemics, at a time when all England was in arms to decide the religious question "By apostolic blows and knocks," Taylor in his quiet Welsh garden set himself to the task of showing that, after all, religion is not entirely a matter of vainglorious controversy, shouting of heresies, belaboring of the unorthodox. He was devoid of the *odium theologicum* that inflamed the unamiable South. In fact he provides an admirable criticism of nearly all that South stands for. "It is a plain art and design of the devil," he says, "to make us so in love with our own opinions as to call them faith and religion, that we may be proud in our own understanding: and besides that by our zeal in our opinions we grow cool in our piety and practical duties. The devil destroys good life by engaging zealots to do anything rather than be overcome and lose their beloved propositions."

Isaac Barrow is highly representative of Restoration preachers in his life as well as in his thought. When he died, at the age of forty-seven, he was widely known as a classical scholar, as an astronomer, as a mathematician and as preacher and controversialist. His thought and work were unified throughout by the

passion for demonstration which we associate with the name of Descartes. Together with the Cartesians of France and England he seems utterly unaware that all the greatest facts of life are undemonstrable, that they defy logic and even language. One feels that the words of his great contemporary, Pascal, an even greater mathematician than he, would have been nonsense to him. "We know the truth," says the Jansenist, "not only by the reason but also by the heart. Its own powerlessness should serve to humiliate the reason, which desires to be the judge of all things. It pleases God that we may be able to know all things by instinct and by feeling."

It was said of Barrow's writing that "each sermon was the demonstration of a theorem." His thought was close, logical, exhaustive, manly. Charles II called him an unfair preacher because he left nothing to be said on any topic he discussed. In his sermons there was no false rhetoric, no ornament for its own sake, no jargon of the pulpit. One of his sermons, though not preached in full, is said to have lasted three hours and a half. He wrote laboriously, smoking innumerable pipes of tobacco over each of his Gargantuan paragraphs, and he often revised and copied out his manuscripts four or five times. He was as coldly intellectual as his contemporaries of the pulpit, but in him one feels that pure intellect is carried as near as possible to genius. One of his sentences, his last, warms the heart. Two minutes before he died he rose in his bed and said with great solemnity: "I have seen the glories of this world!"

Robert South is perhaps the most representative as he is certainly the most perplexing and exasperating figure of the group. His Christianity is belligerent and dogmatic. He is the policeman, or perhaps one might more truly say the blood-hound, of orthodoxy. The joy that he takes in nosing out heresy, in running it to earth and in holding it up to public derision, is not to be distinguished from the unholy joy of the chase. He closely resembles the literary critics of his time—Boileau, Chapelain, Rhymer, and Dryden—whose chief delight in life was found in beating the recalcitrant eccentric individual into conformity. Professing to preach the gospel of love, he is really animated by hate. In his ridicule of

sects and beliefs other than his own, he shrinks at no violence or injustice. He would be thoroughly despicable in his religious polemic were it not for his unmistakable virility and intellectual power—qualities which do not condone his offence but which distinguish him sharply from those of his successors in our own day who use the pulpit for raillery and abuse. One's respect for his masculine vigor of thought and expression increases upon acquaintance. He is entirely typical of his age, and the age is, on the whole, not engaging to the mind of to-day. He illustrates perfectly how hard and formal Anglican Christianity had become in the course of its long conflict with Rome and with dissent. An example of his idea of fair play in controversy is to be found in his attack on the Puritan judges of Charles I in a sermon preached before Charles II. The strongest point he scores against the judges is his proof that they were poor men from the lower ranks of society—"Such an inferior crew, such a mechanic rabble were they that when I survey the list of the king's judges and the witnesses against him I seem to have before me a catalogue of all the trades in London." Usually Barrow shows the hard and hopeless arrogance of the rationalist. Here he adds the more venial arrogance of social rank. In either mood he is a strange representative of Christianity.

John Tillotson is the Addison of preachers. His influence upon the style and thought of Joseph Addison was great. He might have said of his sermons as Addison said of his own essays in the Spectator: "I shall endeavor to enliven morality with wit and to temper with with morality till I rave recovered the age out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which it is fallen. I shall be ambitious to have it said of me that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries and schools and colleges to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses." The sermons of Tillotson did much to popularize the form of writing in which Steele and Addison excelled. But Tillotson is not of the great school. He is a sentimentalist and a humanitarian, and as such he belongs to the Queen Anne group of preachers, although he died in 1694. The earlier men had rested the whole claim of religion upon the reason. Their fight had been lost be-

cause the only things worth proving in religion are those things which can never be proved. Tillotson and the eighteenth century preachers who followed him tacitly admitted this defeat. They saw that the ground had been swept from under their feet. They contented themselves, therefore, with innocuous moral platitudes of a prudential purport. They tried to show that a moderate degree of decency and uprightness made for comfort, peace of mind and prosperity in this present world and that they might conceivably have some bearing upon one's fortunes in some possible world to come. Franklin's ignoble dictum, "Honesty is the best policy," is in the spirit of this school. With the earlier Restoration group of preachers Christianity had become a hard morality. With Tillotson and his successors it dwindled still farther, with the loss of fervor and conviction, into a shallow urbanity. The pulpit became an adjunct of the drawing-room. Christianity reached its lowest ebb in England. Vice, crime, and drunkenness were more prevalent than at any other period of English history. Montesquieu said that in the higher circles of English society "everyone laughs if one talks of religion." It was in such a world that John Wesley grew to manhood and it was to meet this set of conditions in church and society that Methodism came into being.

William O. Shepard, Jr.

THE RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY OF THE MAN IN THE STREET

By "the man in the street," who has lately been elevated by Mr. Chesterton to "the man on the omnibus," we mean the man in contradistinction from that other man, the man in the sanctum, who, whether preacher, doctor, professor, or even banker or merchant, may be regarded as being in some important measure the product of "the schools." He is the man, whether on his "best legs" or his "worst uppers," whose school of expression, of manners, or of learning is very largely of the street. He may be found on the curb, on the highway, on the wharf, in the barracks, on shipboard, in the corner grocery, in the shop, in the office, and sometimes in the pulpit. He is the man who, generally speaking, has an unscholastic philosophy and, whatever there be of it, an unsophisticated religion.

His religion and philosophy! What distinction and difference is here?

It may be assumed that everybody knows what religion is; and yet Mr. Benjamin Kidd, in his work entitled Social Evolution, and published about twenty years ago, quoted fifteen definitions of religion, beginning with Seneca's and ending with Dr. Martineau's, all of them being different and all of them worth quoting. He quotes fifteen definitions and yet omits two of the best that have ever been given; two practical, comprehensive, strong, common sense definitions such as "the man in the street," though he were a fool, might easily understand. One of these omitted definitions is that of Saint James, presumably the brother of our Lord: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world;" varying in nothing essentially different from that other omitted definition, given by the prophet Micah in a much earlier age: "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is food; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly

with thy God?" In both of these definitions we have man recognized in his threefold relationship: to himself and his fellows and his God. Then in what does his religion differ from his philosophy? "Philosopher," lover of wisdom, the beautiful word of Pythagoras. Lover of wisdom—student of wisdom. But the scriptures say that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom"—and the "fear of the Lord" is religion. Then religion is the beginning of philosophy—and religion is the way in which a man feels himself related to God and his fellowmen; and wisdom just as truly finds its beginning in philosophy. Reduced to its simplest expression the distinction and relationship may be put in a figure or symbol. Religion and philosophy are as the two sides of a single coin. Religion looks toward God and the future; philosophy looks toward man and the present. Yet who can tell just where one side passed into the other? Man's entire spiritual nature or consciousness is the coin; his religion and philosophy together is the way in which he feels himself related to God, to his fellowman, and is all his self-relatedness.

It should be shown that "the man in the street" is not always and everywhere exactly the same, that he differs more or less according to his location and his place in time, and by reason of nationality, environment, education, and training; for all of these he has. National traits are naïvely expressed by "the man in the street" and he is the most accurate indicator of a nation's religion. In Shakespeare's day he was probably as constitutionally religious as he is to-day, but he had less personal religion. The church in that day was his religious proxy. In Wesley's day it was not even that. To-morrow will note his advance upon to-day. He will have more and more the education of the schools and will become intelligently the citizen of a larger world and will be more and more self-determinative in his religion. He is not always exactly the same man upon the same street, for he is influenced by the time spirit which he did not create. The philosophy of his current thought is in some measure the belated thought of his uncommon teachers. The streams of influence that flood the valleys of our common life have their origin in the watersheds of scholastic thought. The school philosophies of one generation

affect the street philosophies of the next. England, Germany, and America alike bear witness to the fact, but not a witness that is all alike. The pragmatism of Professor James and the American school of philosophy is intimately related to the "whatever works" revival program and method of Mr. William Sunday and his host of imitators.

The religion and philosophy of "the man in the street" is still very fragmentary and unsystematic. The object of the college is to produce a trained mind; one that understands the interrelatedness of all truth and interprets it accordingly—although it doesn't always do it. This getting of an understanding of the interrelation of things is a long and toilsome process. Even those who have approximated such an achievement sometimes lose their range of vision, become weary in the muscles of the mind and go back to lower levels and narrower views. The man in the street is not an analytical thinker (unless he happens to be a Scotchman); he is not even, properly speaking, a logical thinker, and some would even deny him the right to be called any kind of a thinker. Yet we will not deny to our study his place among thinkers; admitting, however, that he thinks spasmodically, erratically, and often quite irrationally—acting from impulse rather than from studied thought—without emotional stimulus not capable of sustained attention. He often mistakes mental activity for mentality—but then the men of the sanctum often do that as well!

He is quite liable to take some segment of a truth for a whole truth, being the easy victim of half truths, and so become a ready convert to any "ence" or "ism" the quackery of which is sufficiently dogmatic and can by testimonials seem to "produce the goods." Fortunately for him as for all of us he is not required to win heaven by logic, or even by sheerly intellectual consistency, for "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness," and that means a certain attitude or disposition of the soul—of the whole spiritual man—and is a quite different thing. But "the man in the street," and particularly the American "man in the street," is very much attracted by positive preachments and dominant personalities. It is alleged that he will listen to anything that's

said loud enough. "Boss" is his word and "the boss" is one of his institutions. He practically idolizes the strong man, whether he be preacher, politician, or prizefighter, only he cannot make room for more than one idol of a kind at a time and that idol must never "fall down"; and, furthermore, it must also be admitted it is quite easy for him to forget all about the old idol when a new one has taken its place. If he be so enlightened or emancipated as to repudiate "the boss" he nevertheless requires a leader who shall lead. There are reasons why. He has to think in capitals, so to speak. The finer shades of thought escape his recognition. He is to some extent conscious of his ignorances and his limitations, and if his teacher further embarrasses his mind with added doubts and uncertainties—"ifs" and "buts," perhapses and preadventures—he will not endure him for long, and very properly so.

Just as his philosophy is fragmentary and unsystematic so it is ingenuous and candid. The disadvantage of much of the school training in the present, as in the past, is in that it makes for ingeniousness instead of ingenuousness, and a very present problem in all teaching is that of preserving a manlike understanding with a childlike honesty of mind. It was a common man who said in the face of a theological perplexity, "O Lord, please save the elect, and O Lord, please elect some more." But it was a sophisticated old Scotch minister who is reported to have explained that there were some things that the Almighty had to do in his official capacity which he would not think of doing as a "preevit" individual. Despite the fragmentariness and incompleteness of the religion and philosophy of "the man in the street" it has some definite contents and so offers sympathetic ground to wise convincing religious appeal. He believes in God. His idea of God is not always creditable to his Creator, but that is to some extent the fault of the theologians; and he certainly needs to know God as revealed in Jesus Christ. But when he on one occasion said "Thank God, I'm an atheist," he gave sure although paradoxical evidence of his being incurably religious and naturally theistic. He believes in God and he quite generally believes in the soul. It is quite instinctive for him to believe so and his

very profanities are an evidence of the fact. He not infrequently echoes the counter assertions of atheistic teachers, but when he gets above mere brute living it is difficult for him to think of himself merely as a brute. Believing in the soul he believes, although it may be vaguely, in a Hereafter. Even though he might not ask for a Christian burial for himself he wants it for those he loves. It is a long way to the ultimate conclusion, "I am immortal, for I *think* immortality," but there is a natural starting point for that restful, satisfying goal. He knows that he is a sinner. As Reginald Campbell has said about the man to whom he has ministered, there is no difficulty of convincing him that he is a sinner—the difficulty is in making him believe that he or any other fellow can be anything else, and there is always the equal difficulty of getting him away from judging himself by the "other fellows." It is said that one of his tribe one day looked in a Protestant Episcopal Church as the congregation was saying "We have left undone the things we ought to have done and done the things we ought not to have done," and forthwith announced himself an Episcopalian as well as a sinner. It is quite certain that if such an analytically minded man as John Stuart Mill could leave on record in his diary "I felt what the Methodists call conviction of sin," it is altogether to be expected that such a naïve thinker as the man in the street should make admission that he sins.

He believes there is a hell as surely as he believes in a heaven, and he talks a great deal more about it. Unhappily in so many instances he already knows so much more about it. He doesn't think that the preacher knows very much more about the future hell than he does and he does not always believe in the preacher's reasons for sending him there. He may rather enjoy hearing "Billy" Sunday on occasion send Washington Gladden there, but when he finds out what kind of a man Washington Gladden really is he balks at the proposition—for, further, he has a fundamental sense of justice. At the time of his evangelical conversion his sophisticated teachers may muddle his mind about justice and mercy, and there may be years of growth and struggle before his naïve sense of justice finds itself again in a reasoned, completed,

full-orbed faith in a God whose absolute justice is the expression of his perfect love—but this sense of justice is probably commonly the most significant thing about him. He believes that God, after all, will play fair with him just as Abraham, that magnificent gentleman of the olden time, rested in the conviction that the judge of all the earth will do right.

So constituted as to possess this fundamental sense of justice he is constitutionally an optimist. This fact has its serious dangers for him, for he is likely to become a happy-go-lucky indifferentist and, on the other hand, is liable to undergo a tragical revulsion and become a thoroughgoing pessimist. But, generally speaking, he is an optimist and also in a certain sense an immediatist. He believes in hell but he wants heaven, and he wants it "right here and now." No modern missionary ever believed more ardently in the conversion of the world in this generation than does our common man believe that the kingdom of heaven ought to come to this earth in his generation. He is as much of a Utopian as Thomas More or Bacon or Campanella or Harrington, who followed More, or Plato or Saint John, who preceded him; but the serious difference between the last named and greatest of all the human seers and our philosopher of the street is that while the former, although he saw in a vision the New Jerusalem coming down from heaven, knew that it was created for and by heavenly souls, the latter is too often blind to the fact that the kingdom of heaven is ever first "within." So the economic revolutionist, possibly anti-Christian, is likely to get him, and the Christian evangelist is likely to lose him unless the latter or some one else shall make clear to him the fact that the Christian religion does promise and purpose an earth as well as a heaven in which dwelleth righteousness; righteousness social and economic as well as personal and private, industrial and commercial as well as heavenly and divine.

"The man in the street" has his many needs. He sometimes thinks of them altogether in the terms of bodily satisfaction and animal content, but he has his illumined moments when he sees differently, and for tens of thousands in Europe to-day these illumined moments come in the lurid light of war. As a matter

of fact, both he and his teachers are just now doing some intense thinking; that is, they are giving with a new seriousness a far-reaching consideration to the ways of God with men. In the area of the great war "the man in the street" is quite generally "the man in the trench" or the man at some other part of one of the many battle fronts, and from the trenches or other battle fronts is daily recruited the great army of the heroic dead. This is what his poets are saying about him:

> "Honor the brave who for their country bled,
> Nor let us dream of them as lost or dead;
> Life is but brief at best, and death's control
> Extends not over the heroic soul.
> Immortal garlands crown such brows as these:
> They are the dead who rot in selfish ease."

And this is being said of him because all sorts of men, in all stages of religious illumination and development, are dying just as splendidly as the one of whom his comrade, Corporal W. Buckland, of the Meerut Division, Indian Expeditionary Force, wrote as follows—the records being preserved for us by Robert P. Downes, the editor of Great Thoughts, in his new and notable little work, Our Fallen Heroes and Their Destiny:

> After I had made him as comfortable as I could, on an old overcoat, and lit a cigarette for him, he started to talk over the times we had together in different parts of the world. He did not last long, though. Just as the grey dawn was breaking he asked me to lay his rifle by him, and after I had done so he pulled me down by his side and I just managed to hear him say, "Bill, I'm on the road now. I can hear some one sounding the great challenge, 'Halt, who comes there?'" With a tremendous effort he staggered up and in a terrible voice shouted, with almost superhuman strength, "An Englishman who did his duty." Shall I ever forget that scene! The grey dawn breaking in the East, and over all an ineffable peace seemed to reign. The only sound to be heard was an aeroplane that was just going over our lines and the drone of its propeller.

The Englishman's American contemporary is not just now agonizing with the problems of the future life, he is too busy with the practical enjoyment of the present and pacifism, but popular education and the ideals of democracy are affecting his religious as well as economic thinkings. So there are some things which he as every other "man in the street" is increasingly in need of

to help him in his doubts and difficulties, his religious uncertainties and moral questionings. Among these things are, first, from the pulpit, affirmative positive preachings of things fundamental and things practical; the things to which appeal can be made by experience and not mere theory. When he hears the preacher declare that "sin against the law of an Infinite Being deserves an infinite punishment," that appeals to him as would a problem in higher mathematics; and, besides, it can be countered by the equally demonstrable or undemonstrable proposition "Sin by an finite being deserves only a finite punishment." But let him hear any of the sayings of Jesus and they are to him as simple moral arithmetic—for even the most paradoxical of them are interpreted and proved by his experience. (2) He needs, or will be needing, from his church as an institution a creed or statement of doctrine that, while including things that are of faith and above reason, shall be foundationed upon reason, do no violence to the most enlightened reason, and commend themselves to his constitutional sense of justice. The theologians of his church will not much longer be able to avoid the reconstruction of its theology to conform it to New Testament, as well as modern ideals of justice and give the pulpit a freedom from some fettering traditions that once may have been as helpful as Moses' serpent in the wilderness but now are but "things of brass." (3) From the people who call themselves Christians, even in his least religious state, he needs the example of a positive, practical, genuine, cheerful, helpful, religious life. For he appreciates with general accuracy what we understand by character-integrity. He doesn't expect his idol-prizefighter to be anything but a prizefighter, but he expects him to be a real one, and not a fake. His idol-politician is not expected to be a saint, but he must honestly stand for what he professes to represent. His preacher must be a true man, and he expects him to be a man of God. "He is the whitest preacher that I ever met" was a Westerner's appreciative tribute to character. To be able to answer "the man in the street's" ideal of a minister is about the most delicate, difficult, and daring moral achievement possible to any man. It means to be a man of the world in the best sense—and not in any other than the best sense—

and it means at the same time to be able to give a spiritual touch to the commonest and trivialest things in life. "The man in the street" needs a brotherhood; genuine brotherhood; not sloppy talk about brotherhood, not machine-made, bureau-fashioned patterns of brotherhood, but brotherhood that's genuine, understanding, sympathetic, human, personal, and real. And then, over and above all things else, he needs a personal knowledge of Jesus Christ. The old invitation is the new, "Come to Jesus." The old invitation with new tones and maybe new significances. It matters comparatively little what human agency may be employed to bring it about (and some of us maybe need a larger measure of the magnanimity of Saint Paul, who could rejoice when men proclaimed Jesus Christ even though motives quite devilish were mixed up with their preaching), the man must know Christ. He must know him not only to know what he needs to be saved from, but also to know what he is to be saved to; not only to know what the Divine Brother has done for him, but also to know what he can make of him and what also he can do with him. The revelation of Jesus Christ is as much a revelation of man as it was of God. Made for dominion, for the glory of character and the honor of divine communion—and thus for immortality—mankind finds its archetype in Jesus.

And Christ is making himself known to men. We preachers may think that we are the only Christ proclaimers. Woe to us if we be not Christ proclaimers! But are we to suppose for one moment that he is compelled to wait upon us or for us to acquaint himself with men? If we acquaint ourselves with the wonderful stories, certified and verified, that now stream from the battle-fields in Europe we shall no longer believe that "the White Comrade" must needs confine himself to certain officialized agencies to lead men to the recognition of himself. Be that vision what we call "objective" or what we call "subjective," the experience is just as real, and the moral and spiritual effect is just the same. The spirit of God is with us, and in all kinds of ways, he not speaking of himself, is revealing the Lord Jesus Christ to men. Though under the spirit's guidance each man interprets Jesus according to his own temperament and character, once that

intimacy is established we can trust the Christ to create for himself that atmosphere in which he shall ultimately be unfalteringly followed and adequately understood. The writer remembers the getting of his first impression of that superb rock, Mount Desert, off the coast of Maine. Approaching it one evening from Rockland in the light of the western sun, it at first loomed interesting, then fascinating, then commanding, then dominating, then overawing and sublime. So is Jesus to the understanding soul. So is Jesus becoming to an understanding world.

In The Glory of Clementina W. J. Locke makes one of his freakish but fine characters say, "Pity for the lost and fallen—we have to thank Calvary for that." Mrs. Anne Besant, leader of the English Theosophists and a truly remarkable woman, said in one of her recent messages, "Self-sacrificing service is the example of Calvary and the glory of Christianity." Soul-stormed by The Incomparable Christ Richard Watson Gilder thus gives outcry to the feelings of his soul:

If Jesus Christ be a man,
And only a man, I say
That of all mankind I will cleave to him
And to him I will cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ be a God,
And the only God, I swear
I will follow Him through Heaven and Hell,
The Earth, the Sea, the Air.

Such tributes to the glory of Christ and Christianity are appealing because they are unconventional and unconstrained.

Henry A. Reed.

THE MATTER OF LOYALTY

How far shall the individual subordinate his judgment and convictions to those of others? Shall we, or shall we not, be ruled by the *idola tribus,* the law of the "gang"? These questions begin to assail us in our tender years, in the days when a common interest binds together small human units against parent or teacher. Thenceforth they pursue us relentlessly, dogging our steps along all the way, until haltingly we pause at the verge of the grave. It is impossible to rid ourselves of them. They concern a problem that is eternal and inevitable, the conflict between individualism and the social obligation. It is a warfare that knows neither furlough nor discharge. In the nature of the case each question of this kind has to be decided on its merits. The individual man (or woman) must deal with the particular issue as it arises and determine it according to his best light. Herein is the eternal pathos of it. Too often our best light is little better than darkness—a rushlight, a smoking flax. Dim and uncertain we struggle on with our problem as long as we may, then at the last strike out blindly, right or wrong. There are no general rules that can be laid down to be always followed—unless, indeed, they are made so general that they shed out a pale light upon the separate problems. Still it may not be amiss to examine briefly certain fundamental elements involved in this great conflict.

First of all, let it be remarked, these issues are made sharper by the teachings of Jesus than by any other influence ever sent abroad among men's minds. This he foresaw, and ruefully said, "I am not come to send peace on the earth but a sword." It is scarcely an accident that the great modern movement of Christianity, built as it is upon a return to Scripture and to the teachings of Christ, is called "protestant." The appeal of the New Testament is a personal appeal. Straight as a bullet its words go to the individual conscience. Its favorite pronoun is "thou." When, four hundred years ago, our fathers began to place this book

in the hands of their children, translated into the vernacular spoken by their mothers and their nurses, they sowed the seeds of the unrest of to-day. During these centuries our young people have had to grapple with the vastest issues of life. This Book, so poignant, so frank, so intimate, so direct, so inevitable, cuts through all armor of complacency, of conventionalism, of tradition. It is a sharp sword. It goes into the deepest soul of man, the region of the "thoughts and intents of the heart." Modern skepticism, modern science, modern independence, modern extravagances, modern liberty, modern progress, all alike, spring from that same fiber of soul bred in the peoples that have read the Bible from childhood. They are its reactions in the human spirit. Thus it has come about that in science and progress, in wealth, in illumination, in power three Protestant nations dominant the world. To close in infancy with the issues which that Book raises in the soul is to gain "the wrestling thews that throw the world." These are not influences which make for conformity or for peace. Wherever goes the gospel of Jesus goes also the sword which he sends on earth. It is rampant still. Like that of Saul and Jonathan, it turns not back. It still divides the son from the father, the daughter from her mother; it sets the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law, and a man's foes are they of his own household. He even becomes his own foe, and with that same sword lops off the hand or the foot that by conforming to the ways of others may have become an offense to his own soul.

Jesus was himself the greatest of all non-conformists. From the point of view of the Jews of his time law and religion were one. A man, they held, could not disregard the precepts of the priests, the traditions of the elders, the customs which were fondly imagined both immemorial and divine, and be religious at all. Hence, when this young Teacher set aside some of these regulations, even though they concerned trivial matters—as of bathing and diet, the manner of observing the Sabbath, and such like—his people were scandalized in their very souls, and said, "Away with such a fellow from the earth!" And indeed before many months had passed they did make away with him. The Evangelists are careful to advise us that this was from the first the

purpose of the "rulers": "they took counsel against him how they might destroy him."

The question of loyalty arises in connection with all human groups, from the family to the State. Under primitive patriarchal forms the rules of the clan are usually enforced with savage rigor. The chief has the power of life and death. There are no constitutional rights except those that inhere in him; no courts, no juries. But of all the forms of human organization none other are quite so stern in their attitude toward individual liberty as the religious. This arises naturally from the sacredness and reverence with which these organizations are invested. Violation of their rules is sacrilege as well as lawlessness, and God himself is invoked as demanding the punishment of the offender. For our own warning it should never be forgotten that it was a Church which crucified Christ. To get at the inwardness of this thing it may not be amiss to study for a moment the nature and origin of human organizations—of society. Just as the partnership is the nucleus and primitive form of the business corporation, so is it of all associations. A man and a woman unite to form a home and a family. Two men unite to do something which, through mere physical insufficiency, one alone could not do. The partnership develops into a company, a corporation. The family enlarges into a tribe, the tribe into a nation, of which the individual members have community rights and interests. Theoretically the individual surrenders his individual rights for the benefits he may receive from the community. In the actual working of it the order seems usually to be reversed; the community consciousness arises first. Men are instinctively gregarious, like ants and wasps and cattle. It is the separate individual consciousness, the sense of personal powers and of unitary rights, that must later be stung into life. Human beings are nearly always enslaved before they are free. The study of primitive tribes would indicate that usually they are patient slaves. It is only after long submission that the yoke gets too heavy to be endured, the burden too great to be borne. For long patience in the slaves invariably begets arbitrary and cruel exactions in the masters. It would seem also that we are born not only with a gregarious bent but with an instinctive sense

of the value of organization and of community action. We come early to set so high an estimate upon it that rebellion is perilous. We even resent any variation from the type. The castigation of an albino crow by his fellows is of a piece with the ferocity with which an unfashionable gown is attacked by human females or a "queer" man outlawed by society. These reactions measure our sense of the use and desirability of association, for there can be no community life or action without the acceptance of community regulations.

It is a singular fact that the present age of rebellion and of individualism should also be marked as the period of great combinations. The value of cooperation is to-day understood as never before. Men combine and organize for every kind of human endeavor. They have found that the increase of their powers by union is geometrical rather than arithmetical. If one can chase a thousand two can put ten thousand to flight. The men who make and administer law here in free America are busy just now not with promoting but with discouraging combinations, especially those that are in "restraint of trade"—that interfere, in other words, with individual liberty. Our citizens like cooperation so well that they are constantly going too far. And even the government, which dissolves trusts, is itself a gigantic combination. Men must combine to make a nation, and, having combined, they must look to the needs of the whole body, not to the desires or welfare of the individual. Any course on the part of any single citizen that is "un-social," that lies against the interests of the whole body politic, must be restrained. The interests, the life even, of the individual, must be given up in favor of the welfare of the community. Patriotism, the love of country, devotion to the good of the tribe, is a most elusive thing. What produces it, and even what it is, cannot always be subjected to analysis, but it is nevertheless a most real and a most potent force. Singular to state, that same gospel which so powerfully appeals to and arouses the individual is an equally inexhaustible fountain of genuine patriotism. It stires a race consciousness, it engenders national self-respect as instantly and as certainly as it brings to the individual heart the sense of rights and the demand for liberty. This is the record of

missionary work throughout the world. In China and in Mexico to-day the Christians are the most ardent soldiers of liberty. The secret of this—which is but one more of the innumerable paradoxes which beset this whole subject—seems to be that Christianity, while intensely individualistic in its appeal, does not fail to drive home also the social obligation. So soon as a man is profoundly aroused by it to think for himself he begins perforce to think also for others.

Here must be our point of departure for reaching such solution as may be possible to us of the eternal conflict between liberty and authority. The power and right of the individual to think is the only proper basis for organized action. The organization as such, no matter what may be its category, age or history, has no sanction higher than the individual judgment of the men who compose it. Has it a constitution? That constitution was the product of human brains. Has it a venerable history? To allow that history any superior sanction is to arrogate for men of a century or six centuries ago wisdom above that of to-day. All the natural presuppositions lie against that. Has it a vast constituency? Even if they are millions, in nation or in church, each is a simple human unit, no one, presumptively, greater or wiser than any other. If all men everywhere would assert and exercise their right to think for themselves our conflicts and puzzles would be less frequent and sharp than they are. The disposition to excuse one's self from thinking is well-nigh universal. It is easier to rest in the wisdom of the fathers or of some chosen leader than to grapple at first hand with the issues of life. We have also a vague dream that there is such a thing as "collective wisdom." The advantage that accrues from consultation, discussion and mutual criticism is manifest. Our best opinions are not ours alone, but are the precipitate of discussion, of the interchange of views, of mental friction. But that there is in regard to a particular matter a deposit, already precipitated and ready to be drawn upon, of community wisdom, is often a violent and ill-founded assumption. The question may be one that has never before been examined. New issues constantly arise for which there are no precedents. When that happens, how shall the com-

munity as a whole pass upon them except as individuals separately are willing to study and to master them? It is trite to say that under that liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free all cooperative organizations must be democratic. There is no place for mastery, on the one side, or for slavish subordination on the other. This is, from the Christian point of view, a truism that is self-evident. "Call no man Lord." It applies to churches as well as to states. Christ's spiritual Church is, indeed, a kingdom of which he is Lord, and when men attempt to give that kingdom expression through organizations devised by themselves—for he devised none—the first and ruling principle to be observed is one propounded by himself: "All ye are brethren." If in any human institution democracy should be pure certainly it should be in the church. Alike its purposes and the nature of the bond that holds its units together forbid that here any man should lord it over his fellows. This bond of union is their trust in a common Lord, and their purpose in uniting is to praise him with their worship and service. For this organization to be so devised as to give some men mastery over the lives and consciences of others is a ghastly travesty. We have not so learned Christ.

Yet does not Christian history offer repeated instances of just that? It certainly does. Organized churches have never been free from this danger, and are not free to-day. It arises from two defects of our human spirits that will probably never be eradicated. One is the love of power by those who have power. Any man placed in a position of authority, as an executive even of a rigidly democratic organization, will be tempted to seek more authority. And if, as for the sake of efficiency often happens, his authority is absolute, and under ordinary conditions unchecked, the temptation is all the subtler. Indeed close students of the subject declare that no influences is so essentially debauching to the human spirit as the exercise of autocratic power.

The other cause, which has already been hinted at, is equally universal: the unwillingness of men to think for themselves. It is so much easier to attach ourselves to an organization, to adhere to a declaration of principles, or, easiest of all, to follow blindly a chosen leader! The indisposition of people to think is the greatest

foe to liberty, the greatest enemy to the gospel, the greatest stumblingblock in the way of all human progress. It is perennial and widespread. No system of education can adequately provide against it, for it is not a matter of inability to think but of indisposition, not of mind but of will. Yet nothing is clearer than that any democracy is threatened in its very essentials when the members of it begin to repeat shibboleths of men or of party, begin to follow blindly, no matter how great or how good may be the chosen leader. Great men are raised up from time to time to do great things, but when one of them substitutes his mind and conscience for the mind and conscience of the body of citizens, whether in church or state, and is allowed and even encouraged by them so to do, disaster is inevitable. The reason for this is perfectly simple and perfectly apparent. Growth is the law of life. The organism that does not grow cannot live. This is inexorable. Now, any democracy is an organism. It is a living thing. It must live in order to endure, and to live it must grow. But a single great leader belongs only to his generation. He passes with it. He dies, and is no longer a unit in the organism. So of a shibboleth, a party cry. So, only too often, of constitutional enactments. All these are old wine-skins, which grow stale as well as small. If new life is poured into them a crash follows—revolution instead of evolution, rebellion instead of reform. Jesus employed that figure when the Pharisees insisted that his disciples should bathe their hands in accordance with a certain rule. Their hands and his remained ceremonially unclean, yet he knew that his teachings would promote cleanliness. To-day the Christian surgeon uses the term in a sense so absolute that it could not even have been comprehended in the time of Christ. The Pharisaic rules had had their uses, but their day was passing. Every dead thing should be buried. Let this be decently done and with respect. The past, with its tools and its ideas, merits no scorn at our hands, but dead tissues poison the live, and if we do not look to the present and to the future we are not true sons of our fathers.

The collision between conservatism and progress is a necessary one and an eternal one. These are the two really permanent

parties in all human organizations. They attract to themselves two types of minds. On the one hand are those who cling to the good and the beautiful—the things that have been tested. They love history. Their thoughts live in the past. Whatever is old they revere. They are hard to persuade that what only so recently was living and glorious begins to show the yellow of decay and must soon be put away. On the other hand are the restive spirits that pant to be free. God's great living present universe woos them on. They flutter their wings like the moth which is just breaking from the shell of the pupa, and their souls thrill with the wide spaces and the bright light through which they are soon to dart. They feel the throb of the vast elemental life of an unfinished world. The prim rules and wooden regulations of a past generation, the "thou shalts" and the "thou shalt nots," irk their very soul within them. They strain at the leash of circumstance and champ the bit of convention. They are the eternally young. They fill the world with hope. Their golden age is ever in the future. Collisions between these two parties are never comfortable. They often engender more heat than light. Good men, devout men, forget human charities and resort to vituperation. In church affairs the methods of controversy often become as offensive as if Christian men were not under obligations to be religious men. So it has been; so, one must fear, it will continue. But human society and organized religion move ever forward. Dead issues grow so stale that their most ardent friends can no longer pretend that they are alive. (Death has a fashion all its own for proving its presence.) Dead leaders, buried and gone, gradually become a name only. Situations and interests shift, and the shibboleths and war cries of yesterday grow to be absurd and are hushed.

Coming back now for a little more definite consideration of the theme with which we set out, let us lay down first, as approved of all, a high estimate of loyalty to one's chosen society or group. The true patriot must love and be faithful to his country. The common good of all is greater than the single good of any. There is a profound and sacred obligation to one's native land, especially, incapable of analysis but linked some way with the feeling of sonship which makes patriotism a high principle and true loyalty

a high duty. So of the voluntary groups with which our lives may be identified. *Noblesse oblige.* The generous nature must ever do more for others than for self. Personal interest must be subordinated to common welfare. Only conviction, never interest, should cause us to break with those whose association we have sought and to whose organizations we have adhered. But while self interest must be subordinated, conviction cannot be. Nothing can excuse any one of us from two inevitable obligations: We must think through for ourselves the basic principles of any community action and we must abide by the honest result of our thinking. To try to evade either of these obligations is to be false at once to the best interests of community life and to the great Leader of all democracy. It is to begin a process which will wreck our own moral fabric and will disintegrate the very foundations of society. It is hard to say which is the more important at once to ourselves and to organized society to think clearly and honestly to a conclusion of our own or to stand with undaunted courage for that conclusion when it is reached. It is from the first that men most often excuse themselves. We easily persuade ourselves that others are more capable of reasoning out a problem than we are and so we shirk. But along that road lies disaster. The prime enemy of democracy and of freedom has ever been ignorance, the willingness of large groups of men to let others think for them, and the consequent atrophy of their own power of thought. The Great Teacher saw this, and directed his teaching to nothing more persistently than to the effort to make men think. He pricked the dull minds around him with apothegm and parable; he seized on comparisons from all forms of common life; he thundered in denunciation; he wooed in words of infinite tenderness; he discomforted with pungent, mordant questionings. Startling paradoxes and words that seemed blasphemy alarmed and disquieted the sluggish listeners. Yet he never really got a hearing, and at the last mournfully recalled the prophet's lament over fat hearts and dull ears. The centuries that have passed since then have told only too pathetically the story of what awaits men and nations who will not think. The whole educational stir of our day is that men may be fitted and encour-

aged to think. It is to the shame of the Christian Church that, in the effort to conserve some things held to be essential, she has again and again interdicted thinking. May it be so no more! As to courage for standing by convictions reached what can be said? Here is the realm where loyalty touches its zenith. Loyalty to conviction is the highest of all loyalty, for it is loyalty to God. If he does not speak to us in the still small voice of conscience there is little hope that we shall hear any voice from him. It is also the measure of manhood. If a man fails here, or in so far as he fails here, he is so much less than a full-grown man. Yet in organized society timidity is almost as universal as sluggishness of thinking. Indeed it is often the cause of it. Men would think more if they were not afraid of the conclusions which they might reach. The vindictiveness of human society when an individual dares to stand against it is responsible for much cowardice. Nothing is sadder than to be alone. That was the supreme trial of the Saviour of men. He trod the winepress alone. It is a test that many spirits cannot endure. And those who do meet it rarely come out of it with the good will of their own generation. They die outcasts—often they die martyrs, witnessing with their lives to the things which they hold and will not recant. For how can a clear mind and a faithful spirit recant? Dr. Martin Luther is the type of them all. He stood against Church and State, against well-nigh universal popular opinion, against every dictate of self-interest and every instinct of a social, sunny nature. But he said: "Here I stand: *I can do no other.* God help me! Amen." There spoke the true man, intellectually honest as well as brave: "I can do no other." He was under an eternal, a divine compulsion. He could not declare that he saw what he did not see, that white is black. And well did he pray, "God help me," for at such a time human help there is none.

The relative loyalties of Church and State demand a word. Time was when it was held that the Church, as divine, is superior to government, as human. One or two segments of organized Christianity still hold to the fiction. The answer to it is easy enough. In every sense in which the Church is divine, the State also is divine. The powers that be are ordained of God. Just as

his providence gave the initial impulse to the organizations which we call churches, so did he set in men the elements that lead them to form states. The churches individually and with reference to the specific forms of their organization are human devices. We should speak of any of them, or of all of them, as "divine" only with extreme caution in the use of the term. Essentially they are human, though founded under divine Providence to embody and set forth, as best they may, the one universal, invisible, spiritual Church. From the beginning Methodism has proclaimed her adherence to the doctrine of subordination to the legitimate authorities of the State. The principle is embodied in the Twenty-third of our Articles of Religion with the attached Note. This fact should never be forgotten or overlooked. No lay member or minister of this Church should be challenged as to his loyalty to her because he has acted with respect to this one of her fundamental precepts and has asserted his prior obligation to keep the laws of the State.

G. B. Winton

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

BUTTONED-UP PEOPLE[1]

We owe the title of the lecture to Charles Dickens. In his story of Little Dorrit the great novelist has a character, named Tite Barnacle, of whom he says, "Barnacle is a buttoned-up man." When I read that happy descriptive phrase I laid the volume down. It fired my imagination in a moment. I saw a procession of buttoned-up people passing before my mental vision. Some were bodily buttoned up, some had their hearts buttoned up, some had their souls buttoned up, and some had their minds buttoned up. I said, "I will make a lecture on the philosophy of human happiness and show the people how this spirit robs life of one half its joy." When we find it in the home we call it selfishness; in the social circle it is termed exclusiveness; in politics it is known as prejudice, in religion as bigotry. All these are manifestations of only evil inspirations, and I ask you to follow it through some of these phases.

Let us look at it first in the home. When I say "home" in the lecture or in a sermon I am conscious of a buoyancy in the minds of my audience, for every American assembly rises to that word. We gave the world its home song, and we are a nation of home makers—the greatest ever known—and all these young folks before me are looking forward through the rainbow vision of youth to that happy day when they shall set up the little annex of heaven called "home." It may be a costly home, and it may be a humble home, but there is something radically wrong with the mortal who can say, "I have no desire to possess a home;" for this is one of the sanest, wholesomest cravings of human nature. When Wilberforce, the great reformer of Britain, won the victory for the slaves which washed the stain from Albion's banner forever he rode out, the next day, with his

[1] For this stenographic report of Bishop McIntyre's famous and most popular lecture we are indebted to Rev. Edwin Lincoln Eslinger of the Central Pennsylvania Conference, and to his daughter Mary, wife of Professor Walter F. Shenton of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

daughter, who had helped him in the strife. The crowd cheered, and shouted, "Long live Wilberforce! Wilberforce Forever!" And seeing Miss Wilberforce they cried, "Miss Wilberforce forever!" Then the young lady arose and said to the multitudes in the streets, "Stop that. I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce forever." She spoke what every genuine young woman thinks, for each one expects some day to lay down the title of "Miss" and take up the more dignified title "Mrs." This is the natural expectation, in strict harmony with the Divine plan for the evolution of the human race. The finest word I ever heard upon this theme was spoken by a Scottish girl who had pledged her hand and her heart to her lover. When her old mother said, "Jeanie, Jeanie, it is a solemn thing to be married, my daughter." "I know," said the girl, "but it is a solemner thing not to be married."

Do not let the wit of that sweep you from the meaning of it. I say Shakespeare never wrote a more profound truth, and Plato never penned a greater truth than that. It is as deep as the crystal depth of the sea, and God never gave an orator power to spin silence into words and utter a more tremendous fact. Ponder it a moment. It is indeed a solemn thing to be wedded; to open the heart, unbutton it, and let Cupid in; to feel the strange expansion of the soul which only comes with nuptial love. It means that henceforth life must be domed over, girded around, and paved under with sacrifices. For self-annulment, self-denial, self-abnegation, and self-crucifixion for the good of others is the very center of domestic happiness. Therefore wedlock means to every thoughtful person a brave burden and a heavy responsibility. It is indeed a more solemn thing by far to keep the heart buttoned up through life and go loveless to the grave. For this reason the Creator intended every man and every woman to find a fit mate, at the proper age, and to enter the wedded state. We hear a lot of shallow talk about single blessedness and personal independence. There is no such thing in nature or in Scripture. God never made a single thing complete in itself, thoroughly furnished for happiness. Never! From the star that sweetens the abyss to the clover blossom that shakes its rosy fist through the meadow bars, everything in creation has its other half and depends upon something else of its own kind for its development. "One sun doth balance another sun in the void, and one flower doth woo another flower in the grass." If any orb in yonder heaven should say, "I will dwell alone," we should instantly have firmamental anarchy and wreck of worlds. If any bloom in any garden should say, "I am sufficient for

myself," it would perish utterly. The word "independence" is not known in the universe. The keynote of the cosmos is interdependence and we are bound each to each the whole vast system through; and woe to the man that gets out of step with the music of the universe and cuts across the grain of heaven's ordinance! He will lose much, though he may not know his loss at the time. In fact, a buttoned-up bachelor, not realizing his abnormal condition, has been actually known to boast that his estate is best. He is like the fond mother in Chicago when her son enlisted to go to war in Cuba. She was situated where she could see the regiment march by and said with maternal pride, "A thousand men marched down that street and every one out of step but my Johnny." The regiment wrong and Johnny right. So the bachelor tells us that he alone is wise and judicial and the mass of mankind is mistaken. I think I can see him sitting back there now wagging his head at me and frowning, and glowering, and saying, "I would not give up my personal liberty for any one. I would not marry the best woman in the world." You would not? Let me tell you, sir, you could not! The best woman in the world is married. We live up there in Saint Paul, where it is so cold we have to put mittens on the hands of the clock. So far as the best woman in the world is concerned you are thirty years too late. "O, well!" he says, "matrimony may be bliss and it may be blister. There is a great deal of domestic misery in this world." So there is, but principally because one or other of each unhappy pair, or perchance both, are afflicted with this buttoned-up devil, and sometimes the fault is in the woman.

Even in our favored land there are a few women so buttoned up in vanity, self-conceit, so egotistic, feather-headed, and foolish that no man on earth could render them happy. It is simply impossible. There was a hen-pecked husband whose tyrannical wife ordered him to perform a certain task the fourth time. He had finished it three times, but it did not suit her majesty. It must be done again. Then the poor worm of the dust turned and out of the bitterness of his soul said, "It is a mighty good thing when the Lord was making people that he made man first." "Why?" said she. "Well," said he, "it was a good thing that when he began to make folks he made man first and then made a woman to suit him. Had he made woman first, and then tried to make a man to suit her, he would have been hammering away at it yet." Some of them are very hard to please. There was an old bachelor who bothered the pastor of his church until the

parson said, "John, I do wish you would take the notion to get married. That would be the end of all your trouble." Well, John took such a notion and he selected a tartar. She had a temper like that of a navy-blue wasp and a tongue that was set on ball-bearings; one of those women who can set her mouth going and then go away and leave it. One day she said to her spouse, "Didn't you declare that before you married me you were well off?" "I was," said he, "but I did not know it." That made her more wrathful, and she seized the mop-stick and went after him. After the battle he came down to the minister and said, "Pastor, didn't you say that wedlock would be the end of all my troubles?" "I did," said the minister, "but I did not tell you which end. I meant the beginning." "Well," said he, "you are right, for I never knew what trouble really was until I joined her. Why, parson, that wife of mine actually beats the devil." "Your wife beats the devil? What a terrible assertion! How can you prove such a statement as that?" "By the Good Book." "You can?" "Yes." "Well, here is the Book. I would like to hear you prove that." The poor fellow took the book and turned to the Epistle of James and read, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." "Now, parson," he said, "that is correct. I have tried it often. But I resisted my wife and she flew at me." Here we have the buttoned-up spirit in its worst form: my humor, my action, my idea, my opinion, or war at the fireside from morning till night.

Do you know what I would do if I had married a woman of that sort? You don't? Well, I don't either. I want to say in all fairness, however, that the fault in these cases is generally in the man. I have been settling other folk's matrimonial difficulties for more than thirty years as a pastor and I long ago learned that eight out of ten women would make good wives and be happy if properly treated. Now do not jump to the conclusion that I am saying that the average man does not love his wife. We often hear it asserted that if there were more love in the world for one another all would be well. I deny that. There is no lack of love in this country at the present time. There is love enough everywhere, but Satan has taught mankind the infernal trick of buttoning up that love in the heart and keeping it hidden there—unspoken, unuttered, unexpressed—until the dear one that earned it and created it and needed it has gone over the dark river into the Unseen. Then it flows forth in a stream wide and deep and clear. We see there was enough of it to enrich all the years of the past, but now it is wasted. The most precious

thing in human experience is mutual love. It is the very elixir of life. Yet more of this heavenly essence is wasted and lost than is used and utilized. This is the most pathetic fact in life to me, and it is the burden of my message. Every preacher knows a scene like this—it is repeated very often in our history. A man came to my house broken with grief. I showed him to a chair and he spoke presently, saying, "I have called to ask you to come to my home to-morrow at two o'clock to conduct the funeral services of my dead wife. I want you to take the kind of text that drips with sweetness like the honeycomb. Select the tenderest hymns in the book and say the kindest things about a wife's devotion, a helpmeet's loyalty, a woman's sacrifice, and when you have told all you know you will never say one half of her goodness and her gentleness and her affection, for she was the dearest and the best wife that God ever gave any man to be his helpmate and household companion."

"Ah," I say, "you wax eloquent, my brother; let me ask you one question, sir: Did you press her to your heart and cheer her soul and comfort her spirit with these beautiful praises you are pouring forth so fluently now? Did you tell her these things?"

Then you should see his face blanch and his frame writhe in a spasm of agony that wrenches his breast. Tears flow like rain down his cheeks, great sobs shake him like a storm, and his voice chokes as he makes answer saying, "God pity me, sir, that is just what is killing me to-day. I didn't. I meant to do it, but I was perplexed with many cares and vexed with a thousand worries. I used to say to myself, 'Some day I will be in a wide place financially. I will have money enough, and then we two will go like lovers up and down the earth to view the sublime scenes which the Father has made for his children,' but I didn't tell her this—blind that I was, and cold, as I now know. I kept a record of all her renunciations so bravely made for my sake. It is written on the inmost tablets of my soul, never to be erased. Not death's stream can wash it out. And if my heart were cleaved, like the blood-red pomegranate, to the core, deep in the crimson thereof, you would find her image now. For she was dearer to me every year than when she stood as bride. But I didn't tell her this. Fool that I was. How could I know she would be taken so suddenly? I stood beside that casket in my desolate home and looked through the glass upon the marble features there. I called her in the dear accents of the days gone by, every fond term I used again pleadingly, but she made no sign. The lily in her hand did

not stir, her lips parted not. Then I realized to the full that I was never worthy of her, that she was very superior to me. I cannot expect her for my own again, but if God could spare that woman from the heavens for fifteen minutes to-day, to sit by my side in the old fashion, and let me open my heart now and reveal the depth of love and gratitude which I have for her, if I could make her realize and know and understand all that she has been to me, all she is to me, and all that she has done for me, if I could make it plain and let her know, I think I could stand by and let her pass into the open heaven alone; for she was more fitted for heaven than for earth. But she has gone from me suddenly and does not know that I must carry this sorrow into eternity, not knowing that I shall ever overtake her, not sure that I shall ever have the chance to say what I should have said every day during the past."

And I say to him, "My friend, you are one of the thousands who are suffering because they have unbuttoned the heart too late, too late!"

I heard of a man who spent forty dollars for cut flowers to lay upon his wife's coffin, and that man had never spent forty cents for flowers for her while living. He stretched twenty carriages along the street at her funeral, but he had never brought one carriage to the door to take that weary wife for an hour's refreshing ride on a summer evening though they lived together thirty years and she was as faithful as the needle to the pole. What do you call this sort of conduct? I say it is a black sin, and will be so judged in the great day. Much of this monumental excess is a shabby attempt to atone to the dead for the wrong that we did them when living; an attempt to square ourselves when it is too late, too late! If we lived frank and candid and open-hearted with one another from day to day death would not be so terrible. When I hear that moaning in the house of the dead when the coffin lid is screwed down for the last time, and that awful wail in the cemetery when the clods strike the box, I avert my face, I walk away a few paces and whisper to myself, "Another fellow-mortal has been initiated, has learned the saddest secret in the world too late, too late." Too late to say, "I love you, dear, you are the light of my life." Too late, too late, too late to write to the dear old mother back home. Too late, too late to reach the hand to a neighbor saying, "John, I wronged you that day; forgive me. I love you yet." Too late in manly fashion to find a brother stuck in some mire of bad luck and go and hitch on and pull him out. Too

late, too late! Too late to take the little baby on your knee and kiss away its tears. Too late, too late to atone to the weary, burdened father in the old place at home for the long years that he toiled to rear you. Too late to share the good things you have with one whom you ought to have blessed. Too late to enrich a lean, sorrowful life with a portion of your plenty. Too late! This is the death of deaths. Too late! Too late! And my word to all of you is, Do it now." Every person listening to me now could say five times as many good things as you do and be all the better for it. I need not specify how much better others would be. I only affirm that you would be stronger, healthier, grander, nobler, if you did so.

Some people are astonished to hear me say there is love enough, and they ask for proof. Fortunately I have it at hand and no man can gainsay it. It has been my lot to travel on four continents: America, Europe, Asia, and Africa. I have studied humanity, white, brown, black, red, and yellow. It is my settled conviction that there is nothing else in the human heart but love when you get down to the core of it. All these wars and quarrels between nations arise from secondary springs of action, not from primary motives at all. I mean to say they are incidental to human progress, and not essential. The Good Book says, "For man is made in the image of God." That is the word of the Old Testament. And that is the finest thing in the Old Testament about us. And the finest thing in the New Testament concerning us is that Adam was the son of God. "Shem . . . was the son of Noah, . . . which was the son of Jared, . . . which was the son of Enos, which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God." There is your pedigree. The very same word is used by Luke in declaring that Adam was the son of God as when he says that Noah was the son of Lamech: God's offspring. Man is not the devil's brat, man is the child of the Deity and bears the divine image stamped on his soul, and I have never failed to find the superscription if I went deep enough. Sometimes it is matted, sometimes it is scarred, sometimes it is disfigured, sometimes it is defaced, but never effaced. Never! I would not climb a pulpit stairs again or face another congregation on the Sabbath day if I did not believe that down deep in every heart is that cold spark of love divine, never totally quenched in any mortal: and if I can sweep the accumulated rubbish of sin and superstition and transgression and iniquity and lust and cruelty, and let the breath of the Holy Spirit blow upon that spark, it will kindle a flame that will

transform the whole life. From one Saul of Tarsus yonder to this man here there have been many witnesses to this glorious fact.

Once at least in every generation the Eternal makes this fact very plain. He takes the universal heart of man in his hand and strips it naked, husks it bare, and in the light of some awful crisis in our mundane affairs he holds it out and bids all people look into its secret place and be glad for what they see. I well remember when he taught my generation this truth. It was about forty years ago, and the center of this scene is the city of Chicago where I used to dwell. At that time Chicago was not so great as she is now, but even then she was prosperous and strong. There she stood with one foot on that laughing lake and the other on the level lawn; with one hand on her freighted ships and the other on her fruitful farms. Queen of the inland seas and Empress of the western prairies, taking toll from the north and the south, her ships burdened from the fruitage of every land and the net of wires that tangled above her stately head bringing her the welcome intelligence of all the earth, there she stood, on that October night long ago, the envied of the sisterhood of cities, facing the future with a smile and little knowing that the loud clamor of the brazen-tongued fire-bell was the tocsin which summoned from the unseen the hosts of wrath for her destruction. How eagerly those demons leaped at that dreadful task, and flung torch and brand into shack and shed and stable and shanty till four avenues were arcaded with crimson, and under that glittering canopy marched that army of doom, with rhythmic tread and steady footfall pressing onward toward the river which separates the west side from the business houses on the south side, sweeping church and school-house, cottage and mansion, factory and mill, tannery and millyard clean from its path till the vanguard halted at the river, which turned to ruddy glow in the fierce glare of the conflagration. Then, with a shout that was heard afar, this host turned back and seized the blazing pinnacles and domes and hurled them in hissing pontoons upon that stream, and with eager, sinuous grace embraced gable and cornice and dormer until they danced triumphant over the battlements, unrolling long streamers of flames, shouting their wicked glee in the shock of explosions that heaved the roofs high in the air overhead. Meanwhile the unchanged elements scattered that sea west and south till three thousand acres were seeded down to the red harvest of ruin, and through that holocaust rode Death on the pale horse gathering the sheaves for his garner. There reveled triumphant devils with

flaming whiplashes to flay the hurrying thousands through the tunnels and over the bridges, before the sweep of that roaring sea with crests of blooded spray, and swinging them in long tremendous trophies against the black hulk of the tank of the house. Prisoned in yon iron cage is the leader of all this clan. He, great Goliath of this wild Phillistia, he hears his henchmen in the fray, his tribesmen calling him: "Captain! captain! come! come!" they cry, and pressing against that riveted crib that holds him, he raises the roof, and through the vent the gas jumps a thousand feet into the sky, catching fire as it rises, a glorious geyser. Blazing and pirouetting it soars on high and lights the world. Sixty miles away across Lake Michigan folks see the Apocalypse of Saint John, a sea of glass mingled with fire that beats against the throne of God. A hundred miles away southward the radiance of that immeasurable epiphany aroused the people of the homesteads at midnight and brought the Illinois farmers to their doors, brushing the sleep from their eyes as they said, "It is the morning of the resurrection day!" And it was such a dawn as never shined before. For there sat the lordly flame, far up in the firmamental arch, bragging and boasting, singing of his work. Now speed rivers of lava seething and boiling along boulevard and by-way, where he swore that not one stone should stand upon another when his night's work was done.

The tide turned. His enemy, the wind from the west, came out of the plains and grappled him in the sky, and there they swayed, two giant wrestlers in the air, till the wind prevailed and pressed him slowly backward over the housetops and strangled him in the writhings of his dissolution, panting, reeling, blowing, struggling through that incandescent furnace. Zinc cornices flowed like lava on the pavement below. Running in the gutters and over the avenues they shone like jewels until the street was paved with glowing crystal light, and heat, and jasper, and pearls, and the street-car tracks glowed with white heat, while ships at the wharves slipped their cables and the cattle in the burning barns were saying in dumb eloquence to the hurrying thousands, "Loose us and let us go." But no man stayed, for the flames climbed the halyards and cut the hawsers and shook out the sheets and the drifting navy sank to sleep in the ooze of that mud forever, while three thousand terrified souls made a reign of terror around that town and drew a picture on the retina not painted since time began, and not to be repeated until the eye shall kindle on the judgment morn! There stood the courthouse,

every nail, rivet, pillar, plaster, and column glowing with the refulgence of that mighty illumination, and while we looked on—lost in amazement—it writhed and fell, and with it fell the hope of the Mistress of the West. Now she was homeless, desolate, crushed, seared; but above the confusion and the tumult of that tempestuous surf we hear the shouts of nations across the sea and cities along our own coasts, saying, "Cheer up, Chicago! We are coming to thy side." And swift steamers plowing the waves and mighty engines lining the railroads brought food and shelter and love and money and fellowship; for the red fangs of the fire had ripped the cloak of wealth from the hard world and Robert Burns's prayer came true: that man to man the world over "shall brothers be for a' that."

When a shock of fire or a Johnstown flood comes, some India famine or Galveston storm, some San Francisco quake or Sicilian disaster, and tears away the superficial differences of race and birth and speech and lets the original dignity of mankind burst forth—how glorious! As he climbs those mounts of transfiguration, and as he stands white and lofty in his pristine beauty, how easy then to believe in the divinity of humanity! And these great catastrophes are worth all they cost in blood and treasure because they reveal once more the solidarity of our race rooted in the Fatherhood of God. It reveals to us Jehovah's first idea, the unity of humanity; that we are one family, with one father and one eternal home. "Ah, yes," some one will say; "granting this undeniable contention as to our race it progresses far enough to make it a safe rule of life and action. But what would happen to a man—a professional or a commercial man, a merchant or a laborer, or any man or any woman—who should begin to square his conduct by this law? Would he win or would he lose in this era of ours?" That is a fair question. It ought to have an honest answer. In order that my reply may have weight I will not take it from my reason, or even from my observation, but right out of my own experience; for it happens that I have tested this fact myself. When I began my ministry, over thirty-three years ago, it was in a very humble fashion. I was a bricklayer by trade, and helped to rebuild Chicago after the fire. Some years later I was converted in the old-fashioned way, through and through; body and soul and spirit. I felt that I was called to preach, and I got the idea that when God calls a man to preach he will call a congregation to hear him, so I thought I would test my call by going to a hard place at first. My argument was this: If I failed in that difficult

field I would go back to my trowel, knowing that I had answered somebody else's call. If I succeeded in that hard place I would be stronger ever after, knowing that no place can be worse than the first. So I said, at my initial conference, to the old presiding elder who had charge of my case, "If you have some undesirable charge, some abandoned hope, or some starvation circuit where nobody wants to go, send me there. I want to test my call. The harder it is the better I will like it." He smiled, and said, "That is a very unusual request, but I think we can fix you." And he did. When I recall that town now it always brings up a story of a man who traveled a great deal. He was a great stutterer, and he said he always had to go by freight, because he stammered so much he could not express himself. In his wanderings he reached Arizona and saw the petrified forest. One night he was trying to tell the crowd in the grocery store about it. He began, "I tell you, gentlemen, I saw a woods in Arizona that is all pētrified. The birds sit in the branches and sing and the music is hanging there right in the air. In the middle of that thicket is a hunter standing there with his gun to his shoulder." "Ah, get out," said the man behind the stove; "the law of gravitation would bring it down." "Well, the law of gravitation is pētrified." It was just so with the village to which I was sent. I will not call it dead. Dead is no name at all. Dead is not even a nickname. It was pētrified. There never had been a church building of any kind, Catholic or Protestant, in that place. Before I was there long I said "we must build." But they thought it could not be done. However, I had heard of the famous frog who has helped me so often. I will tell you about it.

You know in the big cities they gather milk from three or four hundred miles out. It passes through many hands, and by the time it reaches the consumer it is queer stuff, as blue as a Dutch baby's eyes and not enough butter in six gallons to grease a gimlet. One reason is this: the farmer crosses the stream on the way to the station. One man who had a can of rich cream in his wagon came to the creek and got out as usual with his pail. It was in the gray of the dawn, and he didn't notice that he scooped two live frogs the first clip. In they went. One of them was a pessimist—by the way, do you know what a pessimist is? A pessimist is a man who, having the choice of two evils, takes both. So the pessimist frog said sadly, "We must perish. There is nothing to climb upon or to cling to." So he bubbled down and died. The other frog was an optimist. Do

you know what an optimist is? Well, a regular thorough-bred copper-riveted optimist fell off the top of a sixteen-story building in Chicago last summer, and as he went down he remarked cheerfully to two men in the sixth story, "I am all right so far." So the optimist frog said, "I never perished yet," and struck out kicking and splashing and swimming around and around and across and back till he reached the station and all the way to the city. When the man in the town who bought the milk pulled off the lid to look at his purchase, what do you reckon he found? A live frog sitting on a pat of golden butter that he had churned, smiling around, like Dewey in Manila Bay, monarch of all he surveyed. Of course you see the moral of this fable: Do not die until you have to—and then don't.

So I borrowed a horse and wagon and went out among the farmers begging money to build my church. There was no bricklayer within fourteen miles and I offered to do the brickwork myself if they would furnish the material. A good Baptist man gave the lot, and seeing that I was in dead earnest they contributed some money, and one fine morning I had the lime and sand and bricks on that lot, and a man to tend me, and I was working on the foundation. The walls were raised and the people gathered to watch me, and in three days I learned that I had reached their hearts by that little act of lowly service; a thing I had not done with my sermons in the hall on Sunday. When through preaching I felt that they were a thousand miles from me. They had quarreled with every one of my predecessors. Every man ahead of men had gone away after a fight, and at this moment they were simply aching for a row with their beloved pastor. They expected me to pitch into them and tell them how mean they were, as the others had done before me. I never mentioned it. First, because I could not do the subject justice; second, because I was not in that kind of business. I never tell people how mean they are, even if I know. What is the use? You add nothing to their stock of information. If I tell people anything personal I tell them how good they are. There is a streak of good in every mortal. I pluck that out and discourse on that.

So I worked away and the news got into the country. Farmers came in for miles, brought their families in their wagons, their dinners in their baskets, and made a picnic of the thing. They sat around there in the shade and watched me work. Everybody loafed but father. But before they went home at night they came to me and said, "Young fellow, we like your spunk. This church ought to

have been built years ago. We will be here dedication day and help you pay for it." So one fine Sunday morning we dedicated the little country church and I was very proud of it for I had laid every brick in it, and when I stood up and told them how much money I needed they poured it into a heap, and in fifteen minutes I had enough and two hundred dollars more; which I used to insure the church for five years, set out trees, and lay walks, and set hitching-posts and everything needed around it. We stayed there in that despised locality two years, and if you ask me now to specify the best two years of my whole career I would say it was the two years spent there; for it was there I learned the secret of success in the ministry, or in any walk of life, and it is this: flesh and blood cannot stand against love when it is embodied in lowly service. I soon discovered that the little town was rich in good men and good women. Better people I have not met since. But I would have gone away from the town ignorant of their true, deep nature if I had not opened my heart to them and become their common laborer that I might win them, expecting no pay, no reward, not even thanks; simply grateful to God for a chance to do good to my fellow men.

"Ah, yes," you say, "I understand that; I have had those high aims. I opened my heart and went out to work for the general good, but I did not go far, let me tell you I struck a snag. I got into an argument with some fellows and we had a difference, and then I buttoned up again." For you notice that when you differ with another person that person is wrong. Did you ever notice that? Invariably the other party is ram-headed and contrary, and you are kindly and logically right. I suppose you have noticed that, but the mischief comes in at this point. Then you turn coldly from your fellow men and do a mean thing to help somebody else be mean, and he another, and he another, and another, and the circle of meanness that you started seven years ago is widening yet. You never did a neighborly thing, a patriotic thing, a Christian thing in your life but you helped another, and he helped another, and that circle is widening yet that you started four years ago. God only knows the far shores of eternity where these waves break when we start them here. I will risk this assertion: there are streams of influence flowing through American society to-night for good or ill, healing or hurting, that were started by people who have been in their graves for a century. Talk about the mysteries of the life to come! There will be none on the other side more strange than that. I, standing here

to-night, can start a stream of influence that will be hurting or blessing people when I have been gone half a century. O! the mystery of the multiplication of influence and the spread of our own personality through others. When I ask folks why they turn from one another I always get the same answer: "I have no use for that sort of a person." "I have no use for that man or institution." Now, the emphatic word is "I," the big perpendicular pronoun. There are millions of people to-day who have no higher standing of duty than their own likes and dislikes. They never say, "Is this thing right?" "Is this thing wrong?" "If this thing is right I will make myself like it. If this thing is wrong I will make myself hate it." But no; they say, "How does this thing affect my personal interests? If favorably, I will support it; if unfavorably, I will fight it." I want a word with these people, for they are represented here. Let me make one sweeping assertion: there is not a good thing in this county but I can find a good man who dislikes it. I acknowledge that you are good men; that you mean well; but if you propose to abolish things simply because you dislike them everyone else must have the same privilege, and there will be nothing left to make life worth living.

Let me illustrate that. Take strawberries. Long ago a British writer said, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless he never did." When I read that it struck me favorably, and I said, "Old chap, you have expressed my sentiments exactly." Strawberries are good any way you take them; but if you want them just right, I said, communing with myself, you must prepare them on this wise: Go into your garden about the middle of June, at the dawn of dawn, when the dew drops are sparkling like diamonds on the leaves and the vines, and gather half a gallon of red, ripe, luscious berries; then select the very choicest of these and pile them in a generous wide-mouthed saucer. Pave the bottom of it, then a course on that and then a terrace on that, and then a cone on that, until you heap it to a heap of color that looks like Pike's Peak struck with sunrise and seen across the distant desert. Hold the plate at arm's length, I pray you, and let the soul within you creep to the windows of your countenance and drink in the harmony of it; and when you have had enough of the picture get some powdered sugar and create a little storm of your own around the topmost pillar of this pile of glory. Let the snow sift and slide into every gulch and gorge and cañon and ravine. Not too much,

you know, but just enough, that each particular berry is sweet to its spicy core. And then you want some cream, such as sleeps in the old milkhouse down in the glen where the water bubbles up through the cleft in the limestone rocks beneath. Do you remember how it falls around those pans which are always sitting on its tide and then slips away into the ferns, and the cresses, and the wild mint, and flows through the dim thicket, babbling all day long? I can see the locust tree at the door dropping its wet blossoms on the steps. I can see the willow trailing its branches across the roof, and I can see you coming up from the harvest field at noon, heated and tired and thirsty, barefooted, of course, with a purple stone bruise on your left heel as big as a ripe plum, and the nail on your big toe knocked backward like the clasp of an old-fashioned box, and your ankle sawed with brambles, cut and scratched with wire grass and only one yarn gallus to support your trousers, with a horny welt on the back of your neck, and your straw hat on the back of your head, and your hair looking like the Irishman's definition for chaos—a heap of nothing and nowhere to put it. There you stand in the open portal, letting your bright eyes roam around the place, and pick the pan that suits your youthful fancy best. When you have made your elaborate choice you slip across that damp floor and kneel in supremest ecstasy and dip into the sweetness in front of you. There was a saffron crust half an inch thick on it.

Get that skimmer from the shelf and lift a quart of that golden cream and pour it over your berries. Splash it on and spill it over; the more that is used the more will be left; and when each berry is saturated with it you are ready for the services to begin. All you want is a good-sized chair under a spreading tree, with wind enough to sway the boughs, with one robin looking sideways at you from his perch overhead and one pencil of sunshine stealing through the foliage and falling fair on this heap of appetizing, toothsome deliciousness, and a good-sized spoon in your right hand—at peace with the whole world and nobody coming that way for an hour. Slowly bending to your task, lift those berries and let them melt into your internal economy and file them away in your archives.

I tell you there is nothing better, and yet I know a man who does not like strawberries. He is sane on all other subjects. He was at my table one summer afternoon and I pushed him a bowlful of strawberries and said, "Try these; they are extra nice." "I never eat strawberries." A good man dislikes a thing, therefore note the

sequence: the thing is wrong. Well, here is a good man who disliked strawberries. They must be bad. Away with them. No more shortcakes. Give us prunes! And, of course, this man was like the rest of us—wanted the whole world to agree with him. Just imagine the whole world full of prunes! I think you are beginning to see my point. It is very plain now. A thing may be good even if a good person dislikes it. The fault may be in the critic. There was nothing wrong with the fruit I offered that man but there was something wrong with his system. Often, when we censure an individual or an institution, there is nothing wrong with it. The trouble is in us. I wish I could lodge that thought in your brain so that it would become operative. If I could, you have purchased the best dollar's worth this night you ever bought. I can remember when that one thought changed the whole complexion of my life. O! how temperate, tolerant, brotherly, and kindly we would be if we could only remember, when we are irritated and rasped and vexed, that the trouble may be in us and not in the person or institution which we censure so bitterly.

In every town there is a company of people called the four hundred—or the forty or the four, according to the size of the place—cooperating for the very purpose of practicing this buttoned-up vice. They think it is a virtue. They used to call it exclusiveness. They have a new name now, quite recently invented—they call it aloofness. You in your place and I in mine. Our circle knows all that is worth while knowing in town. Do you know what ails these people? They are belated. They are nineteen centuries behind the times, and I suppose that makes them back numbers, little as they suspect it. But it behooves me to prove it. If I had lived nineteen centuries ago I would have been a buttoned-up man to the best of my ability. Why? Because God was practicing it then. God was once buttoned up in a garment of glory so refulgent that man could not look on it, and he lived aloof—far away. When he had any dealings with man, he sent an angel with the message, or spoke through the lips of a human prophet, and there was no speech between God and man. In the old dispensation God was remote, God was inaccessible, God was hidden. What was the result? Man got worse and worse. He refused to listen to God's angels and killed his prophets. This was a wicked thing to do, but I can understand it. When your child is sick and suffering it does not want its father's messenger, or its father's servant, it wants its father's heart against it, and the child will cry until he gets this. Man was but an infant crying in the

night, sick because of sin and wailing in his grief to the far-off Father in heaven. No angel could comfort him, no prophet could cheer him. He called, "O God, come unto me thyself." And in the fullness of time the Lord heard his cry and to the astonishment of heaven he said, "Henceforth, there shall be no more angels carrying messages to my children; no more prophets speaking my statutes unto them. Behold, I am going myself." And he unbuttoned his cloak of glory and put it away in the wardrobe to hang there thirty-three years. He untied the latchets of the sandals of his omnipotence and set them aside till he should come back; and while the Bethlehem skies were full of Christmas angels God came down to mingle himself in intimate fellowship with the lowly, the poor, the friendless, and the weak. Listen, you that think it fine to go off with a few friends and enjoy your own special opportunities and let the world welter in its sorrow and its shame and its sin around you. Listen! You are living in the dispensation of the aloofness of God. For you Mary's baby is not born. You have not learned the lesson of that wondrous night in Bethlehem. For the greatest mixer the world has ever seen was the Man of Galilee. He got closer than Peter or James or John could get. No man before, no person since, has got down into their hearts, into their misery, as he did. Every town that he entered became an incurables' hospital and all the streets were wards of diseased and sick people. They let cripples down through the roof in the middle of his sermon. They brought their palsied and their paralyzed and heaped them around him, and never one too many for him. Blind beggars caught him by the feet when he walked by and sick women held him by the hem of his garment, and lepers, who had no friends and could not come to any other man, gathered around him in groups of ten and he laid his holy white hands on their scaly flesh and healed them all. Little babies clambered out of their mothers' arms into his and tangled their dimpled fingers into his hair when he put his face down against theirs in prayer and blessed them. As I watch my Lord walking through the pages of the New Testament my eyes grow wet, my throat chokes, a kind of ecstasy sweeps over my soul, and I say, "O heaven! This great, round, sorrowing, miserable world is that Man's sick sweetheart, and he has his arms around her, lifting her, lifting her, every day and every hour; for flesh and blood cannot stand against love when it is embodied in lowly service."

THE ARENA

CHRIST AND THE MAN FROM BOSTON

Boston has been called the Athens of America, the hub of American thought. Her people are noted for the interest which they take in literature, science, and art. The Bostonian is a high-brow; he goes at everything head foremost. Things must percolate through his brain before they reach his heart. The heart-door of his personality is closed, the mind-door only is open. His will is a citadel surrounded by two rings of forts; the inner ring of fortifications is the heart-fort; the outer ring is the mind-fort; the mind must first be captured before you can approach his heart and will. The man from Boston minimizes his emotion and magnifies his intellect; he boasts of the superior quality of his gray matter. The Bostonian is, nothing if not intellectual. When we speak of Christ and the man from Boston we mean Christ and the human intellect. How shall Christ be justified and defended before the intellect of man? How shall the man of intellect approach Jesus Christ? The man of intellect usually approaches Christ intellect foremost; you must first warm his cold intellect before you can reach the warmth of his heart. The man from Boston is the man with his intellectual problems. He has the wrinkled brow, the concentrated eyebrows; he must penetrate all by the keenness of his acumen before he accepts anything. What are some of the problems he raises?

First he demands a solution of mysteries. Nicodemus we might designate as a man from Boston. He came to Christ for a personal interview one night. The topic of conversation was the "New Birth." Christ repeatedly said, "Except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God." Twice Nicodemus puts questions to the Master. "How can a man be born again when he is old?" A little later in the conversation he again raised the question, "How can these things be?" The intellect is always raising the question, "How?" The man with a keen critical sense wants to understand a thing from beginning to end before he accepts it. Nicodemus represents the man who is trying to find the "How" of Christian experience. He cannot tell just exactly what electricity is, nor how it can be confined to a thin wire, yet by his keen analysis he wants to give us a scientific disquisition on the transforming process of God's grace in the soul of man. He cannot tell just how a little germ of life grows into a mighty oak, yet he wants us to tell him how God's life can develop in the soul of man a strong Christian character. This man from Boston fails to realize that there are many other experiences in life which are insoluble mysteries. He does not know how a small human cell can develop into an Aristotelian philosopher; he does not know how thought comes; he does not know how potatoes, meat, and bread are transformed into books, paintings, and music; and yet he wants to know the "How" of the "New Birth." He fails to realize how mysterious it is for the human personality to play upon the harp of the brain and make the music of thought. What makes the heart beat?

How does sap rise in the tree? What makes the lungs breathe? How does the brain think? How does a peripheral nerve immediately telegraph to the headquarters of the brain the news of pain which has taken place at our finger tips? These are all mysteries.

Is this gentleman going to deny the existence of life, thought, the beating of the heart and breathing because he does not know the "How"? Is it right for us to deny the possibility of the "New Birth" because we cannot explain the "How"? It is an indisputable fact that Saul of Tarsus was transformed on the way to Damascus; the how of it we have been trying to explain for nineteen hundred years. Christian experience is just as bald a fact as any fact in life. We may not be able to explain just how Billy Sunday was transformed from a baseball sport into a mighty modern civic prophet; yet the fact remains that he was transformed and is showing the effects of it every day. There was a time in the history of my little boy when he did not know me. He would look through the front windows of my home, see me coming up the walk, and give no sign of recognition. But one day he saw me in that self-same position coming toward him, and he gave a start of recognition which he would not have given any other man who might have approached him. How he came to know me I do not know. But I do know that there came a time when he could say, "Da Da"; which told me that he did know me. Jesus said, "We speak of the things that we do know and that we have seen." We may not be able to describe accurately how we became children of our heavenly Father. The important thing is to be able to say that the transformation has taken place and that we have learned to say "Father." The "How" of knowing our earthly parent is just as great a mystery as the "How" of knowing our heavenly parent. The simple fact is that there are mysteries outside the sphere of religion, and the man who rejects religion because he does not understand its mysteries might with the same logic reject many of the experiences of human life. Life would, indeed, lose its lure and interest for us if everything could be explained. The "How" of some experiences will ever remain mysterious here.

One of the mysteries that have always confronted the world has been the mystery of Christ's personality. Long battles have been fought on this subject. Did he have two wills, two natures? was he truly God and man? Some have claimed that he was only God, others that he was only man. At Nicæa, in 325 A. D., it was decided that Christ was truly God; at Constantinople, in 381, that he was perfectly man; at Ephesus, in 431, that he was undividedly one; at Chalcedon, in 451, that he was unconfusedly two. The New Testament tells us that he was the God-man. He ate, he slept, he grew weary, he claimed limited knowledge, he was surprised, he was disappointed, he wept; these things show that he was man. He did miracles, he was never convicted of sin, he never confessed sin, and he never prayed for his own sin. He had little education, yet he gave the world its greatest literature; he took fishermen and sent them out to conquer the world; he has influenced history more than any other man; no better life than his is conceivable; his personality keeps growing in magnitude as the centuries pass; he was killed, yet he is more alive than

any other personage of history; his moral wisdom is superb—two thousand years have failed to produce a greater character; we feel that God's character can be no better than his was: these are the facts; they make us believe that he was divine. How the divine and the human were united is a mystery.

You may be unwilling to accept the fact of his twofold nature. You may say it is too great a mystery for your mind. But you yourself are also a mystery. You are one, yet you are body and mind, spirit and matter, or, as science calls it, a psycho-physical organism. You are made of the elementary constituencies taken from water, soil, air, and sunlight. The bread and the meat which you eat originally came from these elements. When you die your body will go back to these simple elements. But is that all there is of you? This thing, made of this matter, prays, sings, thinks, writes books, loves, and hates. Does matter pray? Does matter love? No! There is a spiritual body united with this material body. These spiritual activities prove there is a spiritual being behind them. How the two are united in one personality, in one organism, is a mystery we cannot explain. It is said that our body is made up of ten million nerve fibers and our brain of twelve million cells. During our life time we think millions of thoughts, but how these thoughts are connected with these cells and nerves is a mystery. Christ is no greater mystery than our own personality. If God can make my mind to dwell in my material body it is also possible for him to be in Christ.

Our universe is likewise dualistic. Worlds of solid matter are swimming in space. They have come out of gases into solids and gradually disintegrate into gases. We call this process evolution, or the law of nature; but law is not matter. This great collection of worlds is kept going like a huge clock work. We are told that it is the law of gravitation; but this law is a mighty spiritual force. The universe is not simply dead matter, but a spiritual law and force controls its course and destiny. The whole vegetable kingdom practically dies in the winter, but in the spring a force that we call life rejuvenates it. The universe is, therefore, a combination of matter and life, of matter and a guiding law. We prefer to call that law God. How these two great forces are united together in one vast universe is beyond our understanding. The man, therefore, who cannot accept Jesus Christ because he does not understand the mystery of his being might just as well reject physical life and the universe because he does not understand them. Again we see that our ordinary experiences of life are just as mysterious as is the personality of the God-man.

Again, quite often we find the man from Boston saying with Thomas, "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and put my hand into his side, I will not believe." In other words this man demands a scientific demonstration of a fact before he believes it. You have never seen your own brain, yet you believe you have one. You perhaps have never seen a germ of disease, yet you perfectly accept the germ theory of diseases and believe that the world is full of germs. You accept the doctrine of gravitation without

it being demonstrated to you. You say: "If you could only demonstrate to me that Jesus Christ really lived, and that he is what he claims to be, I would believe." How about your faith in George Washington? Did you ever see him? I am sure you believe in him. You believe without having seen, because history speaks of him, you read of him in books, you see the evidence of his existence in our American institutions. These evidences seem perfectly sufficient to your critical mind for believing in George Washington. Jesus Christ can demonstrate his existence in the same way. History speaks of him, men who knew him intimately have written biographies of him; he has left an institution that has lasted over nineteen hundred years to commemorate his memory. In fact there are more evidences in history to convince us that Christ lived than that George Washington lived.

A tourist traveling through Arabia mocked a certain Arab's religion, saying, "How do you know there is a God?" The Arab replied, "How do I know that a camel passed my tent? I see his foot-prints in the sand. I know there is a God because the stars are his foot-prints." We can demonstrate before the intellect Christ's foot-prints in the world. We know that he walked among men, because we see his foot-prints in the literature of the world, in the Church which he founded, in the transformed lives down through the centuries. He has transformed the slave into a free citizen, he has elevated womanhood to equality with man, he has made the life of childhood sacred. The doctor who administers the anti-toxine for your diphtheria does it not only because the medical world has recommended it, but because he repeatedly has tried it and has found it to work successfully. So Christ's truth may be taken not simply on the testimony of others, but we may demonstrate its power in our own lives. We may give it the pragmatic test. The church can point to its cures which it has wrought through Christ just as the hospital may point to the cures it has wrought through the doctors.

The Old World held to seven great wonders: the Pyramids of Egypt, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the statue of Jupiter at Athens, the Mausoleum, the Colossus of Rhodes, and the Pharos of Alexandria. The seven wonders of our modern world are: the wireless, telephone, aeroplane, radium, antiseptics and antitoxins, spectrum analysis, X-ray. But the one great out-standing wonder of both the ancient world and of the modern world is Jesus Christ. With all our wonderful scientific achievements, with all the inventive genius of our century, with all the resourcefulness of Western civilization we have not ever produced a character that can measure up to Jesus Christ. No character has undergone such criticism as the character of Jesus Christ, especially in the last century, yet "all the telescopes of time have failed to find a spot on the Sun of Righteousness."

Yea, through life, death, through sorrow and through sinning,
He shall suffice me, for he hath sufficed:
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

We often hear it said, "After all the criticisms of the nineteenth century how can the Bible still claim to be the Word of God?" John G. Paton, the apostle to the New Hebrides, was one day building a hut some distance from his mission station. Finding that he had forgotten a certain tool, he wrote a request for it on a chip of wood, handed it to a native, told him to take it to the mission house and hand it to Mrs. Paton. The native was unable to read. He was greatly surprised when Mrs. Paton handed him the desired implement. Overjoyed he came running to Mr. Paton saying, "Master, the wood talks, the wood talks!" How do we know that the Bible is the Word of God? Because it speaks to us of God. It has been translated into five hundred different languages and dialects. It talks more different languages than any other book in the world. It has talked to people in their own tongue who have now entirely disappeared from the world. It is the most popular seller to-day. It will be here waiting for new tribes, for new peoples, for new languages, for new dialects to be developed, and then it will talk to those new peoples in their new language. This Book is the source of over two million sermons every month. Rev. E. W. Burt, of the Baptist Mission in Shantung, says that three men came to visit him one day from a distant village. From them he found out that three years before a colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society had sold them Bibles and that they had built a chapel without any instructions. They came asking for a teacher. This is how the Book talks to men. When an inventor produces a new automobile and puts it on the market he issues a hand-book with it describing how to run it and how to understand its mechanism. The Bible is God's hand-book. He invented the delicate mechanism of the human soul, he has also given man the hand-book of the Bible that he might know how to understand himself and to shape his course in life. A certain family in this country whose oldest daughter was a missionary in China decided that for a Christmas present they would send her a phonograph. They got several blank records, and before the talking machine was shipped each member of the family spoke and sang into the machine. There were kind, loving words from father and mother beyond the distant sea. When this missionary received the machine she put it together and sat in front of it to listen to the messages from home. The Bible is God's phonograph. We may spend our time studying the various parts of the machine, our intellects may be interested in taking it apart and criticizing every detail. Yet such a procedure would never bring us a syllable of the divine message. It is only when we forget the jarring elements of the machine, close our eyes to the mechanism, overlook the common elements which make it up, and when with an open heart we come to hear the divine voice within, that it brings to us a message from our heavenly Father. Human elements go into its construction and authorship, yet to him who has a sensitive heart it will demonstrate that it is, indeed, God's true message to the human soul.

Freeport, Ill. W. F. Bostick.

PREJUDICE OVERCOME

THINGS incidental sometimes suggest matters important. A swinging lamp in the Cathedral of Pisa suggested to Galileo the isochronism of the pendulum. The twitching of a frog's leg, accidentally touched with a scalpel which had lain near an electrical machine, revealed to Galvani the relations of animal functions to electricity. In the Book of Acts there is a passing reference to the fact that the Apostle Peter, while in Joppa, lodged in the house of one Simon a tanner, by the sea side. This is a mere incident in the history of the early Church, but it is not without significance, for it suggests at least two matters of much interest; namely, the strength of prejudice in human life and the influence of Christianity as a social force. That Simon the tanner lived by the sea side was not an accident. It was not that the sea side provided a beautiful location for his home or a convenient place for his business. The truth is that Simon was obliged to live and work outside the city limits. The trade of tanning was regarded with much disfavor by the Jews. Their antipathy was primarily religious. It was an unclean trade, because it brought a man in touch with unclean substances, and those who engaged in it were practically social outcasts. Of such a low order was this trade that a woman was allowed to separate from a tanner, just as from a leper, no matter whether the circumstances existed before or arose after the marriage. We may be sure that no religious leader of Israel would ever have been found in, or even near, the home of Simon the tanner, and yet here was Peter actually lodging there!

Consider the power of prejudice: how it clouds the mind, precludes sound judgment, and erects social barriers. No one can be said to be free from it. Basil Montague says: "Of prejudice it has been truly said that it has the singular ability of accommodating itself to all possible varieties of the human mind. . . . Let the mind be as naked as the walls of an empty and forsaken tenement, gloomy as a dungeon, or ornamented with the richest abilities of thinking; let it be hot, cold, dark, or light, lonely or inhabited, still prejudice, if undisturbed, will fill it with cobwebs, and live like the spider where there seems nothing to live on." Abstract thinkers are especially prone to prejudice. Why did Martin Luther call the Epistle of James "an epistle of straw"? He accepted the whole Bible as the Word of God. He would have given his life to maintain the integrity of the Scriptures, but so completely was his thought dominated by the doctrine of Justification by Faith that, reading in the Epistle of James that "faith without works is dead," he took this to be antagonistic to Paul's great doctrine and absurdly concluded that this epistle was not to be accepted as an authoritative guide in religion. But scientists are no less apt to be blinded to truth and led to false conclusions than theologians. It is safe to say that Malthus and other economists of his school, with their doctrine of *laissez-faire*, have done more to bewilder the human mind and promote social injustice than all the theologians of the Middle Ages put together.

In political circles prejudice is particularly active. One political leader

criticizes the policies and acts of another. In such cases it is always difficult to determine to what extent the criticism is based on sound reasoning and honest conviction and to what extent based on personal ambition mixed with personal animosity. Here are two New York daily papers. The headlines of one paper announce categorically that two hundred delegates to the National Republican Convention are pledged to a certain aspirant for the Presidential nomination. The other paper, issued probably the same hour, estimates that only seventy delegates are pledged to this same candidate. The discrepancy is to be accounted for not by a deliberate disregard for truth in either instance, but simply by the blind partisanship of both.

How hard to overcome is the prejudice of birth or nationality. Germans in America are unanimously in favor of the fatherland in the present war, but this is not because they have become convinced on purely rational grounds of the righteousness of Germany's cause. The best reason is that they were born in Germany. The same is true of Englishmen and Frenchmen in America. They are as certain that the Allies are right, and for the same reason. When Kipling writes that

> "the East is East and the West is West,
> And never the twain shall meet,"

he means simply that there are differences in temperament between Asiatics and Europeans which are irreconcilable. And there is much to be said for this view. The Hindu, for example, is slow, meditative, philosophic. The Westerner, on the other hand, and particularly the American, is quick, energetic, practical. Truth presents itself differently to the native of Bareilly and the native of New York. To the active, full-blooded American the Hindu is a very amusing, and largely useless, person. To the Hindu the American's ways are intolerable.

By no means an unimportant factor in social life is what might be called local prejudice. Any pastor could testify to the aversion which certain "old-timers" in churches have to all "new-comers," and how looks askance are directed to the newly-arrived who have the hardihood to obtrude their presence into the charmed circle of those who for many a year have been jealously guarding the local interests. In a small city not long ago serious objection was made to the appointment of an excellent man as chief of police on the ground that he was not born in that community.

Illustrations might be multiplied showing how, in all manner of human activities, prejudice abounds. Recognizing the universality of prejudice and its evil effects, how is it to be overcome? More especially, how are the social barriers built by prejudice to be broken down? In answer, the question might well be raised as to what has been, and is, doing most to eliminate prejudice, to make possible just judgment, and to draw people together in proper social relations. To this question there can be but one answer: Christianity. The personal influence of Jesus Christ has been, and is, the most potent means of banishing prejudice, whether it be individual, social, or national. He is the Saviour, the

Master, the Friend of every man, of whatever nationality, class, or condition. He holds himself aloof from no one. No social distinctions are real to him. He knows neither Jew nor Greek, male nor female, bond nor free. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and the same to every man.

This was why Simon Peter was lodging with Simon the tanner. Both were Christians. Because of their union with Christ social position did not exist for them, or at least it did not keep them apart. They were one in Christ. They were brethren. Is not this a fine illustration of the operation of Christianity in the world? Christianity is a religious faith, but it is also a social force. We sometimes marvel at the rapid spread of Christianity in the early days of the Church. What made it so irresistible that its emblem was emblazoned upon the banners of Rome by the year 312? Not least among its elements of power was its insistence upon equality. In that new society of which Christ was the head not the slightest weight was given to class, or education, or wealth. Emperors, governors, Pharisees, slaves, all were of equal importance in the sight of Christ and also in the fellowship of the saints. Those in authority opposed to this new religion might successfully resist argument, and indeed all organized propaganda, but this social movement, with its proclamation of spiritual equality and possible salvation for every man, could not be stopped. To realize that all men everywhere are the object of God's love and care, that Christ died for all, that all united by faith to him are brethren, this is the cure for that prejudice which separates man from man; this is the road to just judgment and fair dealing among men. "We know that we have passed from death into life, because we love the brethren," writes John. The Christian is able to rise above all prejudice of birth, of class, of locality, and to be interested in all men in a sympathetic, helpful way. When the present war began a body of German missionaries in India were interned by the British government. They represented a chain of mission stations most of which had been established by one of their number, a splendid Christian gentleman. And now the support and the leadership of these stations were taken away and it looked as though the stations themselves would have to go. But what happened? An Englishman, Bishop Wescott, of Madras, assumed charge of the stations and assured the German missionaries that the work would be continued and, if possible, augmented, and at the close of the war handed back to them without reserve. Surely there is nothing like Christianity for transcending racial or national or social antagonisms, which are mostly the result of prejudice and misunderstanding.

In every land at present strong voices are being raised calling for a new and more intense nationalism. But there is real danger in this movement. It may be expedient to increase national self-assertion, but in the light of divine revelation it is impossible to believe that dominion by any nation or group of nations is in line with the ultimate purpose of God. "He hath made of one flesh all nations." All men are his children. He is as much concerned about the Germans or Chinese as about Americans. All nations have a place in God's purpose and all peoples contribute to his

plan. Any other view is a prejudiced view, and if those great nations locked in deadly strife upon the battlefields of Europe had realized this truth the supreme international tragedy in the world's history would have been avoided. God's purpose with regard to sovereignty is that Jesus Christ shall be King of kings and Lord of lords, and that of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end. Under his sway all men are to be brethren. Instead of competition and strife there will be co-operation and good-will. His ways are not our ways. Sometimes he moves swiftly, sometimes slowly, but he hath purposed, and who shall annul it? He will not fail until he remove all prejudice and establish righteousness upon the earth.

CLARENCE PAUL MCCLELLAND.
Peekskill, N. Y.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE MODERN VACATION—ITS EDUCATIONAL VALUE

THE part of the year which is known as the vacation season has just closed, and it may be well to refresh our minds as to some of the advantages which the modern vacation has brought to our doors.

We use the term modern vacation not because the vacation is a new idea, but because means of its employment have been so greatly enlarged and multiplied as to render its possible uses of sufficient importance to justify its consideration as one of the educational forces of our modern life. The primary idea of a vacation is that it is a period of physical and mental rest from one's ordinary toils. People go away from their homes to some place where they have no cares and no responsibilities, and where it is difficult even for letters to reach them, and for many this is the best way of employing the vacation season. By the modern method we mean the use of vacation not merely for physical rest, but also for intellectual and spiritual refreshment. There is a rest that comes by change of work, by contact with new surroundings, by mingling with new people, by receiving the fresh inspiration of new ideals, by entering into the general movements of human progress. These forms of using a vacation are especially in vogue at the present time. The summer period is turned into a great school. The college and university and theological school, instead of having their influence confined within the limits of the walls of their institutions and to the terms laid down in their catalogues for their regular work, open their doors to the great movements of the age and employ their buildings and their faculties in extending their work among the people, and they treat of subjects adapted to the wants of this age.

The modern employment of vacation is expressed in a series of schools which are carried on during the summer period. This is not a new use of vacation, but its universality is a feature of the present day. Many of our theological seminaries open their facilities in the summer. Those

who attend these summer schools are pastors in the active ministry, who are thus enabled to review the studies of their seminary career, and also to take up new departments under the experts who are supposed to be connected with these schools. There are some branches which have come to the front on which they need opportunities for special study. The new sciences which have developed in relation to theological study, especially in the line of social science and psychology, have taken on forms which demand the attention of the modern minister. He can well use his time during the rest season to refresh his mind on such important subjects. Pastors also need opportunities for planning their work for the coming year. This can well be carried on under the inspiration of the association with brother pastors in such gathering as are found in these summer schools. The writer met one pastor, eminent as a preacher and as administrator of a large city church, who was busily engaged in planning his work for the coming year. Of course he could not arrange all the details, but he could make general plans, select suitable texts for his ordinary services, leaving for timely treatment the topics which necessarily arise and for which no fitting preparation could be made in advance. In this way, when the vacation period closes and he returns to his active duties, he finds himself not only physically refreshed by his vacation but also intellectually equipped in a manner which will make his ministry less burdensome during its intensive period.

In this modern period the professor also employs his vacation in combining rest with more extended investigations in his own particular department. A true professor cannot live on his past. He must ever refresh his mind on the subjects in which new investigations are constantly arising, and new forms of truth are constantly being presented. He cannot delay this until his active duties begin, for during the whole period of the college or seminary year he must devote himself to specific duties which command all his time and strength. Special researches therefore he combines with his vacation period. This brings us back again to the summer schools in connection with colleges and universities, which in this modern period have taken new forms and new courses of study of interest to the various desires of students from various institutions. In them work already done in the college or university may be supplemented.[1] Some also find it necessary to make up studies in which they have not attained the proper standing already.

Now these summer schools are of great benefit also in that they call out students from the masses of the people, both men and women, who find in the courses laid down something on which they wish to prepare themselves more fully. Thus they become the means of general education and raise the intellectual standing of the community. The missionary movement receives a large impetus in the modern way of using vacations. All over the country there have grown up special schools with summer courses on the great missionary enterprises of the world. These call together the candidates for missions and returned missionaries, who are

[1] One great university summer school reports an enrollment of about six thousand.

thus stimulated for the great enterprise which is now engaging the thought of the Christian world.

A special feature of the modern vacation is the opportunity it affords for the discussion of subjects of great public interest, and in this respect the vacation season which has just closed has been remarkable. The international relations of mankind have been brought to the front as never before. The great war which is desolating Europe has called forth gatherings in various centers, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, where men of highest prominence and of the greatest knowledge have given addresses for the instruction of the people. Such subjects as international law have been brought down from the lecture room of the professor to the gatherings of the people, and thus the public, the citizens of the country—who are the real rulers—become acquainted with the great problems with which our rulers have to deal, and thus are able to vote intelligently on questions pertaining to world welfare. The great questions of war and peace have been discussed before the tribunal of the people, and everywhere there is an awakened sense of patriotism. One college, one great university, summons its students to its halls to discuss together the best methods of securing and maintaining peace. One university president says, "We want to know whether, as a scientific fact, it be true that man must go on settling his differences forever by war. If this should turn out not to be scientifically true we want to know how man is going to give the war method up and what he can substitute for it." He suggests that international peace calls for "disseminating a little intelligence among the educated." The lectures delivered in many parts of this country have undoubtedly had a great influence not only in promoting the love of peace but in seeking the best methods in maintaining it.

If to these various uses of the modern vacation season we add the many interests which summon the people during their rest we will be able to recognize the meaning of modern vacation. The finer forms of music and the artistic nature have been stirred during this period.

We have not mentioned the religious aspect of the summer vacation, which is one of its most prominent features in the great metropolitan city of New York. Great evangelistic meetings have been carried on under Christian leaders of great Christian experience and power. Those who have never heard the gospel before, perhaps, have been led into these meetings, where they have been brought into contact with the great central facts of the Christian faith and have been led to accept Christ as their Master and Lord. As we pass from place to place in the summer rush it may seem to the ordinary observer that the world is running riot with pleasure, and that there is no seriousness among the people; but if you look deeper you will find an undercurrent of serious thought and of deep interest in the profound things of life. We may therefore not despair of our time, nor think that in the tumult and horror of war all things are going to destruction. When we observe carefully the great subjects that are arresting the attention of our people, and the lectures and addresses which they hear from those highest in knowledge and in devotion to human welfare, we can take courage and remember that notwithstand-

ing the discouragements that now confront us the promise remains true that the "kingdoms of this world" shall "become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever."

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE HITTITE LANGUAGE

THE Hittites, though mentioned fifty times or more in the Old Testament and incidentally referred to in other records, were till about sixty years ago comparatively unknown. The two or three passages in the Hebrew Scriptures, from which one might infer that they were a powerful people, were at one time unceremoniously labeled by radical critics as unhistorical, legendary, unworthy of a place on the pages of authentic history. This is especially true of 2 Kings 7. 6, where we read that the King of Israel had formed an alliance with the Hittites in a war against the Syrians. We were assured by our friends, "the historical critics," that "no Hittite kings can have compared with the King of Judah," . . . "nor is there," we were assured, "a single mark of acquaintance with the contemporaneous history." In view of recent discoveries every one will readily grant that the old Hebrew chronicler knew far more about the Hittites than his disparaging critics in England and Germany.

We are at once impressed with the civilization and business methods of the Hittite colonists in and around Hebron, in the story of Abraham as related by Moses, when the former purchased a parcel of land on which to bury his beloved Sarah. That was not a loose verbal transaction; but a formal, written deed, in due legal form, was given the father of the faithful, "for the field and the cave which was therein and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the border thereof round about." And this was done publicly, "before all that went in at the gate of the city" (Gen. 23, 17f.).

The Egyptian monuments, so long silent as the Sphinx, refer to the Hittites frequently and picture them most of the time as foes worthy of their steel. More than one Pharaoh engaged them in battle and were glad to conclude treaties of peace with them. One such treaty has become famous. We refer to that long document, inscribed on a silver plate, drawn up between Rameses II and Khata-sar, that is, Hittite king. Two copies of this exist, one in Egyptian, the other in Babylonian. Moreover there existed a very close alliance between the two peoples, and even intermarriages are mentioned.

As could be expected the cuneiform inscriptions of Assyria have much to say about the Hittites. Tiglath-pileser made war upon them about 1100 B. C. when he invaded Asia Minor as far as Cappadocia. Assur-nazir-pal passed through Carchemish, a great Hittite stronghold, about 890 B. C., and forced the king to pay homage and tribute to him. Shalmanezer and other Assyrian kings warred often with the Hittites, until finally

their power was utterly crushed by Sargon III, who conquered Pisiris, the Hittite king, and captured Carchemish in 717 B. C.

There are no fewer than thirty references to this powerful people in the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, all of which go to prove that the Hittites were a source of great annoyance to the rulers of Egypt about 1450-1415 B. C. Upon the downfall of the XVIII dynasty the Hittites became emboldened; they occupied and fortified both Carchemish and Kadesh, farther south, and from these strongholds marched victoriously against the Egyptians. Egypt was glad to conclude peace with them. We read, among other things, in the treaty then made, "He [Rameses II] shall be my ally, he shall be my friend; I will be his ally, I will be his friend, forever."

In view of all these facts one has well said, "Among the great political forces of the ancient Oriental world we now know that none exercised a more profound influence than the Hittites of Asia Minor. It was they who overthrew the Amorite dynasty of Babylonia to which the Amraphel of Genesis belonged; to them was due the fall of the Egyptian Empire in Asia, and it was they who checked for centuries the desolating advance of the Assyrians. In Palestine their influence was supreme, and it was with good reason that in the tenth chapter of Genesis Heth is named second among the sons of Canaan."

The Hittites have, likewise, left very many traces of themselves. These bear clear testimony to the greatness and extent of their dominion in Asia Minor and Syria. Kadesh on the Orontes and Carchemish on the Euphrates abound in Hittite remains. But no place has as many Hittite monuments as Boghaz-Keui and its environs, about one hundred miles from Angora. Extensive excavations have been carried on here by several persons, but none can be compared with those by the late Professor Winckler of Berlin. He commenced work here in 1906 and continued, with interruptions, till 1912. His success was phenomenal. Since this remarkable discovery no one has doubted that Boghaz-Keui was the capital of the Hittites. Not only did the great archæologist discover the ruins of immense palaces and public buildings, many rock-hewn pictographs in relief and sculptures, but he unearthed also no fewer than 20,000 cuneiform inscriptions. Of these a goodly number were perfect, though the greater part were damaged and in fragments. These inscriptions were partly Accadian and partly Hittite, or at least non-Semitic. The Accadian documents are easy to decipher, not so the others.

This great discovery of Professor Winckler was made known at once, and was hailed with delight by all historians and archæologists. Unfortunately the long, severe illness of the discoverer interfered greatly with his work on these tablets, and the fact that he died April 19, 1913, without leaving a single line or note to show that he had found a key to the Hittite language, was disconcerting to those interested. Though a diligent search was made among his papers, not a scrap of any kind was left to tell the result of his efforts. It may, therefore, be presumed that his work had not been successful.

The clay tablets discovered at Boghaz-Keui are for the greater part deposited in the Imperial Museum at Constantinople. A few, however,

were carried away—perhaps by the diggers—and sold by dealers to the museums of Europe, especially to Berlin.

The German Oriental Society, after the death of Professor Winckler, sent Dr. Figulla to Constantinople to study and copy the original texts, and the Austrian government sent Dr. Hronzy, professor of the Semitic languages at the University of Vienna, on a like mission. These two scholars, owing to the great war, were forced to leave Constantinople before their task was completed, not, however, before they had studied, copied, and photographed a goodly number of the texts. The beginning made by these specialists augurs well; the copies and photographs secured by them may now be studied by all interested.

Dr. Figulla is now working at the Royal Museum at Berlin upon the texts copied at the Ottoman Museum as well as upon those in Berlin. Dr. Hronzy, too, has devoted himself to the Hittite texts. His purpose is to bring out the results of his work in parts, issued at irregular intervals. Two such parts—probably three by this time—have appeared. To further promote the study of Hittite texts a periodical has been established, entitled Boghaz Koei Studien. It is published by the well-known firm of J. C. Heinrichs, Leipzig.

Whether or not Professor Winckler had made any substantial progress in the study of the Hittite language will probably remain a secret. Be that as it may, Dr. Hronzy believes that he has finally succeeded in making a real start, and that he is about to wrest from these silent documents secrets which have been tenaciously preserved through the centuries. He is diligently working on a volume which, when published, if his hopes are realized, will be an epoch-making work and will place him among such discoverers as Champollion and Rawlinson, the pioneers in Egyptology and Assyriology respectively. The title of his book is The Language of the Hittites, its Structure and Connection with the Indo-Germanic Family of Languages. The introduction to this volume, from which we gather these facts, has already appeared in a recent number of the Mitteilungen der Deutschen-Orient Gesellschaft, Berlin.

His reason for giving this introduction at this time is evident. He not only wants to be the first to announce his discovery, but wishes also to profit by any suggestion or criticism which his theory may call forth.

Though Peiser, Jensen, Sayce, Thompson, and others have worked hard and long upon the Hittite inscriptions, not one of these has made satisfactory progress or has arrived at a correct solution. To judge from an article by Professor Eduard Meyer of Berlin, Dr. Hronzy may not be able to satisfy us either.

It is, nevertheless, not too much to hope that the Boghaz-Keui inscriptions with fragments of vocabularies, ideograms, and double texts must necessarily further the study of Hittite. Some aid has already come from Professor Delitzsch's little book, Sumerisch-Akkadisch-Hettische Vocabularfragmente, for every word, character, sign, or ideogram explained is a move in the right direction.

Professor Hronzy, having examined the Winckler collection at Constantinople, and having compared characters and signs, and having paid

great attention to the Hittite proper names in the Sumerian-Accadian inscriptions, and having profited by the labors of all his predecessors in this branch of study, has become convinced that the Hittite language belongs to the western branch of the great Indo-Germanic family of speech, that is, the same group as the Keltic, German, Greek, and Italian. He believes that he has discovered many close correspondences between the Hittite and the above languages. The present participle presents some striking resemblances. The nominative singular participle of the verb meaning *to give* is *da-a-an* in Hittite, and the nominative plural is *da-an-te-es;* compare the Latin *dantes.* The final consonants, an, ns, and nt, are found in the present participles of many Indo-Germanic languages, as in Lat. *ferens, ferentis,* Ger. *geband,* French, *donant,* etc. The tense endings of the Hittite and the Indo-Germanic tongues show the same correspondence. The same is true of the case endings, of which there are six in the Hittite. Not only the forms but also the vocabularies present a striking similarity. The stem of the verb to give is *do,* as in Latin. The word for water is wa-a-tar in the Hittite; compare the Greek ὑδωρ, and the Welsh *dwr.* A-ku-wa-a-na is the Hittite word for drink; compare *aqua* in Latin. Take again, the word *a-da-an-na,* to eat, which is *da* in Sanscrit, *edo* in Latin, εδειν in Greek and *essen* in German.

The resemblance is still greater in the pronouns. I is *uga* in the Hittite, *ego* in Latin and εγω in Greek. The English which is kuis and kuit; compare the Latin *quis* and *quid.* The Latin *quisque* is *kuiski* in the Hittite; so too we have *quidque* and *kuitki* respectively in the two languages.

It would be easy to multiply comparisons, but let the above suffice.

The above selections from Hronzy's preliminary work, while not absolutely convincing, show remarkable coincidences and deserve consideration until convincing proof of their inaccuracy is produced.

But whence came the Hittites to Asia Minor, and what people did they drive out when they came? There are two theories: (1) They came from the West over the Bosporus. (2) They came over the Caucasus. The fact that there is a close relation between the Hittite and Latin favors the first theory. But the same has been said of the Armenian and Hittite, which gives color to the trans-Caucasian view.

Though their provenance is not exactly known, it is nevertheless quite interesting to know that the Hittites, an Indo-Germanic people, played so important a rôle in the story of the nations as early as the fifteenth century B. C., and that princes of Indo-Germanic blood were deemed worthy of the closest alliances with the rulers of Egypt and that they successfully measured arms with the kings of Syria and Assyria at such an early age. Indeed, some go so far as to claim that it was the Hittites that put an end to the Hammurabi dynasty in the twentieth century before our era. Be that as it may, the Hittites had great influence in shaping the destiny not only of Asia Minor, but of Egypt and Assyria, as well as of the smaller nations of their day. Thus in gray antiquity the ancient East and the ancient West were closely brought together by this great confederacy.

But a people which had such great power for nearly a thousand years

must have possessed a high degree of civilization. When their records shall have been fully deciphered and studied it may turn out that Subbiluliama, Arandas, Hattusil, and other Hittite rulers were as great in their day as Sargon, Hammurabi, or any of the Pharaohs of Egypt at the time of their greatest power.

"The most important Hittite documents of which translations have been given are: 1. Treaty with Mitanni, *temp.* Subbiluliama, with historical preamble describing previous relations with Tushratta, Isuwa, Alske, Aleppo, and finally the terms of alliance with Mattiuaza. 2. A treaty fragment of the same reign, referring to Nukhassa and Aitagama. 3. Treaty with the Amorites, *temp.* Murzil. 4. Treaty with the Amorites, *temp.* Hattusil, with historical preamble covering the reigns of Subbiluliama, Murzil, and Mutallu. 5. Correspondence of Hattusil with Babylonia, *re* the succession, the Egyptian treaty, the Amorites and Assyria. 6. Edict of Dudhkalia, relating to internal affairs; and 7. A document of same king in Hittite relating to an Amorite revolt, *temp.* Mutallu. 8. Cedastral survey, *temp.* Arnuanta, signed by the Royal Ladies." *Garetang.*

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

CHURCH AND THEOLOGY AFTER THE WAR

NATURALLY there is in all the world much forecasting of conditions and movements in Europe after the war. If many a lesser war has brought to pass great changes in the life and thought of the nations, who shall measure the possibilities hidden in the present tremendous cataclysm? While for most men it is the wider social and political problems that loom up in the foreground, the religious leaders are earnestly considering the seemingly narrower, but in the end all-embracing, problems of church and theology.

The leading thinkers of Catholicism, Greek as well as Roman, earnestly hope that through the universal calamity of the war multitudes of Protestants, grown sick of their religious arrogance and error, will return to the security and peace of the old faith. An all-comprehensive Christian Catholicity, they maintain, would have rendered the war impossible. But what of the two ancient great divisions of the church, each setting up exclusive claims to true Catholicity? There are weighty voices on both sides prophesying the reunion of the churches—on what basis, however, remains unclear. Over against the fond hopes of the Catholics we affirm the opinion that the war has given a new and perhaps final demonstration of the settled will of the people to pay no respect or heed to outward ecclesiastical authority, but only to the spiritual forces of Christianity. Times of mortal stress put everything to the test of reality. Thus once again the judgment of God in history sets the divine seal upon the evangelical principle of the supremacy of the Word. Ecclesiastical institutions cannot guarantee peace, it is a fruit of the Spirit.

Whether the war will bring to the British churches any very great changes may well be doubted. Already the life of the churches was comparatively free, and their development was essentially normal. Doubtless many Nonconformists will continue mildly to counsel the disestablishment of the Church of England, but any marked agitation of the question is not to be looked for in the near future. It is more likely that the mutual relations of all Christian forces in the midst of the stress and calamity of war will tend to moderate the extreme claims of the High Church party. Thus the agitation of the question of disestablishment would naturally be deferred.

French Protestants seem to be aware of the greatness of the opportunity and responsibility which the war has brought upon them. As in Germany so also in France there has been a wonderful religious awakening. But an awakening can come to nothing unless beneath it is laid a great foundation of gospel truth. Multitudes of the French people have become estranged from Roman Catholicism without having turned to Protestantism. Many of these are now stirred by religious longings which can hardly be satisfied in Catholicism. This condition constitutes the special opportunity of the evangelical churches of France.

It is in Germany that the discussion of the problems of church and theology after the war is most serious. This is largely due to the fact that reform movements had been agitated for some years before the war, and present conditions make the need of reform more evident. And then of course the war has brought its own specific problems.

Unquestionably the first ecclesiastical problem of German Protestantism is the relation of church to state. For some decades distinguished leaders of religious thought in Germany, such as Stöcker and Beyschlag, urged the necessity of the church's liberation from a domination by the state. Not many people, outside the ranks of the Social-Democratic party, advocated a total separation of church and state. Not separation but autonomy was the end aimed at. Thousands of thinking and praying men and women have felt that German Protestantism has been sadly hampered by the form of its relation to the state.

The protest of the religious leaders came from all theological quarters, conservative and liberal alike. A classic expression of the attitude of great numbers of evangelicals is found in a sermon by Heinrich Hoffmann (died 1899) on "Christ's Church, the free mother of free children." "The church is meant to be free, but that through the power of grace, and therefore free in a voluntary subjection of faith and obedience to the word of the Lord. . . . Is then our evangelical church free? Does she, under her King in heaven, rule herself? Rather, though set free from the dominion of a priesthood, she has fallen under the law of subservience to the secular authority. Our so-called church courts are only royal state magistracies. Behold how, by virtue of this condition of things, the state can—apparently with perfect propriety—make the church serviceable to its own political ends! . . . To be sure, it is, as you say, through God's decree that our evangelical church has come into this case; but when you are sick that, too, is a decree of God, and yet you should seek to be

well. Whoever has love for our church ought to throw his whole soul into the effort to win for her the freedom that rightfully belongs to her."

Such, we believe, was the prevailing sentiment, especially among the Protestants of most vital evangelical interest, before the war. On the other hand, there was a fearful alienation of the masses from the church. This was expressing itself in the last two years before the outbreak of the war in the "Secession Movement" (fostered chiefly by the Social-Democrats), an account of which we gave in the issue of July-August, 1914. The war came on. It put an instant stop to the secession movement. Undoubtedly the hearty devotion of the clergy to the needs of sufferers in mind and body has, for the most part, been set in the popular mind to the credit of the state church. But it does not follow that the issue of separation of church and state will not emerge again shortly after the close of the war.

Perhaps the most interesting discussion of our theme is that by Rade, in a pamphlet entitled: "Die Kirche nach dem Kriege" (The Church after the War). One of his most confident propositions is that the agitation for the separation of the church and state is disposed of for an indefinite period. Perhaps so, if we are to take strictly the term "separation," but we believe that the newly awakened sense of responsibility on account of the vastness of the need will arouse an intensified zeal for the "liberation" of the church. But Rade contends for a goodly measure of autonomy, though he would not go so far in this direction as some other theologians. His main contention is that a way must be found to give to the laity a much larger part in the work of the church. Along with this must necessarily go an increased interest in the social problems of the modern world and a general "ethicizing" of the church. The ethicizing of the church means to lay relatively less stress upon formal doctrine as more is laid upon the application of Christian principles in individual and social life.

As a matter of course one must expect such a man as Troeltsch to take up our theme. This he has done on several occasions and from various points of view. Of especial interest is an essay on "Kirchen- und Religionspolitik im Verhältnis zur Sozialdemokratie" (The Policy of Church and Religion in Relation to Social Democracy). As there is an almost bewildering wealth of ideas in the essay, we can mention only a few leading thoughts. While Social Democracy is deplorably anti-churchly, and even anti-Christian, we should not fail to recognize the moralizing force of the organization for great multitudes who have utterly broken with the church and her traditions. Nor should the mass of Social Democrats be regarded as hopelessly estranged from Christianity. On the other hand, a swift development of the movement to separate church from state is both impracticable and undesirable. A gradual liberation and ultimate separation is best. In the process some way must be found to provide for the necessary moral and religious instruction in the schools without maintaining the present uncompromising attitude toward the position of the Social Democrats. These must not be forever held as "foreign bodies" in the national organism. But, while Troeltsch

appears at times almost as an apologist of Social Democracy, he also, in his direct yet fair way, takes it to task on several scores. He particularly urges the indefensibility of the proposition "Religion is a private matter." Religion is never private in that sense; it is always and in the largest sense social. Moreover, the party of the Socialists ought never to overlook the fact that the church, so far as it is a real force in the world, is not a formal institution of the state, but a free fellowship or society. This essential character they ought to be the last to despise.

The problems of which we have been speaking belong in the realm of the pragmatic. But as all genuine theology deals with concrete realities, so all practical Christian problems have their counterpart in problems of Christian theory. One of the most interesting discussions of the new problems of theology called forth by the war is by Dunkmann, of Greifswald. Among other things he points out how the world catastrophe must lead to a renewed interest in the questions centering in the cross of Christ, in the question of the absoluteness of Christianity, especially the finality of Jesus's ethical teachings. Concerning the theology of German Protestantism after the war he declares two things which interest us here: it must be more positive, and it must be more German. By "more positive" he does not mean just more orthodox, but positive in the sense of firmly based upon the revelation of God in the historical, biblical Christ. By "more German" he does not mean indifferent to or closed against the thought of other peoples, but more consistently following the lines marked out by the religious history of the German people. But just here we believe a tendency to a willful narrowing of the vision displays itself which is deplorable wherever found. On the other hand we are confident that the next phase of German theology will indeed be more positive in the best sense of the term. The mortal distress of the whole people must lead men to seek for a sure ground in the positive revelation of God in Christ. And as it grows more evangelical it will also grow more practical. The church that has produced such practical geniuses as Wichern, Fliedner, Bodelschwingh, Stöcker, and (in his way) Warneck, is rich not only in theological ideas but in the power to do by the grace of God. The liberation of the church will encourage the more vital type of theology.

METHODISM'S OPPORTUNITY IN CONTINENTAL EUROPE

THE terrors and destruction of the great war have brought to all Christendom an immeasurable opportunity as well as a tremendous test. To the churches of the nations immediately involved in the war it certainly has not been the opportunity for great visible organization and upbuilding. To the eye that looks only at the things that are seen this terrible time must seem to be the tearing down of what had been building through the centuries. It is rather the opportunity to bear convincing testimony to the saving power of God when all human help has failed. Faith, which gives us certainty of things not seen, is gaining wonderful

victories. Those who would spread abroad the mighty word seem to meet the greatest hindrances. Yet they find the old apostolic miracle repeated: that which has befallen the church has turned out rather to the furtherance of the gospel. The Word is not bound. Where the orderly worship of the church is wholly impossible many thousands of faithful witnesses have boldly told of God in Christ and countless thousands have come face to face with the living God.

Our Methodist people in Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Russia have suffered with the rest. In Germany they have suffered even more severely than the state churches. Just before the war they were bravely moving toward the goal of complete self-support and would soon have reached it. Having now only the comparatively small appropriation of the Board of Foreign Missions and their own voluntary offerings to draw upon, they are indeed—since most of them are poor—sorely pressed, but when the war-clouds break, and the dawn of peace appears, Methodism will meet a very great opportunity and responsibility. As has been pointed out in that fine document on The World Situation, 1916, issued by the Board of Foreign Missions, the only evangelical force which, when the war is ended, will be welcomed in all countries, and will possess normal organization and equipment for the mighty tasks that will devolve upon the churches, is the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Those who know the animosity against Methodism which once prevailed generally in Central Europe will appreciate the significance of the statement that it will now be welcomed in all countries. For the statement is doubtless true. What has brought about the change? Undoubtedly the "pentecost of calamity" has been an important factor, but even some years before the war the situation had already largely altered. The change may be ascribed chiefly to the following facts and conditions: First, the leaders of Methodism—our statements apply not only to Germany and Austria-Hungary but also to Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, and even to Italy and Russia—have manifested a growing desire to establish a cordial understanding with the Protestant state churches (where such exist), and with all other evangelical forces; to cooperate with them and not to proselytize. This desire has been strongly encouraged by the three broad-minded Bishops who in succession have had special supervision over the European Conferences in the past sixteen years: Bishops Vincent, Burt, and Nuelsen. The Methodism of continental Europe owes much to these men. Especially in these last years Bishop Nuelsen's ample acquaintance with the life and thought of the peoples among whom he labors and his perfect knowledge of German and facility in French have been priceless assets. His knowledge, tact, and breadth of sympathy have won for Methodism a recognition hardly dreamed of one or two decades ago. The second factor of the change is, in our opinion, the growing earnest desire of the Methodists, especially in Germany and the Scandinavian countries, to be wholly self-supporting. This desire is the fruit not only of a manly spirit but also of a conviction that Methodism has a real mission to the people, a mission whose warrant must be acknowledged as soon as it appears in a clear light.

Of course the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Europe is still looked upon with considerable disfavor by many people, high and low. Yet we cannot too strongly emphasize the extent of the change in public opinion that has already taken place. It seems that a comparatively favorable judgment came earlier in Norway and Sweden and in parts of Switzerland than in Germany.

We are speaking of Methodism's present or surely approaching opportunity. We cannot doubt it is very great. But the great opportunity will be greatly conceived and used only if we rise to the high faith that is ready to lose our denominational life for the sake of Christ and his gospel. Of course we are to shepherd our own people, and those wandering ones whom God gives to our hand. Denominational disorganization is not to be thought of. So long as we have the work to do we must maintain our organization and gather members. But we must as a church understand that a vast ministry is laid upon us that far outruns all denominational boundaries. We believe the Methodists of Germany and Austria-Hungary are even now largely ready for this broader conception of their mission. We in America must not fail to stand by them in their high endeavor. They earnestly desire to be self-supporting as soon as possible and to offer a sacrifice of faith and love on behalf of their countrymen. They will welcome our aid in abundant measure to enable them to enlarge this unselfish service where the need must be incalculable. Our call is to support them in such service for our Lord without demanding that our dollars must be matched by numbers won to our denominational banner. And if the people of those countries, overwhelmed by the cries for help, physical and spiritual, are made clearly to understand that Methodism's spirit and aim are nothing less than brotherly cooperation in the cause of our common Lord they will indeed welcome us.

Methodism owes it to herself and to the people whom she is called to serve that every ground for thinking of our mission as a proselytizing propaganda be utterly swept away. Already very much has been effected in this way. We now have the opportunity to finish the work. Until now every Protestant denomination in Germany and Austria-Hungary has been regarded as more or less hostile to the state churches. We rejoice that much has been done to overcome this situation so far as Methodism is concerned. It seems that at present no so-called "sect" is so near to attaining a cordial recognition of a genuine Christian catholicity as Methodism. If we fail to reach that goal it will not be the fault of our Bishop resident in Europe, nor of the leading spirits in our church in those countries. Our gospel message and our manifold ministrations in the name of Christ will help to meet a great need and will be sincerely welcomed. Nor shall we lack numbers because we put self-forgetful service before numbers. We shall have such numbers as God is pleased to give us, and they may prove to be a multitude. We shall then enjoy the universal gratitude and respect of the people, not because we have had success, but because we have truly and largely served in the spirit of Christ.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Faith the Greatest Power in the World. By SAMUEL MCCOMB, D.D. 16mo, pp. 83. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, 50 cents.

IN this small book of eighteen brief chapters, the table of contents furnishes a convenient outline for discourse on its subject. Here it is: "The Greatest Power in the World," "Faith a Necessity," "What is Faith?" "Faith More than Intellectual Belief," "Faith an Emotion," "What the New Testament Has to Say About Faith," "Faith the Secret of Christ's Personality and the Soul of His Religion," "The Healing Power of Faith," "The Importance of Faith's Object," "The Power of Faith to Conquer Bad Habits," "Faith's Power to Transfigure the Past," "Faith the Motive Power of Work," "Faith the Conqueror of Fear," "How to Get Faith," "Faith in Human Nature," "Christ or Nietzsche?" "Faith in the Powers of the Soul," "What the Prayer of Faith Can Do." Dr. McComb begins by giving this statement from Carlyle a whole page by itself: "For man's wellbeing faith is properly the one thing needful. With it martyrs, otherwise weak, can cheerfully endure the shame and the cross; and without it worldlings puke up their sick existence by suicide in the midst of luxury." Some sample extracts follow here without quotation marks. The moment we ask the question, What is faith? we are met by a great variety of discordant answers. The theological dogmatist tells us that faith is the conviction of the truth of ideas that by their very nature are beyond reason, and so incomprehensible. Hence the popular notion that faith is simply credulity; that is, belief in the unreasonable. The mystic tells us that faith is the direct consciousness on the part of the finite soul of the Infinite Soul, the immediate vision of spiritual reality. The eye of the soul sees the Divine just as the eye of the body apprehends the colors of earth and sky. The pragmatist, renouncing the intellectualism of the past, sees in faith an act of will, done in obedience to imperative needs, an act which justifies itself by the practical good which is its outcome. And so it happens that many turn away from the whole matter in discouragement, and live as they best can, now under the impulse of faith, and again acting from an opposite conviction, with the result that all about us we see lives that are ineffective, unsatisfying, and unattractive. A little reflection, however, will show us that we need not surrender to this counsel of despair. For we may find that the dogmatist, the mystic, and the pragmatist have fastened the eye simply upon aspects of the truth, but that the truth itself is more primary and more fundamental than any of these abstractions from it. Let us begin, then, by looking at faith as a fact of ordinary every-day experience. It cannot be too often asserted that religious faith, considered as an act of the human spirit, does not differ from faith in any other province of life. It is not something added on externally, as it were, to man's nature. On the contrary, it is the outflowering of all his powers. Faith, in the broadest sense of the word, is a natural endowment, so that without it man would scarcely

be man. As to its nature, it is at once an intellectual act, an attitude of will, and a state of feeling. And yet in germ it is more fundamental than these, issuing out of the deepest recesses of our nature, and spreading itself out over the whole extent of our being. One may say that it is a kind of instinct, like the instinct of self-preservation; and yet it is not merely instinct, for it reveals, when developed, elements of mind and will. The child has faith in his parent, the pupil in his teacher, the patient in his physician, the patriot in his country, the philosopher in the immanent reason of the universe. Yet in all these relations there is much to contradict the faith, much to make it incredible to the eye of the discursive understanding. Still the faith cannot be overborne. For it goes back into that mysterious region whence come the vital impulses of our nature. Faith is thus sustained by hidden forces that make it triumphant over all obstacles. Unhappily, when the term "faith" is used, whether by believers or unbelievers, it is too often referred to a body of objective beliefs as formulated in creeds or confessions, as set forth in traditional doctrines. Hence, one of the most wide-spread errors in Christendom is to be found in the impression that before we can experience the redeeming and uplifting quality of faith we must accept a series of dogmas which have a long history and require a high degree of intellectual power to make them intelligible. We are told that we must accept these whether as taught by the church or by theological experts who have gathered them from the Bible, and then we shall be in a position to feel the glow and warmth of faith. Now it cannot be too often insisted upon that a man may believe all the articles of all the creeds, and be convinced of the historical truth of all the miracles recorded in the Bible, and yet be devoid of faith in the sense in which the New Testament writers explain the word. "The devils believe and tremble." That is, their belief has no ethical effect. It creates fear, which is the negation of faith or trust, though doubtless if they did not believe their fear would be still greater. Faith, or fidelity of will, therefore, includes belief, but goes beyond it. Hence we speak of the "venture of faith." A cold intellectual belief achieves nothing, has no dynamic quality, whereas what we mean by faith implies a readiness to act; to take a certain risk; to feel the joy of self-surrender; to commit ourselves enthusiastically to the truth of a principle or the goodness of a person. Speaking of faith as a moral trust, the author says that no crisis is too great, no agony is too poignant, no upheaval of the foundations of existence too overwhelming for the constraining, steadying, and uplifting energies of a moral trust. One sometimes imagines oneself in a situation of terrible strain and stress, amid the terrors of shipwreck, or in the inferno of the modern battlefield, where the relentless forces of nature or the cruel engines of human ingenuity make havoc of youth, affection, beauty, the rich promise of the future as well as the garnered harvests of the past, and the doubt arises unbidden—what would faith in the invisible order of realities avail against the overpowering might of the immediate present? It suffices us to reply that faith is not merely for the sunshine, but also for the darkness; not only for the quiet levels of

our existence, but also for the wrack of tempest and the last delirium of despair. Take the experience of a young British officer who had come through the horrors of the battle of Neuve Chapelle, an experience all the more remarkable as he makes no profession of religion, and is not, in the ordinary sense of the term, a religious man. The following extract is from a private letter written from the hospital where he lay wounded, and so far as is known it is the only occasion on which he has expressed himself so freely: "The regiment had a terrible time during the advance, and when I came away, during the third night, was only about one third the strength it went in. . . . Two of our officers went off their heads, and about two thirds were killed or wounded. I mention these horrible figures because I think it will interest you to know how I felt about it. Probably the fact of being in superb health made a big difference, but I faced it far better than I ever expected to. There is . . . only one thing that can possibly make one rise above these surroundings: *faith that the spirit goes to a higher life; and though I'm afraid my religion has been and still is patchy, this thought kept me perfectly calm and steady. . . . Before the thing started you certainly could have knocked me down with a feather, and then it was a tremendous effort to force my ghastly smile into something more cheery. I'm afraid I shall be frightened, too, when it has to be done again; but if only I can get into the same frame of mind as before, I shall be quite contented.*" If faith in a mind with no native religious tendency can enable it to face with courage and resolution the worst that fate can do, are we not justified in saying that we are in the presence of the greatest power known to humanity? All men of faith are optimists. Their moral defeats, however great, do not daunt them. Faith transforms failure into success. These persons feel that they are in league with the powers of the universe, and they fear nothing human or diabolic. The forces of environment and heredity, terrible though they be, are broken and driven from the field. Hope takes the place of despair, and the energies of a new life reach out in every direction. If for the moment they yield to despondency, they pray, in the spirit of Robert Louis Stevenson: "Help us with the grace of courage that we be none of us cast down when we sit lamenting amid the ruins of our happiness or our integrity; touch us with fire from the altar that we may be up and doing to rebuild our city." What shall be said of this sentence? "The most truculent swashbuckler who by valiant charge or keeping vigil in some rain-soaked trench ventures his all in obedience to a dim sense of duty, or, under the impulse of a faith in some far-off good to be achieved by the horror and the agony, is at least living, is tasting of an austere joy; whereas the dilettante or the money-grubber at home shrinks back into a narrow and self-centered world of small anemic pleasures which he glorifies with the name of peace." To condemn war from high and noble motives, or because there has flashed on us the vision of a divine humanity, is one thing; but to condemn it because we fear the sacrifices and inconveniences which it entails, and because we value stocks and shares above freedom and the holiest goods of humanity, is another and a very different thing. In the latter case we are slaves at heart, and

Fear is our taskmaster. The only power that can deliver us from this tyranny is faith. And it delivers us not by denying the reality of the objects of our fear, but by giving us strength which enables us to transcend them. Consider the respective activities of fear and faith. Fear disintegrates, faith unifies; fear weakens, faith invigorates; fear depresses, faith exalts; fear inhibits, faith sets free. In brief, fear lowers our vitality, lessens the sum-total of our muscular, moral, and intellectual energies. What we need is not more knowledge, but more trust. Here is what the author says on the power of faith to conquer bad habits: The force of habit is one of the recognized commonplaces of the moralist and the psychologist, and it is perhaps difficult to overestimate its power as long as it holds the entire field of observation. We need, however, to supplement it by the truth that there are psychical energies which in obedience to suitable incentives can be released and with revolutionary power can uproot one kind of habit and start the creation of its opposite. In proof of this we have only to recall such experiences as are recorded in Mr. Harold Begbie's Twice Born Men, or in Mr. Masefield's The Everlasting Mercy. Mr. Masefield's hero, Saul Kane, drunkard, swearer, poacher, and gambler, hears a piercing word spoken by an earnest child of faith, and in one night he passes through the change that destroys the habits of a lifetime:

> I did not think, I did not strive.
> The deep peace burnt my me alive.
> The bolted door had broken in,
> I knew that I had done with sin.
> I knew that Christ had given me birth
> To brother all the souls on earth,
> And every bird and every beast
> Should share the crumbs broke at the feast.

More frequently the influence of faith is felt by a slow process of education in which, without any foregoing upheaval, the spirit grows in "self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control." But whether it be by one method or the other, faith is the agency by which the method is realized. Faith has thus a unifying power. It can abolish the dissociations or disharmonies of the inner life. It implies self-surrender, an abandonment of a struggle which only keeps up the inner discord, and a falling back upon the forces of the subconscious life. What had been dimly felt as a vague ideal only half believed in now takes to itself hands and feet, reinforces the better self, and constrains the whole man to higher levels of vision and effectiveness. The man comes to himself, to his real self, from which for the time being he was alienated. Take, for example, the alcoholic habit. All the so-called cures for this disorder are based upon a false or inadequate conception of its causation. How can a purely physical agent abolish an ethical weakness, destroy one set of associations, and make another set dominantly active? How can the most powerful drug that has ever been compounded unify the psychic organism? It need not be denied that it may have valuable subsidiary effects upon the bodily organs, but it cannot storm the central fortress of the mischief. The only forces competent for the task are moral and psychological—a noble

ambition, an overmastering emotion, the vision of some end or aim that absorbs the entire attention; above all, the identification of one's self with a larger self, a life conceived as around and within, from which come reinforcement, peace, and vital impulse. In the following quotation from a private letter we see the two forces—the desire for alcohol and a high motive—in violent conflict: "There is a more religious aspect, and I really think, too, that my greatest help comes from this source. There were only two days in the last three weeks when I had any temptation [to take a drink]. It seemed to me then that all good had departed out of me. As I was walking along the street invisible cords seemed to be dragging me into bar-rooms as I passed, and something kept telling me that it was all of no use and to go in and get a drink. Still there was a faint glimmering of common sense left, because I remembered something I had read in Prentice Mulford's books—that when we have exhausted all our resources in any direction until we are almost ready to give up, we may still conquer if we literally throw ourselves back on God and let the Supreme Power fight the battle for us. On this occasion I did this, and pretty soon all sense of discord left me. The temptations lost their power, and I was at peace. I have not been tempted since. I may be again, but I do not think the temptations will be so strong next time, and I will be stronger myself, and God will be just as ready to help me next time. So I am safe." Experiences of this kind remind us of Professor Leuba's remark that "God is used rather than understood; the religious consciousness caring little who God is, but wanting to make use of him for various ends." And this is confirmed by the results of a questionnaire which was sent out some years ago, to which seventy-four persons replied. About fifty described God as "Friend," "Companion," "Helper," "Source of strength in temptation," "Ally of the soul's ideals," and so on. Need and striving and desire for satisfaction—these are the universal characteristics of humanity, whereas the demand for philosophical knowledge is confined to the few. A profound human instinct is expressed in the oft-quoted saying of Voltaire, that "if there were no God it would be necessary to create one." How against evil habit is the will to be set in motion? If we complain that we have no will power, that we cannot resolve to obey the behest of reason and conscience, we will do well to remember that as the only cure for lack of thought-energy is to think, so the only cure for the lack of will-energy is to will. We can put ourselves under those influences which act as a moral stimulus to the will. Moreover, faith comes not by argument, but by an inspiration. The flame of trust is kindled within us from the fire that burns in other souls. And if the moral atmosphere in which we habitually live is itself impregnated with the peace and power of faith, we will be more likely to believe and to act in accordance with that perception of cosmic law or of the fundamental will revealed in the universe which, by whatever means, we have obtained. And still further we can rebuke ourselves for our moral dullness and call upon ourselves to shake off our besetting doubts. Here is the true value of church-going. The primary purpose of the church, of its preaching, of its sacraments, of its philanthropic activities, is to in-

crease the volume of faith in the individual and in society. The church may be conceived of as a power-house from which go forth streams of living energy. Hence, the value of the church in the modern world does not lie primarily in her intellectual power or in her institutional services to the community, but in the amount of faith she is able to generate. The real cause of the manifold criticism which to-day is leveled at the church, and the truth of which, on the whole, is conceded by every frank observer, is the half-heartedness with which she proclaims her message. Faith or trust is essential, and its highest manifestation is prayer, whether spoken or silent. One of the most perplexing problems of the higher life is the ineffectiveness of so many prayers. How often do people complain that they have prayed for years with little or no spiritual satisfaction, no sense of being laid hold of by some one or something greater than themselves. But we may well ask what is here meant by prayer. Is it an attempt to obtain from the supreme Spirit some boon, spiritual or material, apart from all conditions, and, as it were, by a stroke of magic? Is it the cry of an undisciplined soul driven to despair in an hour of extreme need, and surrendering itself to the wild impulse to seek help from a power up till then ignored? Such thoughts argue a crude and childish notion of prayer. For this act of the soul is no exception to the universal reign of law. Not only does a man need God, but also God needs him, that prayer may have its perfect work. It is through our best and noblest inspirations that the divine activity achieves its purposes within us, and this very achievement is the answer to our prayer. But the divine activity is inhibited or hindered in proportion as we indulge in emotions that are incompatible with that trust which gives to faith its dynamic value. A mind obsessed with fear, or driven by the demon of jealousy, or distracted by an unholy passion, or held in the grip of hate and anger, is incapable of real prayer, as long as these mental states continue, for it is unable to yield itself to a power that knows no fear, no vindictive impulse, no hatred; that is, on the contrary, the living love that wills the happiness of every creature. Let these negative thoughts and feelings give place to their opposites—thoughts and feelings that unify and enlarge the soul—and at once the sealed-up fountain of divine energy is released and man allies himself with God and becomes with him the creator of spiritual reality which has its echo even in the material universe. No man need remain in hell, the hell created by his own sinister and dark imaginings. He can rise to any heaven of inner peace and harmony he desires, and when he chooses so to rise all the nobler forces of the universe conspire to help him upward. It is this faith that can transfigure the saddest shame and the blackest despair and turn the last weakness of life into victorious strength.

The Wind on the Heath. Sunday Evening Addresses from a Glasgow Pulpit. By the Rev. G. H. Morrison, D.D. 12mo, pp. 295. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1.35, net.

A new volume of sermons by Dr. Morrison is a notable event. He has

already published eight volumes and those who are acquainted with their evangelical fragrance and tonic quality will be glad to know that this last volume of thirty preachments has all the attractive characteristics which have given this preacher a distinctive place. "It has been my habit at the morning service to handle the greater themes of the Christian revelation, and then at the evening worship to allow myself a wider scope, putting essential things in a somewhat different setting, and calling to my help every interest I could command. My great aim in this has been to win the attention, in honorable ways, of some at least of that vast class of people who to-day sit so highly to the church. I trust I have not altogether failed in this endeavor; and I gratefully acknowledge a pretty steady inflow of these quiet acknowledgments which are among the most precious seals of ministry." These words are taken from The Wings of the Morning, but they aptly describe the tone and aim of the sermons in his latest volune. They are short, concise, and direct, making for clear thought and prompt action. They are illuminated by well-chosen illustrations from every realm of thought and by suitable quotations from the best literature. The quickening appeals are so impressive because they come after sound reasoning and the expression of lucid convictions. The sermons are not all of equal merit, but there are enough in the volume to deserve careful study. Of particular value are "Unconscious Ministries," "The Omniscience of Love," "The Blindness of Vision," "The Grace of Continuance," "The Attraction of Agnosticism," "The Ministry of Silence," "Unexpected Issues." In every volume Dr. Morrison has one or two large discussions which take the form of popular lectures, intended to help the wistful spirits in the audience. One of them in this volume is on "The Lonely People of the Gospels:" The Virgin Mary illustrates the loneliness of love; Thomas, the loneliness of doubt; the man by the pool of Bethesda, city loneliness; Judas, the loneliness of sin; Jesus, the loneliness of grandeur. Another of these typical addresses is on "The Renascence of Wonder," based on the text: "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law:" "I would rather live in a cottage and wonder at everything," says Ruskin, "than live in Warwick Castle and wonder at nothing." One way by which the gospel has deepened the sense of wonder is by adding to the mystery of everything. "You and I live in a far more awful universe than that which smiled on the light-hearted Greek. There is not a common word which we can use, such as sin or life or death or love or duty, but has become a thousand times more awful since Jesus moved across the fields of Galilee. For the pagan, life was a brief journey; for the Christian, it is the prelude to eternity. For the pagan, death was a forgetting; for the Christian, it is heaven or hell. For the old pagan, sin was venial folly; for the Christian, in the light of Calvary, sin is an infinitely guilty thing in the eyes of a holy and eternal God. It was Goethe who said, thinking of all that, that Christianity is the religion of sorrow. Nothing could be more false than that; it is a religion of joy and peace and power. And yet the strange thing is that, at the very heart of an experienced peace too deep for words, there is a mystery that man can never fathom. In the pres-

ence of a deepened mystery like that man cannot argue; he can only wonder. He must cease speaking. He must bow. He must say in his heart, *Keep silence before God.* And that is what the faith of Christ has done, and doing it has recreated wonder, by the mystery which it has found in common words like sin and life and death and love and duty." The inspiration of home is thus illustrated: "There was a period in the life of Principal Rainy when he was exposed to violent abuse. Hardly a day passed but in the newspapers his actions were misrepresented and distorted. And one day, in Melville Street in Edinburgh, Dr. Whyte met him. 'Rainy,' he said, 'I can't understand you, you seem as radiant and blissful as a child.' And Dr. Rainy answered very quietly, 'Ah, but, Whyte, I'm very happy at home.' When a man is happy at home he can face anything." From the sermon on "The Ministry of Silence" we quote: "There is often no surer sign than silence that the heart has been reached and the depths been broken up. In their greatest hours men are seldom noisy. I have watched sometimes an audience at a concert—for to me the audience is more interesting than the music. I have watched the listless attention which they gave to music that reached no farther than the ear. And then perhaps there was some perfect melody—some chord which had the insistence of a message—and it was as if a voice had cried aloud, *Be still and know that I am God.* Charles Reade in one of the best of his novels tells a story of some Australian miners. He tells how they traveled through a long summer Sunday to hear the singing of a captive thrush. And they were reckless men, familiar with all riot, but when they heard it there fell a hush upon them, for it brought back memories of the green lanes again, and of England where they had been boys. In grander fashion that is true of God. We do not clamber to him by the steps of logic; we reach him by the feelings of the heart. And it is just because, when the heart is moved profoundly, there falls upon it a silence and a stillness, that we are bidden in our text to be still, and know that he is God." A few sentences must be given from another timely sermon: "There are two sights in human life which fill the heart with profound sorrow. The first is that of a person who has sunk. When we see a face made loathsome by iniquity, and think that once it was innocent and childlike; when we hear of somebody who bore an honored name, but is now in the depths of degradation, that is one of life's most piteous spectacles. . . . But to the seeing eye and the perceiving heart there is another spectacle which is not less tragical—it is that of the man who is *beginning to sink.* . . . Our perils do not always reach us through our worst. Our perils sometimes reach us through our best; through what is charming in us, and delightful, and self-forgetful, and enthusiastic. And so, like Peter, we begin to do what the cold and calculating would never do, and then, like Peter, we begin to sink. That is why every man needs to be saved not only from his sin but from his self. That is why God, in his holy love, to save us gave us not a message but a man. For our brightest social qualities may wreck us. A touch of genius may be our ruin. For all that is implied in that word temperament we need the keeping of the Lord Jesus Christ." This is the kind of preaching

which searches the heart and saves the life. Its practical spirituality, its sympathetic humanity, its refreshing modernity, its sweet reasonableness, and above all the glow of its evangelism will give the American pulpit power to build up the commonwealth of the spirit.

Theology in Church and State. By P. T. Forsyth, M.A., D.D., Principal of Hackney College, London. 12mo, pp. xxvi+328. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1,25 net.

Church and Nation. The Bishop Paddock Lectures for 1914-15. By William Temple. 12mo, pp. xvi+204. Price, cloth, $1 net.

The movement toward Christian unity can be effectually advanced as we have a better understanding of the function of the church. The current sentimentalism about the church must be replaced by correct sentiment concerning it. Dr. Forsyth's volume is an aid in this direction. This clear and forceful thinker has a way of getting at the center of his subject and staying there until he has completed his argument. He is not easy to read, but he is never dull, and those who pay the price of close thought will be rewarded. His argument in these close-packed pages is that a commanding place should be given the church. Its authority depends on the vital way in which it is controlled by the clear recognition and courageous acceptance of its redemptive mission to the individual and to society. In the introduction he strikes the keynote: "It is a heavy load for a church when its scribes are but pundits of rite, science, or culture, and its preachers are less than prophets when they are parched with logic, sodden with sentiment, or pinched with poverty of soul, hanging by the targums of the past, or the zealots of the present, instead of by time's inner burthen, uttered word, and vital creed. They may have religion and a certain fanciful simplicity, but they have not intuition. They handle history, but they have not its soul, and are neither prophets nor apostles. . . . The great problem of the Christian hour is to combine variety and certainty, fullness and faith; to command liberty by dogma and enrich dogma by liberty; amid our wide operations to keep open and active communications with our evangelical base; to trace as the grand continuity of the past the principle which carries the present and is the divine goal of the long future; to establish Church and State on the common rock of the Kingdom of God, and that upon the deep foundations of a racial and eternal redemption." He makes a necessary distinction between dogma and theology. Dogma is the concentrated truth and testimony of the church—the gospel in statement—unalterable from age to age, since Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, yea, and for ever. Theology is the scientific exposition of this faith, and it is given in full recognition of the thrilling fact of religious experience, not alone of the individual but of the Christian community. It then follows that when the church is in spiritual and mental health it will express its great convictions through grand confessions. A believing church will of neces-

sity be a confessing church. Place is thus made for the creeds which at their first utterance were expressions of assured triumph in Christ. "The canticle of the Athanasian creed, for instance, was the battle-song of that tremendous conflict by the Pyrenees which secured Europe from Moslem conquest, and saved the whole civilization of the future." Those who are averse to creeds and who are quick to criticize them should understand these instruments both historically and psychologically. They will then appreciate the sense of religious reality which created them, and the pressing crises which made them a spiritual and moral necessity. This entire discussion is most timely and the chapter on "Creed, Subscription, and Unity" should be read with care. Another chapter deals with "The Corporate Personality of the Church," and points out that if the church is to exercise a strong influence on society it must recover the sense of its spiritual and collective personality. This has been largely lost by the rivalries of sectarianism, the discourtesy of churches toward each other, and the insistent and overweening claims which some have made of high and exclusive prerogative to the extent of unchurching all others. The discussions in the second part of this volume deal with the baneful influence of an established church. While they have no practical interest to us in this free land, what is said about the functioning of the state and the church has much of value to us. This is specially true of the chapters on "Difference of Church and State as Public Corporations," and "Church and State a Religious Issue." In connection with this strong book we would mention a very suggestive volume by Mr. Temple. He holds a noble conception of the church, but his outlook is somewhat narrowed by his Anglican prepossessions. He has a patronizing manner toward those outside his own section of the church. We are not quite surprised at this, for the same defect is shown by other members of this particular school of ecclesiastical thought. Even so magnificent a scholar as the late Professor H. B. Swete in his last volume, on The Holy Catholic Church, contends that the church is constituted of the Eastern, Roman Catholic, and Anglican Churches, while all outside this select coterie are treated "as irresponsible adventurers, brave and loyal in heart, but members of an irregular army which follows no leaders but such as are chosen by itself." Another assumption of this scholar is that the "Free Churches" have little in common with the local churches of the Apostolic Age, and yet a few pages later he makes a truly catholic statement: "It is the will of the True Pastor of the Universal Church that his flock shall be one, but he does not require that it shall be included in a single fold." We do not agree with Mr. Temple nor with Dr. Swete that we are received into the fellowship of the church by baptism, for the church is not a sacerdotal but a spiritual institution. There are many good things in this little volume, which makes us regret all the more the vitiating features which explain even more than the author does why the church has failed in accomplishing larger results. Mr. Temple is ready to acknowledge that the church has become curiously impotent because of its divisions and endless controversy about the points which separate the various sections, and yet he lends himself to perpetuate these same deplorable

sectarianisms. How strange it is that we can see the defects and inconsistencies of others better than our own! The ideal of an international church is worth cherishing. It is a church which shall fully respect the rights of nations and recognize the spiritual function of the state, thereby obtaining the right to direct the national states along the path which leads to the Kingdom of God. Such a church must be catholic in the truest and best sense, and insist on the supreme and final test of Christ-likeness of character, which is far more vital than conformity to the demands of rites and ritual. We are entering upon a new world when we shall be confronted by issues which cannot be solved by our traditions, but only by our principles and a fresh insight into them. These two volumes, more especially the one by Forsyth, will help to direct us in our thought and give us a firmer grasp of our task in proclaiming the absolute Lordship of Christ and the supremacy of his Kingdom.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Civil Law and the Church. By CHARLES Z. LINCOLN. 8vo, pp. lii+951. New York and Cincinnati. The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, $5.

WE utilize here the notice given by the Evening Post of New York: From Charles Z. Lincoln's monumental work it would appear that everything connected with a church, from the belfry to the cemetery, has been subject to intensive litigation. Chimes, themselves, have had their day in court. George Bernard Shaw's Unsocial Socialist was not the first to object to bell-ringing. The plaintiff in the ancient action of Soltau vs. De Held, who showed that the bells objected to were rung five times a day on weekdays, six times on Saturday, and innumerable times on Sunday. "beginning at five A. M.," obtained a permanent injunction against the local beadle. In close analogy to this decision on the question of bells is an opinion rendered denying the right of country choirs to remuneration. The court remarks in this connection that "the choir is made up of amateurs, often but little instructed in the science of melody; and this part of the church service is, in such places, *rather the observance of religious duty than the exercise of professional art and cultivated taste.*" Courts have gone to the length of declaring the unmusical intonation of a mere member of the congregation in hymn singing or the "cracking and eating of nuts" a criminal disturbance of divine service (3 Tex. Ct. App. 116), and have imposed a jail sentence on a worshiper who "groans aloud" or whispers confidentially to a friend that, if the preacher "fooled with him, he would shoot him." Persons who, without committing any further offense, "go to churches with liquor on their insides or their outsides" have been declared criminals, and selling ginger-bread near a camp meeting was likely (so said the judge 5 Tex. Ct. App. 470) "to disturb the con-

gregation, agitate and arouse it from a state of repose," and deprive it of some of its inalienable rights. Damming up the only availiable stream in a neighborhood was held to interfere with the undoubted easements of a Baptist community. In close juxtaposition to the crime of church-disturbance, the law places the historic crime of blasphemy; in this field Marlowe was the best known transgressor, and had he not been cut short in his flower by a fanatic's dagger, an indictment would shortly have lain against him. Atheism, which the author of Tamburlaine so defiantly professed, was also in its day a crime. But the whole subject of infidelity arises chiefly in connection with the giving of testimony. "A person who does not acknowledge a Supreme Being, and who does not feel himself accountable to any punishment here or hereafter," could not be a witness, under the old law. Finally, an English court changed this rule, declaring that the Bible countenanced the oath of an idolater when "Jacob swore by the God of Abraham, and Laban [infidel] swore by the God of Nahor." A much more frequent, though less serious, subject of judicial controversy was, and is yet, for that matter, the question of Sabbath-violation. Balloon ascensions on Sunday have been condemned (Brunnett vs. Clark). A clean face, by an allowable extension of the proverb, might be considered a religious prerequisite, but getting shaved in a barber shop on Sunday has been judicially prohibited. Similarly inconsistent is Pennsylvania's basic Sunday law of 1794, which does not include drunkenness among the forbidden "worldly business, unlawful sports and diversions." In Texas the sale of whisky on a physician's prescription is a work of charity (when not of necessity) at least once every Sunday (49 Tex. Cr. Re., 138), while immoderate driving, when the horse is hired on the Sabbath, "gives no cause of action to the livery man for damages to his said horse." Another matter which has agitated the courts is the question of what constitutes a proper bequest for a pious or charitable purpose. Judges have been fairly liberal on this head, and yet suffered unaccountable lapses, at times, into professional blindness. They declared void, indefinite, and vague a bequest that the testator's house "be kept open by his trustees as a place for the reception and entertainment of ministers and others traveling in the service of truth for evermore," with divers other provisions for the proper housing of such like desirable guests (18 R. I., 62). After declining to become partners in this proposed roadhouse for prophets and poets, it was not strange that the judges refused to validate a gift *de mortis causa* to be used to provide every child of a certain Sunday school with a Christmas present, saying: "It does not appear what the gifts are to be; it does not appear that they are even to be rewards of merit, or to be used as a means of inducing attendance, or to promote the scholars' good conduct, or to incite them to attention to religious instruction," or as a bribe to any amelioration of their inherent infantile wickednesses whatsoever. Yet the testator merely wanted to contemplate the future happiness of a few children on one evening of the year. A compendious and valuable book is this, an authority and standard for reference for both ministers and laymen; particularly for trustees of church property.

"*Mademoiselle Miss.*" Letters From an American Girl Serving with the Rank of Lieutenant in a French Army Hospital at the Front. 16mo, 103 pp. Boston: W. A. Butterfield. Price, paper boards, with author's portrait and other illustrations, 50 cents.

Part of the letters in this small book were first published in the July-August number of this Methodist Review, and another installment of them appears in our present September-October issue. The introduction to this little volume runs thus: "Mademoiselle Miss," as her soldiers call her, is the daughter of an ex-Medical Director of the United States Navy. At the outbreak of the war she was in France. Accepted as a helper in a small French hospital on the Riviera, she later served in an English hospital at Mentone. There she heard that an examination was to be held for a nurse's diploma in the French Red Cross. She studied day and night, faced nine doctors in an oral examination of two and a half hours, and passed with credit. Her diploma was signed by the Minister of War; and she was sent to the front as a member of the regular military organization. She serves, with the rank of lieutenant, at a French army hospital near the trenches of the Marne. These letters, written in the heat of action, "for one and for one only," have met with a warm response among many sympathetic hearers. Their publication now, without the knowledge of the writer, is justified only in the hope that they may reach a wider circle. and bring help to heroic France. Before he knew anything about the writer of these letters, that admirable physician and wise man, Dr. Richard C. Cabot, wrote on their merits the following comment which is used as Preface: "Intimate, holy, comforting things stand here and there unharmed in the wrecked villages of France and Belgium—a crucifix still erect, a sewing machine, a baby's cradle. This book tells of them. But the record, written 'while the instruments are boiling in the sterilizer,' is itself one of the most intimate and holy things which have been saved for our comfort out of the whirlpool of embattled Europe. We need the message to keep us sane as we face the horrors of war; even more perhaps to show us the horrors of peace, its awful, silent power to paralyze our faculties—till they are released by the fight against war, by the struggle to save life and to banish despair. What the writer of these letters did for the wounded in France needs no retelling here. But what her loving care of the wounded did for her, and might have done for many of us, her unawakened fellow countrymen, I will venture to sum up. Despite her fourteen hours daily labor amid the blood and anguish of the hospital she 'begins for the first time in her life to feel as a normal being should.' Why? Because so much new vigor has been born in her. Under the divine pressure of necessity she becomes inventive as well as competent. The very tools of her trade are often wanting. Inspirations for constructing them out of nothing arise in her. Still better inspired she soon becomes the mother, as well as the nurse, of her charges. Her touch is 'as light as a watchmaker's'; her strength suffices to carry a sick man in her arms from his bed to the operating-room, and 'there shall be a towel for every man or

I will go undried.' But when at the end of the day she 'has stuffed cotton under all the weary backs and plastered limbs,' she 'bids all my children good night.' Later she has them propped on their pillows in anticipation of the Christmas tree she has dressed for them. Again it is one of her 'children,' dragged back from death by her good nursing, but still only the wan shadow of a man, who 'laughs and tries to clench his fist inside the dressings to show me how strong he is.' He laughs—and that too is her inspiration. 'You can't imagine, I suppose, that we laugh and jest all day long. If you can't do that, you may as well get out, for all the good you will ever do a wounded soldier. We ought to be joyous here' (and she can!) 'even if men do try to make it a vale of tears; and the more suffering I see the more I think so.' How good the gallant laughter sounds across the seas! Surely something of humanity's best is here, not saved from the wreckage but new born of the fiery, fertilizing need. And with the laughter she brings color and glory too, shaming our drab, peaceful lives. 'The sun makes gold patches everywhere, striking through the trophy of flags that I have arranged at the end of the ward, to the great delight of the children.' But the spirit and gallantry of her soldiers, who sit up to write patriotic verse between paroxysms of pain, is not mere light-heartedness. They teach her grave lessons too. 'If ever I doubted how to die, my black pearl-fisher from Guadeloupe has shown me the way.' I find in these letters some fragment of true atonement for the huge sin and blunder of the war. Some deeds of the children of men are better and more beautiful than ever they would have been but for this brave struggle to retrieve something out of the waste and welter of evil. 'Ah! Must Thou char the wood, Designer Infinite, ere it is fit that Thou shouldst limn with it?'" We feel a proud satisfaction in the fact that, although the two foremost monthly magazines in America desired these extraordinary letters for publication in their pages, the letters were given to the Editor of this METHODIST REVIEW through sheer love, the girl who wrote the battle-front letters being the third generation of the Editor's friends in the highly endowed family to which she belongs. As has been said the letters are private family letters, written with no expectation in the writer's mind of publication. Really they were not written at all, but vividly lived; they are not conscious literature, but quivering life, which gives them their incomparable, supreme literary as well as human quality. They are flung from the ends of her tingling nerves on to bits of paper, in the burning and bloody midst of most tragic and heroic scenes. Nothing equal to them in brilliancy, poignancy, and power has come from the European war-region to any American periodicals. No correspondent of any journal has produced anything so rare and perfect. A million pages of war-material have been printed, but nothing like this. The Literary Digest of August 12, referring to the METHODIST REVIEW, gave to these letters the extended commendatory notice they merit. The Digest, noticing and copying in full the "Story of Croya," a wounded Arab who was brought to the hospital suffering from seven wounds, says: "It is a strange picture, this slight *raffinée* American girl 'mothering' the silent child of the Algerian wastes.

There is genuine poetry in her unadorned account of his departure and subsequent attitude toward her. The story has enough pathos and delicacy to be reproduced entire. She says: 'They brought him half unconscious with seven suppurating wounds. It was late, the *médecin-de-garde* was lazy, and I did the first examination and dressing unassisted. The next day they overhauled him at the *Salle d'Opération*, decided he was *fichu* (done for), and handed him over to me with intsructions to *"le laisser tranquille."* It is one of the few *pansements* I have had that really frightened me; for it was so long, and every day for a week or more I extracted bits of cloth and *éclats* (splinters)—sometimes at a terrifying depth; besides, my patient was savage and sullen—all that is ominous in the Arab nature coming out. Gradually, however, the suppuration ceased, the fever fell (we gave him urotropin), and suddenly, one day, Sroya smiled! It was so utterly surprising and transforming that we all of us rubbed our eyes. From the first I had tried to win his confidence with little gifts and caresses, but I was always repulsed with a kind of grave scorn, not a little distressing and disconcerting when we all thought he was dying. The day after he smiled, he said, *"Merci, maman,"* when I gave him an orange; and when No. 15 asked why he called me that he explained, in his weird French, that I was just like a *maman.* After that it was all simple enough. *Maman* and Croya were perfectly devoted to each other; when Croya got better he used to help to do his own *pansement,* by squeezing the rubber tube when the *lavage* flowed too fast; sometimes he'd tease me by stopping it altogether; and when *maman* had a minute she'd go and sit beside Croya and he'd lay his cheek against her arm and teach her Arab words. As he grew better he was crazy to *"jouer de la musique,"* so when Karbiche went to Paris on *permission* he brought back a flute; then Croya would half sit up in bed with his shaved head tipped against his *feuille de température,* and play soft, strange, wild melodies that had all the mysteries of the Algerian plains in them. Every night the last thing I did was to give my child a good-night caress, and slip some edible jest into his hand—a cold orange or a sticky bonbon, or cracker-crumbs that got lost in the bed unless I lit my electric lamp to find them; and we'd stifle our amusement so as not to wake the others. I explained to the *médecin-en-chef* that I had tamed my Arab and pulled him through and I wanted to keep him till he was well enough to go back to Constantine. He said I might, and then that heartless General B. came and sent away everybody, nearly, and Croya had to go. His despair was poignantly touching. Orientals do not weep, but he wouldn't eat, he developed a temperature, all the light left those wide, brown eyes, and he kept repeating all day, *"Je n'y vais pas—Je n'y vais pas."* You see him in the picture, just a few minutes before starting, with the ticket pinned to his cap on which I had written careful instructions to treat him attentively. I had asked him how much money he had; he answered, *"Riche beaucoup."* That was all the satisfaction I had till I found his pitiful little purse with just five sous inside. I put ten francs with the rest, mid incoherent protestations from Croya; and may heaven

forgive me, I was extravagant, but I couldn't let my child go out into the world like that. I tucked him in his blankets in the auto and the last I heard was, "*Au revoir, maman,*" in tones I can never forget. He reached Toulouse a week ago and every day I've had a card written by some comrade and signed, "*L'enfant qui n'oublie pas sa maman.*" One, illustrated, had a rather too passionate couplet. The next day I got one representing a child who says to its mother, "*Petite maman, comme je t'aime!*" It was a comrade who played a joke "*parce que je ne savis pas lire. Excusez-moi, maman.*" Think of the fineness of that! Perhaps Croya is the only son I shall ever have, but I thank heaven for giving me the blessing of saving and loving this poor wild child of the desert." The Literary Digest also reprints this story which was originally written on the back of a picture of "Mademoiselle Miss" standing by the bedside of a wounded black man. With the grim humor of an army hospital, they called him "*La Blanchette.*" "He was a Good Catholic and a brave fighter and he'd come from the sunny shores of Guadeloupe to die for France. When they amputated they didn't look to see that there was a ball in the back, and it was that that killed him. I found it out when I took Pavilion V, but then it was too late. Every day the fever mounted higher and every day the black cheeks grew thinner, but he always kept saying, '*Ça va bien,*' in sweet, caressing tones that recalled early lullabies; never a murmur, always a smile. The last day our faithful priest confessed him—he knew just enough French for that—and it was moonlight when he went, one of us kneeling either side. After the extreme unction he pressed my hand and suddenly a marvelous change passed over his face, as if it had grown white and luminous. '*Maman,*' he murmured, '*Louis,*' then fainter and sweeter, '*O mon bon Dieu,*' and it was over and nothing remained but a radiating smile. I went to lay him away among the heroes, and if ever I doubted how to die my black pearl-fisher from Guadeloupe has shown me the way." The publication of these letters is absolutely for the exclusive benefit of the wounded soldiers. The publisher, W. A. Butterfield, 59 Bromfield Street, Boston, gives his services gratis and turns over to the Fund for the Wounded fifty cents, the full price for every copy sold, no discount being allowed to the trade.

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings, with the Assistance of John A. Selbie, M.A., D.D., and Louis H. Gray, M.A., Ph.D. Vol. VIII. Life and Death—Mulla. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1916. Pp. xx+910. $7.

This, in many respects greatest of all encyclopedias, pursues its majestic way full of the spoils of learning from all the fields of religion. Life and Death 13 articles, according to different religions, Light and Darkness, 7, Literature, 10, Love, 12, Magic, 15, Marriage, 12, Missions, 6. Its possession, therefore, absolves from the purchase of a thousand books. In comparative religion it is itself a library. We count fifteen or sixteen Germans among the contributors. Will there be so many in vol. ix? One of the worst results of this war is the disruption of scholarly intercourse

between nations. The first article this reviewer read was that on Luther by the senior Professor Jacobs, which could not be excelled in the same space. Bayne's Life—a notable achievement, perhaps the noblest literary monument erected to Luther in English—is not mentioned. It is an oversight to say that the "story of his experience on Pilate's Staircase rests solely on the testimony published after his death by his son Paul" (p. 199, col. 1). Since 1911 we know from Luther's own testimony that he went up the staircase in Rome, said over the Paternoster at every step to release the soul of his grandfather from purgatory, when the doubt crept into his weary soul. Who knows whether this is true? See Scheel in Theol. Rundschau, 1912, pp. 87-89 note. Neither Jacobs nor Simon on Methodism p. 603, mentions one of the most important and interesting facts historically in regard to Luther, that it was to his preface to Romans that we owe Wesley's conversion. Not only the Reformation sprang from Luther, but in this sense Methodism as well. Emmet on Messiah is sufficiently docile to German rationalism. The explaining away of Immanuel is strained, as well as of virgin. The remark is not true (p. 544) that Isa. 53 relates to the sufferings of the exile which have redemptive value for the nation and the world, as the exile had no redemptive value for either, though it had disciplinary value for the Jews and thus historical value for the world, just as the sufferings of the Huguenots did. Jehovah did not lay on Judah or Israel the griefs and iniquities of the world: he had enough to carry of his own. Gressman's view is much more nearly true, if you take out its ethnic or mythological element. That the "crucifixion of Jesus was a great stumblingblock" (p. 580) is true and not true. The idea of the value of a vicarious death had not entirely escaped the Jews (see John 18. 4, and compare 11. 50-52). According to Acts very many Jews, including priests, received Christ, including his atoning death, for that was an element of Paul's faith that he never had to defend (compare Acts 15). Bevan's learned article on Manicheism only refers to the valuable recent Turkestan finds in a few lines (p. 394), whereas he ought to have devoted two or three pages to them, as they are original sources of immense value. Harvard scholar and Unitarian pastor Lyttle is to exploit them soon in the Open Court (Chicago). Inge is excellent on Logos, though he perhaps exaggerates on similarity of Philo and John and is deficient in literature, not mentioning Heinze, Lehre vom Logos in der Griechischen Philosophie, 1872, and Johnston, Philosophy of the Fourth Gospel: a Study of the Logos Doctrine, 1909, and important articles in theological reviews. The admirable account of Modernism by Lilley is a remarkable instance of modesty, for he does not mention his own book, Modernism: a Record and Review, London, 1908. The Jesuit Father Thurston gives a brief though very valuable account of the holy house of Loretto, with reasons for rejection of the legend. But on Liguori he is too apologetic. This fearfully loose moralist did not write for Neapolitan peasants, but in Latin, for Catholic priests anywhere, and his teachings for them were so pleasing to Pope and cardinals that he was made a doctor of the church. In the science of making the narrow way broad and of getting the licentious out of their scrapes he was an expert. To

excuse him because he was an Italian writing for Italians condemns him the more, because Italy has been the heartstone of his church. In Thurston's article on Lourdes he gives amplest evidence of miraculous cures, even as witnessed by the freethinker Zola and critical physicians. Is it an instance of, If you had faith as a grain of mustard seed? Simon and Findlay worthily represent Methodism, and the latter on Doctrine is a brief masterpiece. The articles bearing on the ministry are always farmed out to High Churchmen. This is an evidence of the charity of the Presbyterian editor, though it secures less of truth. You get the "Catholic" interpretation, and you will have to look into the works of Hatch, Harnack, Lindsay, R. E. Thompson, R. J. Cooke, Sohm, etc., for a more scientific canvass of the early witness. Check Maclean's Ministry by these, by Lightfoot's dissertation, and by Hort's Christian Ecclesia. Our "modern" brethren who stumble at miracle should read the able article by MacCulloch. The reader of Margoliouth on Muhammed will be disillusioned, if he has come recently from Carlyle in Heroes, R. Bosworth Smith's popular lectures, or our Moslem friend Syed Ameer Ali's books. "Islam is primarily a political adventure." Margoliouth says Smith builds too much on the Mecca life and the early surahs. Later the prophet degenerated badly. The omission of Melanchthon is hardly justifiable. The Catholic evolution in morals and the "liberal" or Unitarian in theology would have gone on exactly the same without Liguori or Martineau, who are admitted, but the Reformation in its political, theological, ecclesiastical, cultural and literary aspects was decisively influenced by Melanchthon. Besides, the creator of the Augsburg Confession made the XXXIX Articles.

The Encyclopedia of Sunday Schools and Religious Education. Giving a World-Wide View of the History and Progress of the Sunday School and the Development of Religious Education. Editors-in-Chief, JOHN T. MCFARLAND, D.D., LLD., and BENJAMIN S. WINCHESTER, D.D. Canadian Editor, R. DOUGLAS FRASER, D.D. European Editor, REV. J. WILLIAM BUTCHER. Three Volumes, Royal 8vo, pp. xxiii+1,216. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. Price, cloth, $15, net, prepaid.

THIS work is a notable monument to the pioneer services of Dr. McFarland to secure for childhood and youth better facilities to enjoy and honor the Kingdom of God. He did much to place the Sunday school on a dignified basis and to have it recognized as a unique agency of the Church for the religious education of both young and old. The healthy and comprehensive outlook of the Sunday school to-day is registered in these volumes. This institution has unlimited possibilities of the greatest value. The fact that it is possible to discuss seriously and intelligently the relation of the Sunday school to the educated man and the place of theological teaching in the Sunday school, as is done in this encyclopedia, shows the new point of view. In addition to these subjects the preacher will find it worth while to study the articles on Recruiting the Ministry in the Sunday School by Bishop McDowell, and those on

Preaching to Children, the Junior Congregation, Children's Worship, Aims of Religious Education, Sunday School Standards, Educational Function of the Sunday School, and, above all, the sane discussion of the Pastor and the Sunday School. Whoever does this will find his ministry enriched a hundredfold. He should also know what is written in these volumes about the teacher, his spiritual aim, opportunity, personality, character, and qualifications. For, in the last analysis, the problems confronting the modern Sunday school are to be solved by the enlightened and enthusiastic pastors in cooperation with a corps of trained and devoted teachers. Dr. Sanders concludes his article on "Standards of Biblical Knowledge in the Sunday School" with these timely words: "It is an interesting fact that the longer the Old and New Testaments are truly studied, the more eagerly one gives himself to the task; not merely for the sake of arriving at a mastery of the thinking of the Bible on one theme or another, but in order to go over familiar facts and teachings from fresh points of view. However the result may be reached, it should be the consuming ambition of the teachers of children and youth in the Sunday schools to enable each one under their influence to become thoroughly equipped before maturity is reached for this life-long interest." In this connection mention should be made of the splendid treatment of various phases of the appeal and influence of the Bible. Of great value are Adaptation of the Bible in Religious Education, How the Teacher Should Know the Bible, Value of the New Testament and of the Old Testament in Religious Education, Bible Reading, Significance of the Bible, Constructive Bible Studies, Inductive Bible Study, Synthetic Bible Study, Extra-Biblical Studies. The logical leader of this movement is the pastor-teacher, who must also be the pastor-evangelist. What this latter function signifies is impressively considered by Dr. Birney in "Evangelism Through Education." His opening sentences indicate the drift of his article: "The church has always known that one of her tasks is to save the lost. Only within recent years has she recognized that her supreme task is to save the loss. The latter is vastly more difficult—and important. Only thus will the Kingdom ever fully come. For this the Sunday school furnishes the superlative opportunity and Sunday school evangelism, broadly conceived, the effective means." What this implies is elsewhere discussed by writers of experienced ability on such subjects as Adolescence, Child Conversion, Spiritual Status of the Child, Crises in Spiritual Development, Tests of Efficiency in Moral and Religious Education. There are also a number of articles on the boy and the girl and the innumerable organizations for the welfare of the youth as well as on the home and parental responsibilities. The needs of college students and of adults are also considered. In fact, every department of Sunday school activity receives good attention and most fields of religious education. Of special interest are the articles dealing with religious education in different countries under the auspices of the various churches and denominations. As a study in comparative methods of teaching we direct attention to what is written about moral and religious education among the Hindus, Mohammedans, Jews, Chinese, Japanese. There should also have

been an article on the contribution of Buddhism and its temple schools. Where so much is written about the different denominations space should have been made for an article on the church and for another on the essentials of Christianity. A clear understanding of these two subjects will do much to foster the cause of Christian union. The article on sin should have been supplemented by one on salvation, that on fear by another on faith, that on eugenics by one on euthenics, that on evangelism by one on confessing Christ. If the services in education rendered by Montessori and Rousseau merit recognition, why were not the important pioneer services of William James and G. Stanley Hall duly appraised? —for no serious discussion of religious education can overlook their invaluable contributions. Repetition was doubtless unavoidable when there were no less than three hundred and twenty-six writers. A little more consolidation and condensation would, however, have given strength to some of the discussions. There are many helpful articles on the theory and practice of the graded lessons and the difficulties incident to introducing them. If read thoughtfully and without prejudice they will help to clear the atmosphere for the next forward step in the Sunday school. Dr. Sampey's article on the Uniform Lesson System should also be carefully read. We must not fail to mention what is written on practical problems like the restlessness of pupils, loss in attendance, recruiting the Sunday school, plan and preparation of the lesson, publicity and advertising, methods of teaching and study. These are vexatious topics and every teacher will be glad to learn how to improve his opportunity as a sub-pastor of the church. The historical and biographical features deal with what has been done in the interest of the Sunday school and of religious education. This must be recognized, and it is well that we become familiar with the work of the past. But what is of the greatest value is the presentation and exposition of ideals and aims. Some of the writers become exhorters in their eagerness to bring conviction to the reader, and this is praiseworthy. Much more might be written in commendation, if space permitted, but enough has been said to convince every preacher that these three volumes are simply indispensable to him and that they must find a place in every Sunday school library, and, better yet, that if possible they become the appreciated possession of every teacher.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Mohammed or Christ. An Account of the Rapid Spread of Islam in all parts of the Globe, the Methods Employed to Obtain Proselytes, its immense Press, its Strongholds, and suggested Means to be adopted to Counteract the Evil. By S. M. Zwemer, D.D., F.R.G.S. With an Introduction by C. H. Stileman, M.A., D.D., late Bishop of Persia. 12mo, pp. 292. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

Modern Movements Among Moslems. By SAMUEL GRAHAM WILSON, D.D. 12mo, pp. 305. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

ISLAM is one of the greatest rivals of Christianity all over the mission field. The active propaganda conducted by this religion throughout the world has created the Moslem peril. The program of Pan-Islamism is very ambitious, and its unscrupulous missionaries are hard at work in the Orient as well as in the Occident. Their activities directly affect the gospel of Christ, so that it behooves every preacher to have a correct understanding of Mohammedanism. These two books are by first-hand investigators, who have an intimate knowledge of the doctrine and practice of the Moslem faith. Dr. Zwemer has rendered twenty-five years of active missionary service in Arabia and Egypt and is recognized as one of the leading authorities on everything pertaining to Islam. He has written extensively on this subject, but the present volume may be regarded as his ripest contribution. The fifteen chapters deal with as many aspects of this pressing issue; they survey in a comprehensive and incisive manner the strength and weakness of a religion which has two hundred and one million adherents. Ninety and a half millions are under British rule or protection; seventy-six and a half millions live under other Western or Christian governments; and of the remaining thirty-four millions, only thirteen millions are under the Caliphate in the Ottoman Empire. These figures constitute an urgent challenge to the Christian Church. What turns it into a pathetic appeal is the fact that sixty millions in Africa, Malaysia, and parts of India are animistic in beliefs and practice, really "heathen Mohammedans"; one hundred and twenty-six millions live under the dead weight of fatalistic tradition, and only from two to four millions have adopted Western education and broken away from the old cast-iron standards which encourage fanaticism of the worst kind. Dr. Zwemer is persuaded that the fullness of time has come for the evangelization of the Moslem world. He mentions five facts: the unity of Islamism, a knowledge by the Christian Church of its true proportions, the present political crisis, leaving no shred of a church state in Islam, the social and intellectual crisis largely caused by the spread of popular education under the auspices of Christian missions, and finally the spiritual crisis with the acknowledged confession of moral and religious bankruptcy. The chapter on "A United Christendom and Islam" is a plea for the unity of the Protestant forces in view of the sinister opposition of Moslems. It will open the eyes of many to learn of the extensive use of the press for the spread of Islam. The city of Cairo, Egypt, alone has more than sixty daily newspapers, thirty-nine of which are published in Arabic. There are seventeen Arabic literary reviews, three judicial periodicals, three medical journals, two women's journals, and eleven Moslem magazines devoted to religion. This prolific output of the press is seen wherever Islam has established a stronghold. The Arabic character is used more widely than any other character used by the human race. This being the case, the chapter on "Arabic Literature and Its

Evangelization" will be read with a great deal of interest. The first chapter, "The Tale of Three Cities," deals with the strategic importance of Mecca, Constantinople, and Cairo. "Every Moslem throughout the world, even at the uttermost extremities of the vast brotherhood, as, for example, those who are in Japan or in China, has personal relations almost daily with these three cities. He stretches his prayer carpet toward Mecca; he prays on Fridays, not for his own local sovereign or ruler, but for the Caliph of Stamboul; and the chances are that, if he reads the Koran, it bears on its title page the imprint of Cairo. His hope for salvation culminates in a pilgrimage to Mecca; his hope for victory over the unbelievers who oppress Moslems, and for whom the day of vengeance will come, is in the great Rajah of Constantinople; and his hope to succeed in worsting his Christian opponents by arguments is fostered by the productions of the Cairo press." There are about twenty millions of Moslems in Russia, and they are growing in influence and power. The chapter on this subject deserves careful study. Another chapter is on "The Impending Struggle in Western Asia." This territory includes Arabia, the cradle of the Islamic creed; Persia, the center of its philosophy; and Turkey, the seat of its politics. In these lands of the Nearer East there have been experienced greater industrial, intellectual, social, and religious changes within the past five years than befell them previously in the last five centuries. This awakening is, however, the earnest of yet more radical changes, which can be used to the advantage of the gospel of Christ, if the churches are fully alive to their extraordinary opportunity. By the side of this volume of intensive and illuminating studies we would place Dr. Wilson's contribution. He has been a resident in Persia for thirty-two years, and is another of the accepted exponents of Moslem thought. His earlier volume on Bahaism and Its Claims is a discerning discussion of this pantheistic revolt from Islam. It has secured such a hold on the Oriental mind that it is making great headway, and even in America it has made numerous converts from among a type of people who are ready to follow every religious will o' the wisp. In spite of the inflexible creed of Islam there have been many movements of a radically revolutionary character which have undermined its influence. Dr. Wilson deals with the more important of these innovations in a very readable volume. The extent of his survey can be understood from the titles of a few chapters: "Mahdiist Movements," "Modernism in Islam," "The New Education in Islam," "Neo-Islam and Society," "Political Movements Among Moslems." The purpose of Pan-Islamism is to unite Moslems of every race and country in the work of conserving and propagating the faith, and of freeing it by means of political and military force from alien rule, and thus making it again a triumphant world power. The fearful massacres of Christians which have taken place at intervals during recent years were inaugurated by the leaders of Pan-Islamism, who have not hesitated to show their fanatic hatred of the Cross. "The Turk, wherever his hand reaches, is waging his holy war with terrible reality. See it in action with all its old-time fanaticism. Tens of thousands of Christians in Urumia and Salmas, Persia, have fled for their lives, aban-

doning all. Their villages, homes, and churches have been destroyed, and their women ravished. The tribal Nestorians of the Kurdish mountains have been driven into the Alpine fastnesses to perish of hunger, or to surrender to death or Islam. Their patriarch, Mar Shimoon, is a fugitive in a foreign land. Look over the mountains and plains of Asiatic Turkey and see the ruthless holy war waged against the defenseless Armenians. Their strong men butchered in cold blood or drafted into the army to be slaughtered in the van. The old men and children set adrift in the wilderness to perish. All the goodly women subjected to unspeakable dishonor or carried off to the harems of the Turks and Kurds and forced to Islamize." Enough of this fearful catalogue of fiendish crimes in the name of a religion which has always gloried in the sword. This report by Dr. Wilson of what is taking place clearly demonstrates that Islam is neither dead nor moribund. It is full of life, action, and agitation. The intellectual and religious forces, which often are at cross-purposes, operate to conserve or reform the old faith, but whatever the motive the determination is to spread it under every circumstance. We are thankful to these two authors for presenting the facts so impressively and summoning the church to an unescapable obligation.

History of Christian Missions. By CHARLES HENRY ROBINSON, D.D. 8vo, pp. xiv+533. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $2.50 net.

Winning the World for Christ. A Study in Dynamics. By WALTER RUSSELL LAMBUTH, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. 12mo, pp. 295. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

The Apostles of India. The Baird Lecture for 1915. By J. N. OGILVIE, D.D. 12mo, pp. xii+447. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

Two of the great movements which are steadily gaining momentum are the rise and influence of churches in non-Christian lands and the awakening of the democracy of the world. There is a close relationship between the two, and they have both been made possible by the ministry of the Christian missionary. The fact that missionary work is receiving the attention of scholars is indicated by Canon Robinson's volume which is included in the important series in the International Theological Library. We agree with the author that the final test of missionary success is moral and not numerical. The kingdom of God cometh not with the pomp of earthly circumstance; its movements are seldom spectacular but always spiritual. It takes time to produce results in Christian manhood and womanhood on pagan soil, and the delay is often a tax to patience. A review of what has been accomplished is therefore all the more desirable because it holds before the vision the manifold achievements of this greatest enterprise of the modern church. Let it be remembered that missions, as we understand them, are a relatively recent development. The work really began in the eighteenth century and made

phenomenal progress in the nineteenth; but its present growth impressively proclaims the wondrous miracles of grace. From 1900 to 1914 the number of European and American missionaries increased from 16,218 to 24,871, and the number of local missionaries and mission helpers from 62,366 to 129,527. After a few introductory pages discussing the peculiar capability of Christianity to satisfy the needs of every member of the human race, Dr. Robinson has a chapter on "Methods of Missionary Work." The principles which guided the Apostle Paul in his missionary policy, as contained in his Epistles and in the Acts, are still applicable, but the methods must needs vary according to the complicated character of modern needs. Some of these methods, like the educational and medical, are carefully discussed, and the spirit of disinterestedness which they manifest is sharply contrasted with the political methods of the Dutch in South Africa and Ceylon. One reads with amazement this extract from a journal, kept by Van Riebeek in 1658 at Capetown: "Began holding school for the young slaves, the chaplain being charged with the duty. To stimulate the slaves to attention while at school, and to induce them to learn the Christian prayers, they were promised each a glass of brandy and two inches of tobacco when they finish their task." It is humilating to learn that the Protestant Reformers were so busily engaged in theological controversy that they had no time to consider the missionary implications of the gospel. Full credit is given to the sacrificial devotion to missions of the Moravians. In subsequent chapters the author covers the entire field with remarkable thoroughness. He does not overload his pages with statistics, and his narrative is both readable and reliable. It is the best work in English and altogether indispensable to the preacher who desires to know what has been done in order that he may realize what yet remains to be done toward the Christianization of the world. We are recognizing more fully than ever before the need for strengthening the home base. Bishop Lambuth's volume will greatly aid in this direction. He utters a needed exhortation when he writes: "The home base is much more a base line for intercessory prayer than it is for monetary supply. As important as it may seem for money power behind the missionary enterprise, the necessity for prayer power is infinitely greater. Prayer secures the laborers, money cannot. They would be worthless if it could. Shekels and hirelings cannot establish the Kingdom of God. It requires men who cannot be bought. Prayer that wins battles at home will secure victory on the firing line abroad. Defeat in prayer at headquarters will mean disaster in the trenches." This quotation is from the heart-searching chapter on "Prayer: Man Seeking God." Equally impressive is that on "The Holy Spirit: God Seeking Man," and it is so because of the appropriate illustrations from missionary biography. In fact, the whole volume is full of telling points and appeals, of a kind that can feed the fires of missionary zeal and furnish material for sermons and addresses. India has been the scene of missionary effort from the earliest centuries of Christian history. Some of the most distinguished leaders of the Church have been associated with the evangelization of that vast continent. Dr. Ogilvie has made an important contribution to

the study of missions, and we are glad to read his illuminating chapters on Saint Thomas, Xavier, Ziegenbalg, Schwartz, Carey, Martyn, and Duff. He is very generous in his references to the Jesuit missionaries, but he does not fail to point out the fearfully degrading results which followed the persecuting zeal of Menezes and the "bastard Christianity" of De Nobili, Britto, and Beschi. A better title for this volume would have been The Apostles of India, *true and false*. It would be to stretch charity to the breaking point to think of these last mentioned as representatives of Jesus Christ. It is, however, well to know of the evil influences which operated, so that we can appreciate all the better the achievements in spite of the handicaps. The independent research, the judicious treatment of the extensive material, and the appreciative spirit in which all the men are referred to make this a worthy volume, deserving of interested attention.

Dictionary of the Apostolic Church. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, D.D., with the assistance of JOHN A. SELBIE, D.D., and JOHN C. LAMBERT, M.A. Octavo, Volume I. Aaron-Lystra, pp. xiv+729. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $6, net.

ONE of the chief functions of an editor is to practice the art of selection and omission, and to observe the principles of proportions and values. Judged by these tests, Dr. Hastings is one of the leading editors of Christian literature in the English language. The Dictionary of the Bible, which he edited in five volumes, was in itself a notable undertaking. This was followed by the Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics, the eighth volume of which has just appeared. Simultaneously with this publication he brought out a Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels in two volumes. As a supplement to this, the first volume on the Apostolic Church has been recently published, to be followed in due course by a second. The preacher will find these four volumes to be among the best of working tools for the study of the New Testament. Never was the demand greater on the pulpit for a positive word to meet the stress of our times, and the men who are doing solid work for the Kingdom of God are teacher-preachers. Dr. Hastings is doing much, through these volumes, to increase the number of such desirable and needed guides of the church. One is surprised and pleased with the richness and variety of the discussions. While most of the articles are short, lucidity and thoroughness have not been sacrificed for the sake of brevity. Among the longer articles are "Atonement," "Church," "Eschatology," "Faith," "God," "Grace," "Holy Spirit," "Holiness," "Judgment," "Justification," "Law," "Love." These are subjects of doctrinal importance, and it is needless to point out their value for the preacher's consideration. Twenty-two double column pages are given to a discussion of "Christ, Christology"; and it interprets with scholarly accuracy the thought of the New Testament on this central topic. The article on "Inspiration and Revelation" treats of all the related issues; to say that its author is Professor Sanday is a sufficient guarantee of excellence. "Revelation is the discovery or disclosure of God to man. In-

spiration is the mode, or one of the modes, by which this discovery or disclosure is made; it is the process by which certain select persons were enabled, through the medium of speech or of writing, to convey special information about God to their fellows." These words may be regarded as the text, and the well-thought-out article its exposition, which is given in the light of the Bible, more particularly of the apostolic writings. The article on "Hellenistic and Biblical Greek" is marked by all the excellent qualities which distinguished the work of its author, the late Dr. Thumb. As an indication of the serene atmosphere in the realms of Christian scholarship, which the war has not been able to disturb, we quote what Moulton and Milligan have recently written about him in Part II of The Vocabulary of the Greek Testament: "He has achieved in a relatively short career a marvelous output of work upon the Greek language in its whole history down to the present day, and leaves no one his peer in the philological delineation of Hellenistic and the modern vernacular." The background of New Testament apocalyptic thought is given in articles on "Ascension of Isaiah," "Assumption of Moses," "Apocalypse of Baruch," and "Book of Enoch"; while "Hellenism," "Emperor-worship," and "Gnosticism" deal with some of the subtle situations which confronted the apostles and the early Christians. It was the virtue of the Christian life which convinced Jew and Gentile of the superior merits of the gospel. This subject receives very thorough treatment in a series of practical topics like boldness, conversion, conscience, discipline, faithfulness, formalism, goodness, hope, justice, kindness, liberty. The article on "Ethics" makes much of the distinctive qualities of Christian character. This is produced by the conviction that in the living Christ a new force had come into existence and by the experience shared by every Christian of the continual indwelling and inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Various aspects of the Church are considered in articles on assembly, communion, congregation, fellowship, Kingdom of God. That on the Church describes it as "a commonwealth open to all the world. Every human being may find a place in it; and all those who belong to it will find that they have entered a vast family, in which all the members are brethren and have the obligations of brethren to promote one another's well-being both of body and soul." It is unfortunate that the freedom of fellowship enjoyed by the early Church should have been handicapped by sacerdotalism, traces of which are seen in the discussion on "Eucharist." Much helpful suggestion is found in the treatment of such subjects, like abstinence, assurance, benediction, brotherly love, comfort, contentment, doxology, exhortation, fear, joy. These and other word studies furnish material for helpful Bible readings at the prayer meeting. Professor Lake, of Harvard, writes on the Acts and maintains the accepted view that Luke was the author. Professor Moffatt, in "Uncanonical Gospels," reviews these extensive writings which were a "rank undergrowth of popular literature in early Christianity." In the article on "Gospels" we find this incisive criticism of the critics: "The modern critic fashions out of the first three Gospels a Jesus after his liking, and then denies that the Christ of the Fourth Gospel is compatible with this Jesus whom his literary criticism

has created. But is it not more likely to be the case that the Jesus of history was One too lofty in personality, too manysided in character to be understood by his contemporaries? It is, moreover, easy to draw quite false antitheses between the Fourth Gospel and the Synoptics." These sentences recall a remark by Dr. Caspar René Gregory: "The typical scholar is too often closed against the things of real life. He considers possibilities and with deadly accuracy decides on the impossible." Such men, however, discredit the truth, and we are happy to note that they are not represented in the pages of this volume. Much more can be written about the excellent studies of the New Testament books, and several of the post-apostolic writings, as well as of the cities and countries associated with early Christianity. But enough has been said to prove the value of this dictionary to the preacher in his regular ministrations.

Early Methodists Under Persecution. By JOSIAH HENRY BARR. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern, 1916, 256 pages. Net, $1.25.

THIS is the first time that one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of the Christian Church has ever been treated in a book by itself, or even adequately treated at all. It does for Methodists what Workman has done for the first Christians (Persecution in the Early Church, 1906), what Lea did for the Inquisition, and what Professor Eric McCoy North has done for Early Methodist Philanthropy (1915). It is an admirable piece of work, as interesting as it is thorough, and it is done once for all. It ought to be read by the thousands, not only for its historical value by students, but as a spiritual tonic by religious people who are open to an appeal of consecration, self-sacrifice, and heroic endurance hardly surpassed in the annals of either pagan or papal persecution, and as a stimulus to faith and loyalty to lukewarm Methodists, who in this easy-going age are ready to drop like ripe fruit into the lap of the proselyter. This is specially true of the Anglican proselyter, for one of the sad revelations of this book is that it was not Roman persecution whose steel the Methodists felt, except sometimes in Ireland, that it was not Presbyterian, for Scotland never lifted a finger against them, that it was not Baptist nor Congregational, for it was rare for dissenters in England to be mixed up in these damnable attacks, though it occasionally happened, but it was almost entirely an Anglican or Episcopalian monopoly. So far as they were anything, the mobs were good Protestant Episcopalian ruffians, sometimes led by their pastor—or stimulated by him, or their leaders filled with whisky from his or his parishioners' cellars—against ministers and members of his own church. Back of the persecutions were often the false and scurrilous attacks of the parson in the pulpit. In fact the intellectual persecution of the Methodists as told by our author in Chapter XII was so extravagant, scandalous, and sometimes indecent that one can hardly wonder that mobs in that awfully brutal, sodden, liquor-cursed England of the eighteenth century arose to do their hellish work. Though some were killed outright, the deaths of many were hastened by

their injuries, and it really seems a miracle that not more were martyred. After treating in eight chapters the persecutions proper ("Cost of a New Cause," "Wesley," "Charles Wesley," "Whitefield," "Lay Preachers," whose heroism covers that whole period with glory; think of John Nelson the Greatheart, Knight of God without fear and reproach; Methodist People and Mobs, Ireland in two chapters), the author in the remaining six chapters discusses the "Press Gangs," the "Clergy and Magistrates," the "University," "Vilification," "Persecution Checked," and "Estimate," concluding with bibliography and index. One of the most valuable chapters is that on persecution by the Universities of Cambridge, and especially Oxford, in which is told for the first time in a modern book the full story of the seven Methodists, of which well-read people to-day know chiefly through the (mostly) false remark of Dr. Samuel Johnson. This chapter gives this whole case, with welcome quotations from the original sources, and is alone worth the price of the book. A treatment of the legal standing of Methodists and other Christians (except Anglicans) in England should have been inserted, as well as of the defenses of the persecutions (if there were such), and their reactions in both the Methodist and non-Methodist literature of the time. This is a rich and most important work, well done and well worth doing, well printed, with full references, and will stand by itself as an indispensable contribution to the history of Christianity by pagans, of evangelicals or heretics by Catholics, of Baptists by Catholics and Protestants, of Quakers by Anglicans, and of Presbyterians in Scotland by the same. These have been written up by many; now for the first time we have a literary monument to devotion almost equally noble and thrilling.

Father Stanton's Last Sermons in S. Alban's, Holborn. Edited with a Preface by E. F. Russell, M.A. 12mo, pp. xiii+332. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

This volume of fifty sermons reveals one of the most winsome personalities of the modern pulpit, who exercised an intensive ministry for Christ and the Church in London during a period of nearly fifty years. It is a volume which throbs with passionate love for Jesus Christ and of eager concern for the redemption of men. It is not surprising that such large congregations listened to Father Stanton's preaching and were helped in the straits and struggles of life by his outspoken and sympathetic messages. Nowhere do we find the tepid or uncertain note in these utterances, but on every page there are burning convictions expressed in language which is direct, earnest, and forceful. When it is said that Father Stanton was an Anglo-Catholic who held extreme High Church views, we are not surprised to find in these sermons the enthusiastic advocacy of his beliefs. But we can overlook his eccentricities and extravagances about the mass, confession, prayers for the dead, baptismal regeneration, and the like because of his ardent and devout evangelicalism. We are not concerned to defend the inconsistency of such a position because we are more interested in his incessant emphasis on the Christian redemp-

tion through the sacrifice on the cross. In so far as he did this, he may be regarded as in the line of succession with Spurgeon and Joseph Parker, both of whom exulted in the glory of the cross. And, indeed, every fruitful Christian ministry has given the central place to the deed on Calvary. It is this fact more than any other which leads us to commend these sermons to our readers. In the heart-searching addresses on the seven words, we read: "Calvary has no date; it lies right back in the truth of God. The redemption of mankind is as old as God himself, so do not you ever say that our faith is not old. Our religion is like God, from everlasting to everlasting. There never was a time when redemption was not in the mind of God, and there never is or will be a time when redemption will not be in the mind of God. We put Calvary so many years back, but we are thinking of Calvary under the ticking of the clock. Put yourself into eternity, and Calvary has no beginning and no end, either in time or application." Here is the conclusion on the meditation, "It is finished." "O Lord Jesus Christ, who died upon the cross, and finished the work of redemption, grant that we may trust wholly and entirely in thee, and that all our hopes may be centered in thee; that all our sins may be lost in thee; that all our insufficiencies may be made all-sufficient by thee; that thou mayst be not only *the* Saviour of the world, but *our* Saviour; that thou mayst be not only our Saviour, but our own dear Saviour, and that all through our life, to the last breath we take, we may trust wholly and entirely in thee, and thee alone, as our Saviour, our Redeemer and our King." The fundamental truths of repentance and conversion, prayer and the Holy Spirit are expounded and enforced with evangelistic fervor. A deep knowledge of the human heart, at its best and at its worst, and a profound conviction of the present power to save unto the uttermost of the living Christ, enabled Father Stanton to preach in a way that was at once fearless, pointed, and urgent. These necesary qualities of successful preaching are seen in the sermons on "God's Providence in Temptation," "God's Presence in Temptation," "Heart Agony," "As Far As," "Nevertheless," "The Impossible," "Forfeited Blessings," and "If I May." This book will be welcomed and eagerly read by preachers and by the laity who will be led by it into strength, comfort, and peace.

METHODIST REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1916

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

James Whitcomb Riley was distinctively an Indianian, and Indiana remains to this day distinctively American. There is a sense in which Riley was the most thoroughly localized of all our great poets. Longfellow, born in Maine, went to Massachusetts. Lowell, born in Massachusetts, spent eleven years abroad as United States Minister to Spain and England. Whittier, born in Massachusetts, early entered editorial work at Hartford, Connecticut, and issued his first book of verses from that place, while he died in New Hampshire. But Riley was born and lived and died in Indiana. His departures from that State were only brief excursions. The influences of one commonwealth played upon his life from the cradle to the grave. It is no wonder that he was called The Hoosier Poet.

Yet it is only fair to say that he was simply the premier of a group, even as it is only just to say that the adjective "Hoosier" above does not in his case indicate the provincial. Comment is often made upon the literary development of the last quarter of a century in Indiana. Sometimes it is even affirmed that in a democracy the literary center is prone to stay near the center of population. This may be technical, yet it has its meaning. The New England poets arrived when their section had grown into a cohesiveness and before it had been flooded by immigration. They emerged from a certain unity of life. Something of the same condition obtains in Indiana. That State has a singular unity. As yet it has no big problem of assimilation of new peoples. What might be called a "common consciousness" is notable. It is

not an accident that, while other States are named for geographical points, or for animals, or for vegetables, Indiana gets its name from a human quality! Nor shall I be misunderstood if I affirm that her Americanism is rather sterling. Within her bounds people do not pay more for goods merely because they are "imported." They do not apologize either for the State seal or for the Stars and Stripes. Whitcomb Riley was the product of this spirit, and in season he became its exponent.

His early career suggests the troubadour, minus the mediæval dress and the straining for "striking stanzaic forms." The medicine wagon and the sign painter's ladder may not be the most dignified platforms, but Riley did not repudiate them. He and his friends knew well that these roving occupations gave the life of the Middle West a chance to flow in upon him in free and unconventional ways. The human nature that he met along the highways might have an Indiana setting, but it had the universal heart. It is interesting here to note the defeat of mere geography. Henry Watterson says that a railway yardmaster, who had known Riley as the artist that had marked and numbered the box-cars, said proudly, "Riley, sir! Jim Riley, sir! Why, sir, do you know that Jim Riley's got to be one of the best poets in Hancock County, sir?" But the Hancock Poet became duly The Hoosier Poet and was directly recognized as The Human Poet. He spoke in such language of loving insight that the universal heart was made to say, "How hear we every man in his own tongue wherein we were born?" The world claimed him, putting him in the Encyclopedia Britannica and in its "Best Literature," but he remained proudly and lovingly Indianian to the end. The dream that has carried so many literary men to New York never visited him. "Lockerbie Street" was better than Broadway.

His later pictures give a fairly correct idea of his appearance, allowing, of course, that

"The form and color of a mind and life"

never do quite get into a portrait. He was the perfection of neatness. His face was marvelously mobile and quickly responded to his moods. In his early life he wore a bristling mustache, to

conceal what he regarded as an upper lip of extraordinary length. Eye-glasses are supposed to be nonconductors of feeling, but *he* really looked at *you* through those lenses. His companionship paid no heed to ordinary barriers. He was the best public reader I have ever heard. He was painfully nervous over his appearance before an audience, and he never really conquered stage-fright. He told me, after one of his latest appearances in the English Opera House at a benefit gathering, that for a few moments he utterly forgot the poem he was to recite, saw a blue funnel writhingly extended toward the door, and felt just like casting himself upon that imaginary element and swimming to an escape! Then he confessed to the audience that he had "a bad case of buck fever," and the laughter that ensued gave him back his self-control. Nor did he recite his own poems exclusively. His mimicry of the pseudo-scientist who talked to the school children about the "Peanut" was excruciatingly funny, while his description of the dense man trying to tell the story of the soldier who had his leg shot away, and whose head was likewise shot off unknown to his Irish comrade, his carrier, made you plead for relief from over-laughter. He could repeat the lines of "Out to Old Aunt Mary's" until you heard the bubbling of the spring, felt the cool of the green house, and caught the tone of the dear one whom the cypress trees could never hide from the gaze of love. You queried why one who could read so well was so timid about it all; and some felt that the backwardness was somewhat assumed. Granted that he knew that an audience was not fond of the confident speaker who jabbed the minds of his hearers, so to speak, with his elbows, I am still persuaded that public speech with him was a grave trial.

He had a genius for friendship. Many have already arisen to claim intimacy with him. Friends of some of these claimants may be prone to smile and to deem that they have found other examples of the presumptuous who parade friendship with the great. The tributes that have appeared since his death have often made claims of friendship with Mr. Riley. Doubtless the claims are just. He did bring many persons into his inner circle, and this not so much because his social nature was adroit as because it was roomy. Still he was not a man with whom you could be overly

familiar. There are great natures, like that of Phillips Brooks, who never seem able to conquer a reserve. You never quite reach the deeper places. Perhaps this explains why they never marry. Like Brooks, Riley was a bachelor. There were many guesses as to a possible romance in each life, yet I have never met any person who was taken into the confidence of either man in this sacred respect. Approach to Riley was not difficult. He sought you out, especially if he felt that you were doing something for Indiana! He quickly discovered the people that were "human." He made these people his own, whether in real life or in books. After several hearty meetings with him I received from him one day by messenger a beautiful copy of The Book of Joyous Children inscribed with his own artistic penmanship as follows: "To Edwin H. Hughes. With hale Hoosier greetings of his friend, James Whitcomb Riley." Being much interested in the fact that our home was liberally supplied with children, he wrote lower on the page a quotation from "The Hired Man,"

> "I believe *all* childern's good—
> Ef they're only understood."

His handwriting was a delight, being letter-perfect. The capitals were minor works of art. You felt, after getting a letter from him, that you would never write hastily and poorly again!

The essential kindliness that expressed itself in his friendships touched his poems with its own peculiar quality. The man seemed to be friends with everybody. He has no mean characters. If one such must enter his pages for purposes of contrast the drama of villainy is brief. He did not caricature humanity. I have sometimes thought that it was this characteristic that kept him from having much to do with politics. Indiana, being long both a pivotal and a doubtful State, has some plain-speaking campaigns. Vigorous condemnations are hurled from the political platforms. In all this mêlée the poet was a man apart. In this regard he was not a Hoosier. When he wrote his delightful verses about the Congressman who was visited at the national capitol by his old-time friend, he did not see the Congressman as a politician, but as a neighbor. It is said that he seldom voted—a neglect of which it

is difficult to approve. I cannot recall that in any of my conversations with him he discussed politics for even a moment. Indeed, I doubt whether it would have been possible for him to be a partisan save from the standpoint of a positive affection. The antagonistic element, so largely absent from his poems, was also largely absent from his inner attitude. Literary critics have already said, and doubtless will continue to say, that Whitcomb Riley was a onesided poet in that he failed to portray the evil side of human nature. His friends will declare that he would not resent being known as the Poet of Life's Good Things.

Probably it was this kindly optimism that made him such a servant of Indiana's reputation. Eggleston's work, The Hoosier Schoolmaster, had not exalted the State in the estimate of other peoples who did not know that the references were to a limited period and to a limited section. If any misunderstanding had been created by this book Riley lifted it and set Indiana aright. He did not seem to picture a class, but a person, and yet all the while the virtues of the person went to the credit of the class. Moreover, he never construed limitations into vulgarities. The ungrammatical man was not necessarily the unintelligent man. One felt that Riley loved the persons that suggested his own literary creations. Not from the seat of the scornful did he regard them. Some great writers have "looked down" on their characters; one searches Riley's pages in vain for any mean condescension.

The report is that he was ambitious to be more than a dialect poet. If the matter be stated in this form the report is true. This must not be taken to mean, however, that he wished to blot out his dialect verse.

Mr. Riley was in a peculiar sense the poet of the children. One writer has shrewdly said of him that the women forgave him for being an old bachelor because he made his peace with them through the children! The statement is, of course, scarcely serious. While the heart of womankind would naturally be warmed toward the poet by reason of his contributions to the literature of childhood, that heart would be won, as well, by some poems where woman stands in her own right of wifehood. "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" and "When She Comes Home" are

winsome examples. At the same time Riley is one of the pre-eminent poets of the little people. It is too early yet to compare him in this regard with Eugene Field. We must wait for the test of time with its furnishing of perspective. Yet after Riley's death the papers instinctively seized upon his picture amid the romping children as his most characteristic representation. He sits there clad in a dressing gown, evidently just coming back from his serious illness, the playful smile upon his expressive face as he forms the center of that lively group. Still, in one way, I think that this picture is scarcely correct. The poet's understanding of children was, in my mind, not so much a matter of association as of memory. He did not mingle with children as much as many imagine. But his memory of his own childhood and of his own childhood companions was vivid. He told me once that he had a perfectly detailed memory of his own boyhood, reaching back to his very early years, and that he entered sympathetically into the life of childhood in the present day through the gateway of that memory. In this his own self-analysis was true. One has but to read his poems of boyhood, with their peculiarly rural touch, to understand that the observations of Lockerbie Street did not supply their material. But the heart of childhood being always much the same his memory gave him an accurate entry into the joys and sorrows of the wee people.

It was for this reason that teachers felt that he was their colleague. A signal illustration of this occurred in December, 1905. It is the more interesting here because its recital has not been given in any of the articles that the poet's death has evoked. In that year the writer hereof had been honored with the presidency of the Indiana State Teachers' Association. When the president and his Executive Committee planned for the "big" event of the annual meeting the suggestion was made by Mr. B. F. Moore, now Superintendent of Public Schools at Muncie, Indiana, a high-minded gentleman and a loyal and serviceable Methodist Episcopal layman, that we secure the presence of Mr. Riley at a tribute meeting to himself. It was a most delicate program, and we well knew that it would be no easy thing to secure the poet's presence as the self-conscious center of such an hour. By dint of persua-

sions many, and of promises not a few that the speakers would observe all proper limitations, Mr. Riley finally agreed to accept the courtesy of the teachers of his State. The addresses of the day were delivered by Senator Albert J. Beveridge, Charles R. Williams, editor of the Indianapolis News, Meredith Nicholson, and Henry Watterson, while musical monologues of several of Mr. Riley's poems were rendered by Mrs. Hugh McGibeny. A brief and modest response was made by the poet himself. That occasion was crowded with thrills. Tomlinson Hall was filled to overflowing. Members of the association who had paid the regular dues were admitted. As a result the membership leaped to unprecedented numbers. The speeches of the day were all published by D. C. Heath & Company, under the guidance of their Indiana representative, Mr. E. R. Smith. I do not hesitate to say that the literature called forth by Mr. Riley's death has not surpassed in power of interpretation, nor in delicacy of expression, the words found in this little book, of a limited and private circulation. Number one was given to Mr. Riley himself. Number two was given to me, and is proudly kept as a souvenir. Beneath my name on its inscription page Mr. Riley has himself written,

> "He strikes—as long as the wrong resists—
> With a knuckled faith and force-like fists."

Perhaps in some of the Young Men's Christian Association meetings held in the English Opera House, when Mr. Riley always sat in the box on my left and listened to my words, he saw some evidences of what he regarded as righteous pugnacity!

That teachers' tribute meeting had a personal result of some interest. I had written Mr. Riley an expression of appreciation for his presence and participation on such a beautifully embarrassing occasion. I had received from him a copy of Meredith Nicholson's poems and had responded with a second letter of gratitude. I then received a letter from Mr. Riley which will be reproduced here in fac simile. It gives many of his characteristics—his heartiness, his unconventional ways, his eccentric punctuation, his artistic penmanship, his generous attitude toward fellow authors, his rural figures of speech, his social heart.

June 6,
1906

Dr. Edwin H. Hughes—

Dear Dr. Hughes

It's a hearty, wholesome message you send a fellow.—Thanks good and plenty for it. Mr. Nicholson will be likewise pleased with the welcome you accord his poems,—for, verily, his poems are poems, and of such spirit and uplift at times as will cause pull a brother-poet Starward.—Mark "A Prayer of the Hill-Country", "The Heart of the Bush", "In The Great Pastures", &c. etc.

Your work flourishes: I can hear you growing, like a field of Corn after our late liberal rains.

Always your friend

—James Whitcomb Riley.

This letter has not been published elsewhere, and I am sure that it will gratify Meredith Nicholson, whose eyes have not hitherto seen the above appreciation from his fellow-author.

But the Riley meeting at Tomlinson Hall had another result, one that affected the life of the entire State. The membership of the Teachers' Association was so increased, and the paid admissions to the meeting were so many, that we left in the treasury of the association a fine surplus. With this we paid the expenses of a commission, appointed by the Governor, to investigate and report concerning the wages of Indiana teachers and to bring in some recommendations for legislation. Out of all this came the Minimum Wage Law for the teachers of Indiana; a measure which wrought most excellent effects both in lifting teaching standards and in approaching justice for a worthy profession. Thus the poetry of Riley came back to bless the clan of his old friend and benefactor, Captain Lee O. Harris, who had weaned the youth from the reading of cheap novels to a love of the masterpieces of fiction.

Mr. Riley's poem entitled "Bereaved" calls for notice because it is a chaste example of the poet's non-dialect work, because it suggests an interesting personal reminiscence, and because it illustrates in a marked way his power of social imagination. One day I expressed to him my great admiration of this poem. He said at once and frankly that he had always regarded it as one of his best productions, but that he had never understood why it had attracted less attention than some of his less worthy work. Then the story of its writing came forth, and I give it here. One evening Mr. Riley caught the conception of the verses and very carefully worked the lines into form. There was, he said, no objective reason for writing them; nor could he afterward find the motive that had evoked them. They had arrived as an apparent inspiration. But the next morning he received word that his friend's child had died. If my memory acts correctly, the friend was Bill Nye, with whom Mr. Riley had often traveled on the Lyceum circuit. The meaning of the poem, however, is the same, whether it was sent to Bill Nye or some one much less known. We must bear in thought the situation. The poet, unblessed by the actual

experience of parenthood, is writing to bereaved parents. He says,

> "Let me come in where you sit weeping; aye,
> Let me, who have not any child to die,
> Weep with you for the little one whose love
> I have known nothing of.
>
> "The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
> Their pressure round your neck; the hands you used
> To kiss. Such arms—such hands I never knew.
> May I not weep with you?
>
> "Fain would I be of service—say something,
> Between the tears, that would be comforting—
> But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,
> Who have no child to die."

I employed above the phrase "social imagination." By it I refer to the power to enter feelingly into experiences that one has never had. This power Mr. Riley had at its maximum. Here he enters into a sorrow the like of which he himself never knew—enters with a wonderful delicacy and with the gentle reminder that the little child was still a gift, even though the gift had remained for the brief season. When I told Mr. Riley that the poem which had come to him without objective call was not altogether a mystery to one who believed in the Light coming into the world to light every man, he did not question my theology. On the contrary, he made a quick assent.

This leads forward naturally to a discussion of the poet's religious views. With him I never talked of the formal matters of a theological creed. Yet to easy and natural statements of faith, given in public speech or in private conversation, he made a genuine and warm response. That response entered his poems. It may well be questioned whether any other modern poet has filled his books with more confessions of strong faith. Many pages could be used in giving confirmation of this claim. Nor would it be fair to say that the poet was writing as a proxy, representing merely the faith found in that non-critical humanity that walks his pages. In some of his most serious and personal verses, as, for example, in "Away," a vigorous faith is asserted. But even when he speaks for the hopes and beliefs of others one feels that the poet himself

joins the confessors. There are passages in which the Cross itself is made meaningful, as where he declares it the condemnation of self-righteousness; the "guideboard" set

"To point me out the way;"

as the sacrifice endured,

"That you might be happy here;"

while in one of his earliest poems, and in a really homely connection, he writes of "Him who died for you." There is no arguing about the mystery; there is indeed a reverent reserve in its presence.

While it is true that Mr. Riley's references to faith run the gamut of all the essential things, it is still true that he is a specialist in the verses of immortality. He did not approach the subject, as did Tennyson, with a lengthy and wonderful dissertation, presenting the arguments of a loving instinct, as in "In Memoriam." Still it would be a revealing study to note how many of Riley's poems *assert* immortality. In his response to the tribute of the Indiana teachers he told of a little woman who had been one of his earliest teachers. She had a blind husband, whom she supported by her work, and who day by day sat at a window waiting for his sight to come back to him; and Riley adds characteristically that doubtless the sight had been restored, "as he sits at another casement and sees not only his earthly friends but all the friends of the Eternal Home, with the smiling, loyal, loving little woman forever at his side." It is a characteristic word, and the more significant when we know that it was not merely a stenographic report of a hasty speech, but the carefully corrected utterance arranged for permanent record. It would be a long list if we were to set down here all the illustrations of this faith that could be gathered from his poetry. In "Out of the Hitherwhere" our mothers greet us again, and

"The old playmate that laughed with you
Will laugh again as he used to do."

In "Baby's Dying" we see the wee one going

"Out from us and up to Him."

"Out to Old Aunt Mary's" ends with "All is well"—in spite of death. In "How Did You Rest Last Night?" the grandfather dawns on the "jedgment day" to ask the same dear question. In truth immortality is one of Riley's refrains. Evidently, too, the doctrine with him was not a mere abstraction of comfort. His faith was firm amid his own personal sorrows. When friends died the creed of his own "Away" was real still. He waves his hand to Myron Reed and calls out after him,

> "Our onward trails will meet and then
> Merge and be ever one again."

To another, departing, he says,

> "Old friend, good night—for there is no good-by."

The Rev. Joseph A. Milburn, who spoke at Mr. Riley's funeral, told then of the poet's presence at the funeral of an old and dear friend, Charles Holstein. After that service Mr. Riley came forward and said, "Mr. Milburn, Charlie was here and he heard every word of it, and he was pleased." It seems quite natural that his last poem, written seriously, should have had these lines,

> "So rest you, playmate, in that land,
> Still hidden from us by His hand,
> Where you may know again in truth
> All of the glad days of your youth—
> As when in days of endless ease
> We played beneath the apple trees."

It was just the kind of a song that we feel like sending out after our poet-friend.

Minds with a literary-scientific bend are already engaged in the process of classification for Mr. Riley. Due to the fact that one of his early poems was an imitation of Poe, and in fact for a time passed for a discovery of one of Poe's lost poems, some have compared and contrasted him with the brilliant Southerner; but the parallel never runs far. More have likened him to Burns; this tendency being probably due to the facts that both were users of dialect, both spoke somewhat for a group, and both kept close to nature and to the common folks. But even here the parallels

break away from each other, and the opposing directions are not always favorable to the Scottish bard. To speak of Riley as "the American Burns" is scarcely more revealing than to speak of Burns as "the Scottish Riley." Scotchmen and Americans alike will prefer that each poet be allowed to stand on the merits of his own work, and will insist that any implication that either is the miniature of the other is neither gracious nor fair. Mr. Riley has his own place. He was unique. In the glory of good repute one poetic star must differ from another.

We will not, therefore, pay undue heed to the literary critics who bring certain academic standards to the test of the poets. Some of these long ago consigned both Whittier and Longfellow to the commonplace, and even to oblivion. Still it is a safe prophecy that when the critics have found the oblivion themselves they will discover that the poets are not in that neighborhood. "My country, 'tis of thee" has been weighed and found wanting in some literary balances, but somehow the children keep on chanting it and the people keep the hymn in their love. After all, the place of the poet is not determined by the elect who elect themselves. That place is determined by the people. The referendum works here more or less unerringly. Our democracy will decide the height of the niche where Riley's name is to be carved. Plain men and women know their own poets. They find their own. Long ago they discovered Riley. The critics can banish him only when they banish joys and sorrows, Junes and Christmases, the homely mirth of rural life, twilight and katydids, dawns and blossoms, and the smiling faces of the little children. The children of many generations will "watch out" for his "Gobble-uns." The boys of many generations will troop forth to "The Old Swimmin' Hole." The mothers and fathers of many generations will find solace in his "Bereaved." The world is so much like Christ that, having loved its own, it will love its own to the end.

Edwin L. Hughes.

CON AMORE

Some old Latin phrases cling like the fragrance of a pressed rose which the fingers of love plucked long since and other hands laid in the leaves of a precious book, grown much more precious because of the rose having its hiding place there these misty years and the fingers of love which plucked and gave the flower, long since crumbled into dust from which her plucking saved the rose. Mainly I would wade in the surge of our English speech as I would in the surf of the blue ocean when the wind drives the waters shoreward rejoicingly. To see how foreign words and phrases, specially from contemporaneous languages, have all but vanished from our vernacular, is heartening to one who conceives the English-American speech to be the ruddiest, ruggedest tongue ever framed for the expression of universal thought. We can sit under our own language shadow, and rest content. In myself I find the disposition to use a foreign phrase all but vanished. I should prefer "between us" to "inter nos" or "safe ground" to "terra firma" and "very privately" to "sub rosa."

Of course, in all our thought-moods there are traces of sweet irrationality. It is better so. That will be no happy day when we can con aloud our reasons and count them like dried prunes. While we remain a mystery to ourselves we are happy folks. In the interest of the eternal vitalities we must have bursts of unlooked-for glory on us like an evening cloud. Lest we be ossified we must not entirely be classified. So, why a body should slur a thousand phrases fetched from a venerable antiquity and sown to poetry and hallowed by the handling of eloquent voices grown silent, long, long ago, and fondly retain some other flower grown in the same old-fashioned garden, is quite beyond anybody to explain. Better so. It needs no explanation. It is a wild sprangle of vine throwing out tendrils venturesomely but beautifully. So do I fondly retain the old Latin phrase "con amore." Out of Love. The doing things not because we are goaded thereto but vagrantly, like a wandering water. That is *con amore*. We want to. That is *con amore*.

We must do most things. Washing face and feet never arose out of a boy's disposition. This sprouts up through the scoriæ of his indisposition. Dirt is a boy's natural element. Fond mothers who demur at such a slur upon their lads must recall they themselves never have been boys. Being a boy initiates into some Eleusinian mysteries which even all the intuition of the woman mind cannot attain unto. This is not that the boy is brainy, it is that he is a boy. A boy takes to water. So does a frog; but in neither instance are we to infer it is for purposes of cleanliness. It is for purpose of wetness. When a boy holds up two fingers by way of attesting that the water is good and should be indulged in and that the party of the second part should hurry up and come on and in, he is not expressing his judgment that this is his washday and that he greatly rejoices in the prospect of being in a cleansed state like his mother's Monday clothes. Verily, no. The remotest thing from the brain of Boyville is cleaning up. The "swimmin' hole" is scarcely a cleansing fount. It is too shallow, too dirty, too crowded with boys. A bath tub with crystal water does not entice the boy. The snowy bath tub and equally snowy towel along with the soap certified to float and be the delight of the little fairie, inhibits the boy. Not that he knows about "inhibits." He always is doing more things than he knows. Words never yet were a boy's strong point. Not words or their meaning or their spelling can be said to fascinate a boy. Washing his feet is in the same category; to wit, in the category of things society demands but which a boy abominates. Some things go by compulsion. Cleaning up is one of a boy's compulsions and revoltings.

The "swimmin' hole," not to be lured out of the path across the pasture which leads to that sociable but unhygienic spot, is a tribute to a boy's sense of frolic, of *camaraderie,* of acrobatics, of "You dasn't and I dast," but never to a sense of cleaning up. To be brief and accurate, having this long time been a boy, with a boy, washing is a concession to the Dagon of respectability and community notion of cleanliness, and is done under the rod—so to feel—while swimmin' is done "con amore." He does it as he "hollers," spontaneously, sporadically, delightedly. For swim-

min', no day has been discovered long enough. Night is always in a hurry, an unnecessary and indefensible hurry, to boys in the swimmin' hole. The run, the yell, the splash, the dive, the holding up the hands to give illusory certificate of so deep, the holding of dirty freckled nose with dirty freckled fingers by way of giving wary premonition of the dive—all these things are done not out of sense of fitness, obligation, duty, high resolve, nor disposition toward cleanliness, but just for fun, for the everlasting love of it and the everlasting fun of it. *Con amore.*

To all such as ever have been boys I can by no lucubration nor quotations from poets give the impression of *con amore* so vividly and accurately as by the swimmin'-hole illustration.

The doing things out of love for them as a frog sings through the night, is a fine work in a fine life. We smart as with sunburn caught in water, under the eternal, "Now I must get to work." We are hounded. All kinds of curs bark at our heels and bite them; for our feet are bare. Was that what our placid friend, William Wordsworth, was debating inside his singular head when he said, "The world is too much with us"? I think it was. Too many things take us in hand and bring us to book. We get a hid sense of slavery. We demur in the heart. And that is a real injury to character. What we demur at with the lips may or may not be injurious, though too much indulgence in the vocabulary of complaint is deleterious. That soaks in. The mood of complaint in the heart soaks out. That is worse. To set volcanoes in the soul may or may not end in eruption, but necessarily will give a continuous heat, which is scarcely necessary considering how hot weather grows every summer. We need interior refrigerative processes, not so much to refrigerate as to gently cool, so the mosses may grow green on the north side of the rock and the ferns may be ready to stoop to the dew drops which cluster on it in the night. We need a north side furnished for our souls where the lichens may gather on the boles of the forest trees and where shadows may be had at summer noons.

We chafe under the gradual resentment of "I've got to." We are more than irritated by the sweaty hands of compulsion lying

heavy on our naked shoulders. We watch the swallows making fun of the sky and want to be swallows just because they seem to be gadding about obeying nobody, doing nothing to the tune of some invisible and inaudible band playing "It's Fun to be Alive," we not seeing that the swallows are all out not didoing with the sky, as appears, but working for their board. They are all out after bugs. So are we. They set their industry to such a tumultuous tune, such a jocular irrationality, as that what they are at seems all sport and no work. Indeed, after having on many a day watched many a swallow by evening on church chimney, where they fly and fly with widening and then narrowing circles to get at last with a wild dash into their chimney home, and on many days drenched with sunshine over glimmering waters under the blue sky, the rippling waters and the swaying flags tawn-green by the stream and the somnolent grasses scarce wakened by the wind while the swallows darted low against the stream or high against the azure, or on rare moments when in a spirit of autumnal soliloquy a multitude of these airy vagrants of the air sat like people at a preaching—I, having watched these witching, willowy folk of the sky so many years in so many moods, am yet not able to do other than speculate whether they think they are working for a living or are out fooling around. But we men seem to ourselves like men marching in a huge crushing army where we cannot step out of the ranks for a moment's space to drink by any wayside spring or kiss our little child who peers at us from the dusty march-edge. March we must.

Nor is this attitude altogether mythical. Many things—well, put it broadly, most things are compulsion. We must eat, and clean up, and pay our bills. Not gluttony nor cleanliness nor honesty sets us at these several tasks. To get on decently, we are compelled to them. We must get up, we must move on, we must play ball. Thanks to the good God, who himself works more than all of us, our work is both remunerative and pleasant to us. However, were it neither, we should be compelled to it by the compulsion of life. Work on the rock pile or the work farm. We must breathe or die. We are in the vortex of compulsion.

All the more are we needing some thing or things which we

do for fun—*con amore*. To do a thing because I want to do it and don't have to. Kissing one's wife is to be classified here. It is downright fun. She may not want you to, but you know your business, hence the bussing proceeds. You raise vegetables out of need of edibles; you raise flowers *con amore*. You like to see four o'clocks asleeping in the day to waken at the approach of evening and morning glories awake of mornings and fast asleep till the morning comes again. You like petunias with their gentle fragrance and hollyhocks and roses. You tuck your baby under your arm or hoist him to your shoulder not as a paid nurse but as a man at fun.

The funs of life are worth studying. The auto is a part of the fun of strong men. Costly or not it is quite worth while, for working America has played altogether too little. I love to see hard-worked men taking a sober spree with wife and child in a motor cheap or dear. I am never so engrossed with whether they can afford it. They can't afford not to have fun. They ought to afford to have fun. *Con amore* pumping a tire or lying on your back under the car—the woman or women sitting by the road and the car and the man giving gratuitous advice to all three—this is life at the fun. "Running the car from the back seat" has already passed into a mature proverb in a jiffy. Women do not perform this service out of duty but *con amore*. It is whispered by some of their own sex that they like to. The like ends there. The man would omit that part of the fun; men, however, are known to be peculiar. No strong man, no man who does things in business, have I encountered who did not love to lay powerful hands upon the wheel and feel the might of the engine respond to his control or to whom the purr of the engine, like a cat being petted, did not come like the voice of lutes. He likes to do it. He runs the car *con amore*. "Rather than eat," was the laconic saying of this kind of a man. I loved to hear him say it. I looked at the strong face, the steady eyes, his lines of business care, and then the care-lift like a lifted cloud which discloses the rising sun. This I saw and was glad, for his hours were long, his cares were many, his burdens persistent, his heart often heavy. Here's a lift to his load, a *con amore* stretch of road where the running

is good and no traffic policeman is near to gauge the speed, wherefore away and a song transfused with laughter.

The fads men and women love, the collecting things, are *con amore* marks. For years I have read catalogues of collectors because in china, marquetry and buhl, coins, stamps, autographs, butterflies, old swords, firearms, flowers, no matter what, in them I found winsome signs. Though I knew not the person I liked him. He had days off. His crotchet was humorous, not pathetic. When I hear about a collector his gravitation tugs at my planet till I am swung from my course.

One man I know collects watches. They did not go. They had gone. They had gone enough. He had them, littles and bigs in abundant store, and I loved to watch him watch them. He could run on about them in a topsy-turvy talk which chimed like an old clock on the stair.

Another had violins. He did not play them, which rendered his fad harmless. It was expensive, like collecting orchids (which some moneyed folk do). What a sweet *con amore* it was collecting mute music, which, long hushed, waited only for the mystic touch. He might by some lovely chance come upon a Strad, or some dreamy-eyed master from Cremona. I never see some violins in some dusty window where some stooped violin maker plies his trade, feeling at the throat for melody, without the tang of a musician in my hesitation. 'Tis good to love things just for love of things, to forget cash, the "will it pay," and all that grinding but necessary vocabulary of making a living.

Those piscatorial folk, those followers of Saint Peter (in lying) and Ike Walton, who wrote of the gentility, docility, gentleness, and sweet humanity of impaling worms and fishes, and because neither could speak thought he did God a service, such have I seen gathering a library of fishing books of every age and nature. Just so fishing was on the title, all was well. Though I fish not, I have a steady love for all those lovers of loitering water or hurrying trout stream or evening-shadowed lake, or dimming river at the morning's murk. One lover of fishing I know. He is not young in years. He is wistfully young in heart. He would stand and cast and cast and cast while his boat would take

him a free ride as he did so. He would sit in the burning sun a long day and troll. He would take a delight bright as the flash of sunlight through an angry cloud, in the tug and the fuss and the fight and the struggle of a fish against a man, and tired as if he had been on long soldier march (whereof he knew much by long-past battles), he would march home of the evening smiling like a kid of fifteen and sleep the night through with a smile on his dear face, and one who loved him much ventured the hope one day, that in heaven God might have some sweet water for this happy fisherman to dawdle by and dream over and fish in where endless sunlight gave a day long enough for such a jocund fisherman to have his fun through.

Another lad, of eighty when I knew him, who when he was waiting to die would gather about him his hooks and lines and flies and reels and, with feeble though loving fingers, would fumble among what the undreaming would have thought rubbish, but what God counted hidden laughter. And when I called one day he blew in my face the memory of happy summers with hook and line and laughing loitering by many a laughing water and showed me mementoes of sunny summers and unforgotten streams and pine shadows on the tossing plunges of riotous rapids hurrying from the drifts of hidden snows. With a fluttering voice like a wounded thing he would rehearse how this caught such and this other such, and so on, lingeringly and laughingly, his eyes all the time like light glint on running waters, while his voice hung on some incident like a singer's on some beloved note, and at the last he gave me a line he himself had braided from horse-hair (an art, he said, which would die with him), and as he chuckled over years of summer days and innumerable fishings I could see the gentle Fisherman whose other name is Christ standing behind the lad-man and smiling brightly, and hear him saying softly, like a caress, "I will make you fishers"; and as in parting I prayed that when this dear fisherman stood on the bank of that wild water where no fisherman casts a line the good Christ would make a way for him across that stormy waste into that tender sunrise where the wide river runs, called by the angels The River of God; and the sweet old fisherman took my hand at

the prayer end and kissed it. Nor have I seen him since he met Christ at the crossing and crossed with him.

Con amore—haunting store windows to catch the gleam of precious stones. *Con amore*—standing with hands behind him clasped in a nervous clasping and unclasping in whispered gladness watching the pictures in the art windows. *Con amore*—childless women watching with hungry eyes children and babies in a park where babies are more numerous than flowers, watching with hungry, feasting eyes, covetous, beautiful mother-woman eyes, and wanting them all. One of these sweet con-amorists I know who adopted three trivial orphans of one mother because she could not bear to see them separated. Sweet collector of motherless babes, thy God sees thee through his tears what time thou doest such sweet deeds, for so doth his well-beloved Son.

Con amore—and a man I know whose means are ample collects old watch seals and crests on sardonyx, and he has permitted my right hand to stumble around in a bag which contained two thousand seals (he stood close, and I thank him for having delivered me from temptation). *Con amore*—and my friend's wall is hung with etchings, etchings, etchings, more etchings. How his dear eyes make merry like a yule tide when he goes from one to one and like a man talking to himself in quiet sleep rehearses how this was found here and this there, and how he came upon that, until it is like hearing some one you love play softly on an organ in the twilight that neighbors on the dark.

Con amore—and one friend has a collection of sunsets in his soul. They are all framed in memory. He has collected them from Spitzbergen to the South Sea. He has seen them on headland and prairie. He has torn them out, a leaf from the picture book of the years, and has hung them in his soul's art gallery. He says he will take them with him to heaven and show them to God; and I think he will.

Con amore—there is where the book lovers gather and smell of ancient pages as if they smelt of mignonette, and finger rare bindings, or grow jubilant over first editions and hunt for some certain book which defies them, or grow garrulous over some beautiful page of manuscript the scribe whereof has been fast asleep in

some meek monastery so long that the writing desk has forgotten that ever he wrote there. Such folks fondle books as curls on a child's topsy-turvy head. What a genial insanity is on these book collectors, these custodians of the world's yesterdays of knowledge and of dreams. I love them all.

These con-amorists—I know them all without introduction. They constitute an imperishable company. Little things delight them as they do idiots and children. Smiles are lambent on their looks like music on hidden water. They can foreignize their souls quicker than a dove can take its flight. They forget where they are, how tired or how old, their fever is put out and all their days become one shining yesterday and all yesterdays become to-morrows. These are the quiet dwellers in The Con Amore Land.

And without intent all of us go wandering into Con Amore Land. The mothers have found it with their babes. The men have found it with their sweethearts and their wives. Maidens and matrons have found it with their beloveds. In that dear land where Love hath empery all things move effortlessly like the weaving of a day dawn. All things Love does she does for love. Her hands are hard with toiling, often bleeding and dying at the task, yet are unwearied as an angel's wings. How sweet it is to affirm that out of love Life's larger issues are all shaped. "My heart aches so," said a woman to me the other day, "because four children I took to rear because they were motherless and fatherless are all gone from me. When can I ease my pain?" "They were burdens," I said, "these many, many years, and you had children of your own, and now you may rest a little of an afternoon." I said it not as thinking so, but by way of provoking her heart and lips to speak poetry. And they did, for she was swift to reply: "They were no trouble. All my trouble is that they are gone." And I wist not a woman spake, but thought an angel sang.

Out of love—sheer *con amore*—is our love to God. A freshet wide-flowing, mad-musicked, swift-running is the love we know to God. Not out of duty but out of love is the south land of Eternity contrived. We should love God. Yet not here lies the ineffable music of Redemption. We love to love Him. As the loving mother and father, so loving God is no compulsion, but we spring

to it as the birds spring to dawn. We spring to it as the water lifts to its rainbow. We spring to it as lips to their kiss. We spring to it as the wild sea to its melody. We spring to it as the woman to the long absent breast of her soldier husband. We spring to it as the Resurrection to the Voice of God.

Con amore. We love the Lord not as told to, not as duty-bound to, but as those nigh spent in the sea-wrath are caught to a strong man's heart and when they thought to lie in the breast of Death are landed on the Heart of Life.

Out of love men and women long since clad themselves in martyr robes and washed their hands and face in fire nor thought themselves martyrs, but only favored of the Lord to witness so. Out of love!

Out of love I battle by the Cross and take God to my heart as the night does the dew.

Con amore, O Christ! *Con amore!*

William A. Quayle

THE ÆSTHETIC FRIGHTFULNESS OF GERHART HAUPTMANN

The literature that bridges over the gap between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has been the literature of struggle. Classic and romantic armaments in their defense of the outer and inner respectively made use of solid shot, where this new poetic employs the destructive shell. The explosive character of such advanced literature seems to be due to the fatal combination of the natural with the classic here, the romantic there. Both the things of the world and the states of the soul were thrown hither and yon by the introduction of a violent naturalism. No longer are we content to read descriptions of nature or delineations of character; we must consider how nature works upon man and how characters strive with one another. Granted that all art must sustain some relation to the sensuous, in order that art may be palpable and perceptible, it does not follow that such fundamental sensuousness will submit to the lordly treatment peculiar to the classic intellect; the art of the day reveals sense under the influence of the will. From this artistic voluntarism follows the drama of strife, if not also the semi-æsthetical cinematograph. Hauptmann appeared at a time when, under the influence of *fin-de-siècle,* art was discarding responsibility, as an exhausted runner abandons form when he enters the home-stretch. His development has been under the auspices of a new century which seems pleased to experiment with æsthetics until some authentic method has been discovered. The result has been to make the drama of Hauptmann frightful; that is, the otherwise spiritual artist has thought it expedient to let loose the forces of frightfulness upon the stage.

The frightfulness of Hauptmann is significant, not because it is his own invention at all, but because his artistic temperament calls upon him to speak of it as though he were an outsider. The war correspondent tells the frightful tale better than the soldier; if Hauptmann enters upon the frightful scene, it is as surgeon rather than as fighter. Elsewhere the literature of genuine struggle has received more sincere and profound treatment than one

finds in the Hauptmann-drama. Russian realism contemplated the frightful spectacle of man's life in the world as though it made for the negation of all that is true and valuable in the world. Scandinavian mysticism, always sea-like and Swedenborgian, has sought to explain the life-struggle in terms of class-class and sex-sex conflict. Ibsen was moved to his famous "indignation," Strindberg suffered and repented. Because of its fineness, the Gallic genius has been content to indulge the morbid rather than to institute reform; the earth of Zola was not much more vulgar than the heaven of Huysmans, Huysmans in his second manner. Nevertheless, the French have sought to adjust heaven to earth, and the period just before the war was significant for the return to religion that was indicated by France and Flanders. For the English mind, experience is usually sufficient, and, strange as it may appear, such empiricism has usually been accompanied by downright optimism. In the special instances of contemporary writers like George Moore and Thomas Hardy, experience has been made to appear pessimistic and frightful. Hauptmann, then, is not alone in his extreme æsthetic pessimism.

To read Hauptmann critically is to ask whether his sincerity is itself sincere, whether his realism is itself a reality. That Hauptmann did not behold the frightful as both Dostoievsky and Zola did appears in the fact that Hauptmann was led to contemplate the tangled roots of things after he had studied science with Haeckel and had read liberally from Zola. In this manner it seems as though the frightfulness of Hauptmann were scientific and æsthetic conclusions rather than perceived facts. In the midst of his naturalistic meanderings, Hauptmann is always more or less of a Kantian and a Lutheran; thus he is inwardly convinced that the just shall live by faith and that man exists for the sake of performing duty. Let us be frank with art and admit that realism is not to be taken for granted. If man observed things as they are, he would need no science to help his eyes of flesh; if he were possessed of direct appreciation of his surroundings, he would never need to strive after the illusion of actuality. Then, in the instance of the Teuton, we have a type of mind which, while not always fine or exalted, is temperamentally unfitted for the

authentic description of the actual; to the south mystical, to the north scientific, the German mind has usually thrown actuality into the form of an oblique genitive, whence it is the idea *of* or the feeling *of* reality which has engaged its attention. Schiller's genius made a famous struggle for the *naïve;* Goethe's Faust must descend from the heights of theoretical culture in order to feel the happiness that life as such is supposed to impart. In recent years Germany has looked to Hauptmann and Sudermann for leadership into realms of naturalistic literature. One may admire Hauptmann, but one wishes that he were in better business; on the other hand, one must see that, of the two, Sudermann is the artist who has been successful in substantializing the actual. In all this naturalistic situation, Hauptmann has ever hesitated.

Anxious as we are to know the German mind, and more than anxious to observe what changes have come over it since its Sedan days, we must turn to Sudermann for essential information. The literary history of this robust writer is comparable to the career of Germany from the Thirty-Years' War to the Franco-German conflict. Like the old German, the genius of Sudermann was afflicted by depression, auto-suggestion of inferiority, and *contemptus sui,* a mental state of affairs more than manifest with Sudermann in Dame Care. When the spirit of care, *Weltangst* or whatever the term-making spirit of the Teuton may elect to style it, lays its gaunt hands upon the soul, what is that soul to do? Fond readers of Sudermann's pretty story, prone as they are to find in its pages the pathos of German docility and patience, must not blind their eyes to the fact that Sudermann, Nietzsche-nourished, feels free to prescribe iron for this anæmia, extra activity in exchange for undue passivity. The soul shall free itself by force. By harboring a criminal consciousness which comes to him by chance, the hero becomes a kind of villain, whence he is able to throw off the spirit of care and, after his sojourn in prison, marry the beautiful maiden. Sudermann follows this idea up with the repudiation of the moral code, as is the case in the play called Honor. In a more practical manner, the soul seeks sin as a means of growth into full humanity, which presents the situation in The Home, where Magda becomes for Germany

what Eve was for the race. Not content with these attacks, Sudermann intrenches the soul by digging down beneath the principles of repentance and bad-conscience. In this manner, Leo in The Undying Past and Regina in Cat's Bridge are dug in for a long siege. In a play like The Joy of Living and a story like The Song of Songs, Sudermann perfects a Berlin-like type of realistic art, which knows nought but joyous, boastful life-luxury. Is it unjust to the German to suggest that in some such manner the Teutonic spirit has passed from excessive concern about Life to an equally excessive confidence in Life, German life? The case of Hauptmann is different.

Hauptmann is a sociological artist who goes slumming for frightfulness, the frightfulness that the German is supposed to experience within the borders of his own land. Such a sentimental journey of a scientist involves no little æsthetic surprise, since the scientific mind, with its love of order and desire for well-being, is not always prepared for the extraordinary and excruciating. Science feels called upon to explain and justify, whence scientific truths, whose rounded-out concepts often ignore the contradictory content which such smooth conceptualizing should express, are usually pale and characterless. Balzac and Zola, Hardy and Moore show themselves to be in possession of an æsthetic pessimism which may make their stories disagreeable, but which brings them as close to their subject as the physician to the patient. Hauptmann is an interne who treats cases for the sake of acquiring experience in his chosen profession; his realism is non-committal, since it indulges in neither etiology nor therapy. Schiller, whom every Germanic writer must keep in mind, sought to turn from the sentimental to the naïve, because the old æsthetic order seemed to him more authentic and real; Hauptmann avoids the romanticism for which he is fitted for the sake of considering the real world as this is interpreted by science and managed according to industrialism. There is in all this the manifest opportunity for developing the Real in its frightfulness, but Hauptmann is in no condition to improve what he interprets. For this realism the Russian mind is requisite; of the assignment given to Hauptmann Dostoievsky had made a story, Gorky a play; but the

Teutonic mind, by nature either sentimental or Bohemian, is able to survey the scene with that monocular vision which yields nought but a superficial picture. Since he cannot disclose that which is really frightful, Hauptmann indulges in the frightfulness of fancy.

In his æsthetic frightfulness Hauptmann hesitates. At heart a Lutheran, Hauptmann attempts to talk like a "roast-beef-chewing free-thinker"; by nature delicious like Novalis, he tries to be robust like Ibsen. If Hauptmann were as stolid as his Ibsen, he would be able to stand up beneath the burden of his fond realism; but, unlike Ibsen, to say nothing of a greater pessimist who said, "It must needs be that offenses [*skandala*] should come," Hauptmann seems disconcerted when the chaotic and painful thrust themselves before his notice. Ibsen tells us that his view of mankind revealed so many "horse faces, donkey muzzles, low-browed dog-skulls, and fatted swine-snouts"; and if he felt unable to stand up before the vision, what can a slender idealist do? Hauptmann's Haeckel, whose fondness for ape-skulls is well known, is sufficiently big and brutal to endure the coarse naturalism of his museum and laboratory, although this same Haeckel has begun to talk about the True, the Good, and the Beautiful; his Zola knew enough worldliness to endure the presence of the Actual; but the wistful disciple of these strong ones is wholly unequal to the scientific and artistic demands which Naturalism is sure to make upon every one who seeks to lay hold of it. Hauptmann has courted a mate which he dares not wed; meanwhile he keeps up his æsthetic coquetry. Sudermann escapes much of the criticism which should fall upon the head of one who makes a pretense of being realistic because Sudermann is boyish and Junker-like, whence he is delivered from taking things too seriously; Hauptmann, however, is too fine, too conscientious to swagger. These later writers differ from Goethe and Schiller, not only in ways obvious, but specifically in the item that, when they talk about the Real, it is no longer the rationalized Real of the Enlightenment, but the naturalized real of a scientism which attempts to interpret humanity in an animalistic manner, just as it interests itself in the lower orders of human life. Now, Goethe

never descended lower than the bourgeois-level of Wilhelm Meister, while Hauptmann would consider the proletariat. The upshot of the whole matter is that Hauptmann's realism is far from being convincing.

Hauptmann has no genuine doctrine of individualism, even though it may be urged that he has characters. To be an individualist, one must do more than love himself, think about his own life, and talk about his personal strivings. Indeed, essential egoism seems to demand a kind of self-sacrifice, the abandonment of all that is petty and personal for the sake of objectivity. Goethe's self did not live in Weimar, Emerson's ego was not called Ralph Waldo, Wagner's Siegfried self was quite unlike the nervous composer, Stirner's Unique One never nestled within his famous forehead, Nietzsche's superman was not found in localities frequented by the hard philosopher, but in Zarathustra's land or in the Florence of Macchiavelli. Hauptmann's individualism is purely autobiographical; his name is Gerhart. Yes, Ibsen too was somewhat autobiographical, although it was expatriation rather than divorce which made him conscious of ego and non-ego; and then Ibsen showed himself capable of that which Hauptmann lacks—objectivity. Great geniuses often make unfortunate marriages and, as Mr. Dooley has suggested, "so do their wives"; but, can such domestic details afford material for what should be an intense ethical doctrine? Were this possible, Mr. Nat Goodwin's autobiography would be more promising than Herr Gerhart Hauptmann's. John Vockerat, in Lonely Lives, was less like a superman than a theological student who had been disturbed by Darwinism; his strivings seemed to have been thwarted by an unsympathetic mate and rendered oblique by the strange appearance of a clever young woman of the short-haired type. Heinrich, in The Sunken Bell, finds himself in the atmosphere of individualism, since he has his valley (old Germany) and his mountain peak (*Deutschland über Alles*); but the egoistic hammer, instead of being wielded by a Siegfried, is too heavy for Hauptmann's hand. In all this we sympathize with the poet's perplexities and sorrows, but cannot help feeling that he has not delivered a doctrine.

Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn has done the world a service in editing a standard edition of the Hauptmann plays. Lewisohn's introductory essays make him what Archer is to Ibsen and Shaw to Shaw; the prefaces are more than ads., since they indulge in synthetic criticism. With such an arrangement as he adopts, the editor tends to minimize the fact that Hauptmann is wanting in consistent development from naturalism to romanticism; the chronological order of the plays would show that Hauptmann has vacillated in a manner quite significant, whence one is unable to find such definite *manières* as appear in Raphael, Wagner, Ibsen. In an attempt to come to an understanding with these plays, one might perhaps hazard the suggestion that of the realistic dramas only Rose Bernd need cause serious notice, while the romantic efforts, far less important, present only The Sunken Bell as a work which deserves and demands æsthetic criticism. Of the remainder, it might be said that Before Dawn may be accepted as the fulcrum upon which Hauptmann, as Ibsen in Love's Comedy, found it possible to balance his artistic burden. In Dame Care, Sudermann made a truer start, but the question now is one of Hauptmann, not of his rival, who, by the way, did not carry off the Nobel prize. The Weavers may pass because the possibilities of the versatile stage are such that any subject from osteopathy (Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots) to prohibition (Hit-the-Trail Holliday) can find a niche in Broadway.

Realistic plays should be plausible, romantic ones need only please; thus it is only in connection with tragedy that we are prone to ask the question, "Is this so?" From The Weavers we learn that, in spite of German efficiency and the Social-Democrats, there are poor people in Germany. From the classic land of socialism we had a right to expect a different story, since Karl Marx proceeded from distinctly British premises when in German fashion he drew his philosophical conclusions, while his colleague Engels was just as careful to keep his eyes to the northwest when he made his significant study of modern labor conditions. Just now, when the heart of European nations is laid bare before us, we may suggest that England is inclined to be more just with other nations than with its own people, while Germany treats its

own people with efficiency, others with frank frightfulness. Hauptmann seems to have sought frightfulness at home, but it is a question whether he has made a plausible affair out of his realism. The old man in The Weavers suffers because he is poor; the old man in Before Dawn suffers and makes others suffer because, having been poor, he has become rich. Now, in which direction does the argument of Hauptmann really lead? Again, all temperance agitators have been told that, with its wholesome beer-drinking, the German nation has no such drink-problem as confronts the whisky-consumers of England and America; yet Hauptmann insists that German drunkenness, like German poverty, is a problem for the German to consider. Has Hauptmann given us a genuine account of capitalism and alcoholism in the Fatherland? Until more authentic advices come to us, we must continue to believe that Germany is still careful of what its precious people possess and of what they drink for beverages. Meanwhile, we can only conclude that Hauptmann has indulged in a kind of æsthetic frightfulness.

When Hauptmann forgets social science, he comes nearer the illusion of reality so desired by all who write plays, whether they be for the stage or the moving-picture screen. Hauptmann is most sincere when he is neither scientific nor social, as in the case of Rose Bernd. The plot of a married man and a young girl is not altogether new in literature; the complication which may arise is one with which many an individual has been confronted. In England, the land of stricter sex-morality, the difficulty of extricating one's self from coils that may gather about one is far greater than in Germany. But Hauptmann is bent upon the terrible, so that, if he cannot find a real predicament in the case of such a German girl as Rose, he will manufacture one. Rose's problem is how to save herself and her child; trying as such a problem may be in the abstract, Hauptmann develops the plot in such a manner that the wife of her betrayer is willing to help the girl in connection with her maternity, while her lover, not aware of the general situation, is quite willing to marry her. But, with her affairs maternal and matrimonial well-nigh adjusted, Rose realizes all the possibilities of dramatic frightfulness by strangling

her new-born babe, just as though the *Polizei* was not accustomed to such situations. Under similar circumstances, both Tess of the D'Urbervilles and Esther Waters were able to conduct themselves in a manner far more like their sisters in real life, where the heart, unaided by dramatic devices, knoweth its own bitterness. Thus of poor Rose Bernd one might say, "If it had been true it had been a pity."

Woman ever a mystery to man, woman never a mystery to woman—Hauptmann knows this full well, but so did O. Henry; so do all who become successful writers. The Sphinx and Mona Lisa smile so mysteriously, but no one ever heard of a woman pondering on the problem of that smile's content, and that because no woman has ever wondered at it. The Sphinx smiles "because"; is not that enough of an answer? In The Rats, a title taken for the sake of dealing in ultimate pathos incident upon the rodent reality of human life, Hauptmann tries to show how woman understands woman, and how art does *not* understand art. Again it is the Rose Bernd *motif,* for the Polish girl, Pauline Pipercarcka, has been "unfortunate." As if to say that Poles have no pride, when they are eminent for such superior sensations, Hauptmann insists that the girl-mother in question shall defy the world and cling to her little son. As in the Bernd play, there is a childless married woman who agrees to help the unmarried mother; but, in her noble furtherance, the woman in question, Mrs. John, goes quite beyond the bounds of plausibly sympathetic action in that she, in the long absence of her husband, plans to pass off the little stranger as her very own, a plan which had worked well, so it seems, had not the actual mother returned to the scene to claim the child as hers indeed. All this sounds more or less possible, especially when one recalls how Rachel desired her maid Bilhah to "bear" her a son by proxy, but the æsthetic frightfulness now leads to make Mrs. John commit suicide because the little sojourner had been taken from her. Now, there is no lack of cruelty in nature and no failure of the part of society to emulate nature's frightful examples, but the physico-social order does not conduct its affairs in such ways as to urge a Mrs. John to sacrifice herself for the sake of such a situation; such hysteria is hardly human.

As woman, so art, except that art is a mystery to the artist who does not understand his would-be art. The painter is told to paint what he sees, the writer to tell what he has learned; but there is seeing and seeing, learning and learning, and if the æsthetic light that is in one be darkness, how great is that darkness. Once upon a time, in old classic days, it was said that art imitates nature; but in those same classic days nature knew none of the details or the nuances that the ferret-mind of modern naturalism has tracked out. If our light is not darkness, it is an excess which is blinding. Hauptmann is an artist who blinks most painfully in the sunlight of contemporary science; thus he wonders why the art notions of German classicism, Lessing's, Schiller's, Goethe's, cannot comprehend the quasi-art of recent naturalism. If the character appears in life, why should it not make its way into literature? If the personage walks along the street, why should he not enter upon the stage? Thus he muses in The Rats, although at the date upon which this play was written, 1911, he seems to share the feeling of the French who in the 90's were speaking of "the bankruptcy of science." The realists are like rats, they are "gnawing at the roots of the tree of idealism." For the artist to doubt his art is not unheard of; Ibsen did it in The Master Builder and When We Dead Awaken; Manet destroyed what the papers estimated to be $100,000 worth of impressionistic painting. But Hauptmann has not the courage which really criticizes and repudiates, still less that which applies fire and the knife; his realism makes him doubt his idealism, his idealism repudiates his realism. As a result, Hauptmann's art is in itself an insincere piece of work.

Hauptmann hesitates, turns against himself, and raises the question of success where criticism must raise the question of æsthetic sincerity. The Michael Kramer illustrates and enforces all this, and then the Kramer has the value of showing a kind of juncture in the career of one who, as it were, sought to rise from realism to romanticism. Let us be frank and admit that again we see the habitual question of matrimony and domesticity; for, German life is family life (the case of Bismarck, Kaiser Wilhelm II, *et cetera*), and Hauptmann the poet keeps thinking of Haupt-

mann the husband. A genius unhappily wedded to one who has no *Kultur,* Kramer thinks of his two children, Michaline the faithful but geniusless girl, Arnold the dissolute but talented boy. One is an æsthetic, the other an ethical disappointment; as for Kramer senior, he seems wedded to his art through which he has begotten beauty; but home is more than the studio and the old painter longs for grand old German family-life. The trouble with Arnold Kramer is that his conception of art is somewhat like that of Hauptmann in his early period, for he aims at the lowest and most shocking forms of naturalism; the glory of Michael Kramer is that he realizes the art-ideal at which Hauptmann now gazes so furtively, so wistfully. Kramer, like Hassenreuter in The Rats, is of the old pre-Haeckelian school; he recalls the time when Boecklin visited him, strives to paint The Man with the Crown of Thorns, and keeps a deathmask of Beethoven. Kramer's colleague, Lachmann, speaks for the general situation when he confesses the "bankruptcy" (Brunetière's term) of naturalistic art and for himself longs to nurse romantic "illusions." The play ends with the Hauptmann-like suicide of the dissolute youth, over whose body the father recites in a manner partly grandiose, partly Goethean. The flickering candles over the bier of the reckless son lead Kramer to utter the symbolic sentence, "I have seen the flame of many a light, but I tell you this light is different."

The "different light" shines with some clearness in Hauptmann's idealistic trilogy, Hannele, The Sunken Bell, Henry of Auë. In dealing with these extra-Hauptmann plays we succumb to philosophical temptation, and thus reason that in Hannele the spiritual is clothed in a spiritual form only, The Sunken Bell, with its valley and mountain peak, makes real and ideal of equal import, while in Henry of Auë the spiritual is clothed and clothed upon with sufficient objectivity. To this dialectal play, criticism may reply that Hannele and Henry are only Germanic curiosities, so that when one seeks æsthetic satisfaction he must turn to The Sunken Bell, a play which is poetically adequate, dramatically plausible, and philosophically coherent. Yes, the matrimonial *motif* is there, since the bell-founder cannot cast and hang melodious bells as long as the *deutsche Frau* of the old school is his

companion; great work is to be accomplished when the genius repudiates his wonted domestic ties and mates with the wood-sprite, Rautendenlein. The setting of the play is a bit puzzling, inasmuch as it lodges naturalism at the heights, while it relegates romanticism to the valley, while it further suggests that the call of the sunken bell may indicate the poet's nostalgia for that realism which he had long been following. Again, the autobiographical interferes with the artistic; but, if the former was written in by the poet, the latter may be drawn out by the reader, who will gladly confess that Hauptmann has written one work of worth.

Hauptmann shows that he is capable of health, even though his hesitation continues. The naturalism of The Sunken Bell is genuine inasmuch as that, instead of moving about in Life as the spurious product of civilization, the hero finds himself in nature among creatures that are natural. Then, the idealism of the play, although it represents a mood still marked by hysteria, is otherwise sound. Best of all, this one Hauptmann effort tends to convince criticism that realism and idealism are capable of mutual understanding; the æsthetic synthesis of extremes is admirably effected by this poet, who elsewhere is too sociological and lyrical to be convincing. To look to The Sunken Bell for a philosophy of work is to expect too much perhaps, although Hauptmann does attempt to portray the activities of a superman. In such a play as The Weavers, the dramatist laments that man's work fails to receive due compensation; in The Sunken Bell the artistic lament is to the effect that genuine work is often unrecognized and in vain. On the mountain-top the master bids the dwarf at the anvil, "Strike harder!" But, himself weary of work, the master bell-founder lies down by the side of the anvil and sinks into a sleep from which the tones of the sunken bell arouse him. Is not this like Hauptmann himself? If so, he should "strike harder!"

Charles Gray Shaw

A PACIFIST ON THE QUIRINAL

Jostling, excited throngs crowded the streets of Rome. The cafés were full of smoke and talk. All day long soldiers in unending lines had marched out toward Porta Pia, coming from somewhere, bound for somewhere—no one seemed to know just whence or whither. There were fresh news from the slaughter fields of France, notices of impending battles in Eastern Prussia, stories of advances and retreats in the Balkans, rumors of naval conflicts in the North Sea. "Turkey is preparing to enter," "Bulgaria is undecided," "Italy and Roumania are coming to an understanding." So the rumors flew. So they had flown for two months. It was war, nothing but war—in the papers, in the streets, in the hotels—until one's brain reeled and his soul revolted from the sickening, monotonous horror of it all. There seemed to be no barriers over which it had not or would not break, no forces of peace, no civilization it had not or would not engulf. In the first propulsive moments Socialism had capitulated. And in all the long, dragging, bloody hours not one commanding word had issued from the Vatican. In the Methodist temple that stands at the corner of Via Firenze and Via Venti Settembre some units of the passing throngs were gathering. They came until the seats and the aisles and the doorway could accommodate no more. Squeezed inside the entrance, I saw Tina, the little flower girl. The subject of the discourse was Alberico Gentili.

Months have passed. Italy is now in the war. But that Sabbath evening in Rome, on the old Quirinal Hill, Italian Protestantism delivered a true message of peace in the heart of times crowded with inhuman violences. From the outbreak of the conflict influential secular newspapers in the peninsula claimed that Christian Europe might have spoken the commanding word of peace. There is a genuine appreciation in modern Italy of the power of Bible Christianity.

To return to Gentili. In 1875, through the initiative of Peter Sbarbaro and under the presidency of His Royal Highness,

the Prince of Piedmont, there was constituted an International Committee for the purpose of erecting a monument to Alberico Gentili, the great Italian jurist of the sixteenth century. This committee proceeded to collect the necessary funds, but almost immediately met with two formidable obstacles: first, the ill will of certain foreigners; second, the cruel hatred of the clericals, who in Gentili recognized neither humanist nor jurist, but only the heretic, enemy of the Holy Mother Church. The hostility of the latter culminated in a counter proposal, a monument to Garzia Moreno, a name which in clerical thought and culture was and is the very antithesis of the name Gentili. The proposal of the monument was withdrawn, the committee discharged. Later the English took it upon themselves to do that which the Italians, the fellow-countrymen of Gentili, had not done, and in 1877 a beautiful monument of alabaster and red marble was raised to Gentili in London in the churchyard of Saint Helen (Bishopsgate). It was here Gentili was buried in 1608, having died an exile in England. In Italy also the proposal of the monument was revived. A new committee was formed whose president was Zanardelli. With him were associated many illustrious persons, among them being Pierantoni and Saffi.

Gentili was not a papist. Born in the sixteenth century, the century of the Reformation, educated by a learned father (the physician Matthew), he was from his youth associated with the Evangelical Community founded at Pisa by Peter Vermigli. By his own studies and by the free and conscientious movement of his own spirit he was carried toward the religious ideal which the Reformers were professing and preaching. Gentili was a Protestant. Student in Perugia, prætor in Ascoli, lawyer for the Commune of San Kinesio, his own country, where very honorable duties were intrusted to him, among these being the revision of the statutes, he not only through all these varied activities immersed himself in the study of the doctrines of the Reformers, but privately and secretly, as the times permitted, preached them. There happened that which in so many other Italian provinces happened, and to so many Reformers! The secret conferences, which he and his father were holding for chosen audiences in the

rooms of the Brotherhood of Saint Thomas and Barnabas, were discovered and violent persecution by the Inquisition started. The two Gentili fled, separating themselves with a grievous wrench from the rest of the family. The Inquisition vented its wrath on all that was left behind: the statutes of the Commune, reformed by Alberico and already approved with public festivals, were abolished; the property of the father was confiscated; the names of both were removed from the public registers, and both were condemned to the galleys for life; further, the penalty of infamy and the loss of all rights for him who would ever dare to propose their reinstatement!

You who regard lightly the history of the Religious Reformation in Italy, if you could know its tears and its blood! Read Tiraboschi, Giannone, Cantú, Ricotti, Masi—to cite only Italian authors and not Protestant at that—and you will find hundreds of facts of persecutions equal to these. While the Gentili were fleeing from San Ginesio, Bernardino Ochino and the two Socini were flying from Siena, Fonzio and Altieri from Venice, Alciati and Landi from Milan, Zanchi from Bergamo, and Aconzio from Trent, Vermigli and Pucci from Florence, Castelvetro from Modena, Burlamacchi, the Diodati and the Turretini from Lucca, Biandrata from Saluzzo, Gribaldi from Chieri, Betti from Rome, Pacio from Vicenza, Stancari from Mantova, Vergerio from Capo d'Istria, Caracciolo from Naples. Many others were arrested before they could flee, or, less fortunate than the Gentili, were seized while they were fleeing and thrown into torture prisons. In the end they were beheaded, strung up, or burned in the public squares! It was Italian blood. It was Italian blood and the noblest Italian blood! Think of the names of the Marchesa of Pescara, of the Duke of Paliano, the Duchess of Fondi, of Camerino, and of Ferrara. The large majority of the fugitives were learned. They were illustrious men, those who, hunted out of Italy, were appointed to the honored chairs of learning, in Switzerland, in Holland, in Germany, and in England. Alberico Gentili was first honored by the universities of Tuebingen and Heidelberg, afterward he was appointed professor of the Right of Nations in the University of Oxford. Open Gentili's *De jure belli,* and you

will find at the end of the three books a prayer. It is as follows: "May God, the Most High, bring it to pass that the princes of the world shall make an end of all wars and cultivate in holiness the rights of peace and of arbitration. Thou thyself, O God, do thou make an end to war and give us peace; be not angry because of our iniquities, and be merciful to us for the sake of thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ." In these days we hear of prayers, solemn prayers, rising even from the lips of kings and emperors. What kind of prayers are these? Prayers imploring victory for him who offers the prayer; prayers that demand "to me and to mine the victory, to the others extermination!" Every prayer reflects the psychological state of him who prays. If one feels himself threatened by peril, he also feels himself pushed by the fundamental laws of his being to ask preservation. He may even pray that harm may come to the one who threatens him. But more elevated, more Christian than the prayer that desires the victory of one is the prayer that implores that peace which is the victory of all. It corresponds to the spirit of Him who said: "Ye are all brothers"; and "Love ye one another even as I have loved you." It corresponds more to the great Christian prophecy of that era in which the people, conquered by the spirit of the Prince of Peace, "shall beat their swords into plough shares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." The light of this Christian prophecy does not project itself on the prayers which invoke more spears and more swords, or more fortune to the spears and to the swords. But shining bright and waving in a triumph of divine approbation is the prayer which supplicates: "Thou thyself, O God, do thou make an end of war and give us peace."

Are there not prayers which, even answering to the spirit of the Master in all that they ask, depart from him in the manner in which they ask? Imagine one who asks for the purification of the world and does nothing to purify his own heart, asks for the diffusion of the truth and does not move so much as a finger to do his part in the diffusing. It was not thus with Gentili. There is that famous book which after three centuries from its publication the University of Oxford republished and which the

learned continue to read and meditate upon. This book represents the effort—what gigantic effort—to put the prayer into force, into practical operation, that war may be wrested from the habits of history, from the methods of civilization, and peace established forever! Turn to the seventy-three crowded chapters. Here is a magnificent confutation of the jurists who sustain the necessity of war as an order of nature. "No," exclaims Gentili, "war is not nature, it is the corruption of nature, it is sin!" In another place is a long and sharp discussion of the legitimate causes of war. The war of defense—yes, Gentili admits it. The war of intervention in favor of nations brutally attacked—yes, also that he admits. The war of natural expansion—that is when the increased population can no longer be sustained within the limits of its old territory and must of necessity find another place in the sun—also this third cause of conflict Gentili admits, but with some just restrictions. The war of religion (think of the century in which he was writing)—that, no! because faith does not impose itself with the club. The war of greediness, of imperialistic suffocation—no! And against it not alone must rise the nation threatened, but all nations must rise, says he, because the ambition of one threatens all and the wrong done to one is done to all.

We see the genius of Gentili throwing itself into the attempt to make laws for war to the end that some of its more savage impulses may be eliminated. Here he forbids, there he imposes, farther on he exhorts or entreats. And he has no object except to make to pass the Right where all has become Violence, to make to appear the Man where all have declined toward brutality. In a moment of creative genius, he proclaims the new theory of the Equilibrium of the States, a theory to which Europe owes that little of peace which it enjoyed between 1870 and 1914. Gentili remembers the many contests peaceably settled during the centuries, thanks to arbitration. He exalts the civil work of arbitrators. Gathering up all the threads of the discussion and directing all the energies of his mind to a last major effort, he shows the possibility of the constitution of a Supreme Court of Nations invested with the authority to settle by arbitration, without war,

without slaughter, the differences of nations. Arrived here, Gentili stands upright in all his majesty as legislator and as Christian. Henry IV and his minister, Sully, failed in their attempt to put into practice the idea of Gentili for a Supreme Court of the Nations.

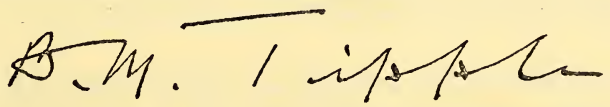
It is still true, generally speaking, that only questions of little importance are handed over to arbitrators, questions whose settlement does not involve great gain to the one side or serious loss to the other. Even yet diplomacy is skeptical. Some time since Nansen was its true interpreter in his Christiania discourse. He said frankly, "Wars have been and wars will be, and humanity will never have peace." New doctrines, like that of Frederick Nietzsche, appear, proclaiming the Empire of Force: "To the ground, ye Weak. You are the way over which will pass the "Strong!" Savage enthusiasm invades all the world. Armies battle, fleets engage, millions of human creatures are massacred on land and on sea.

We are three centuries distant from Gentili. Did the project of Henry IV altogether fail? Henry IV was assassinated when he had just begun to work out his idea. But his project secured at least the right of citizenship among those human aspirations which, as aspirations, impose themselves on the thought of society and can nevermore be exiled. From 1816 to 1889 recourse was made to the method of arbitration sixty times. Run through the list of the questions arbitrated and you will find that at least ten of the matters settled were such as on other occasions had led to war. Skepticism? Yes, there is much. But against it there is raised Faith, and it is an ardent faith that preaches in reviews and organizes in leagues. Nietzsche? But there has been Tolstoy. Savage, instinctive enthusiasm? In Rome, in other times, enthusiasm, savage and instinctive, hurried along immense crowds to the Coliseum to witness the brutal exhibitions that they called "games." To-day, however, these games are not held and the people do not feel in the least the need of them.

International arbitration has become a part of the social program of Protestantism. Even before Gentili it shone in the mind of Podiebred, King of Bohemia and follower of Huss. Then

there was with Gentili and Henry IV the Huguenot king. Then came the meditations of Grozio, the other great son of the Reformation, who in his *De jure belli et pacis* followed the magnanimous way over which the Gentili had passed. The first Society for Peace was organized by the Quakers, after which followed, only a distance of half a century, the Democrats and the Internationalists of the Genevan Congress of 1830. The contest is between the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christ. The spirit of the world wishes to conquer at any cost, and, drunk with certain bloody spectacles, already it announces that it has conquered. Has not a famous general written, has he not written, that the question is finished: Corsica has conquered Galilee?

We should gather up the holiest ambitions of our faith, the most fiery impulses of our enthusiasm, the purest essence of our culture, the most tenacious forces of our activity, and prove that Corsica has not conquered Galilee, nor is it on the way to conquer it. If the spirit of Napoleon registers some partial victories over the spirit of Christ, it possesses no guarantee of final victory. The final victory will be of Christ, to whom Napoleon himself, at the end of his career of blood, bowed the knee, saying to him, as said the ancient ruler: "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!" It is the prayer all vibrant with the spirit of the Master, the prayer that will not die, the prayer that at last will triumph: "O God, do thou make an end to war and give us peace. Forgiving our iniquities, be merciful to us through thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ."



THE SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE OF DANTE

The Divine Comedy is so vast and profound in itself, it has called forth such an immense body of literature, it contains such varied and different fields of research, it demands so many years of earnest study in order to fully understand it that it seems almost foolish to discuss it in the brief period of time at my disposal in this article.

Nevertheless I will try to give at least a glimpse of one side of this famous book. Few if any poems have been so highly extolled as the Divine Comedy. A German historian, Dr. Sell, has said that it is far and away the greatest work of poetic art the world has ever seen. Carlyle has declared it to be the most enduring thing that Europe has produced; and Dr. Edward Moore of Cambridge University calls it the greatest work of human genius in any language. I have not time here to give the reasons for these extraordinary tributes of praise; to show how Dante founded the Italian language and literature, how his poem contains all the science, philosophy, theology, customs and even the daily life of the Middle Ages; how his architectonic genius surpasses that of all other poets. Nor can I even touch on his extraordinary mastery of form, the wonderful conciseness of his language, the exactness and vividness of his metaphors, his pathos, pity and tenderness, his dramatic power, and above all his sublimity. It is for all these things that Ruskin says: "I think that the central man of all the world, as representing in perfect balance the imaginative, moral and intellectual faculties, all at their highest, is Dante."

I must limit myself strictly to one phase of that all-embracing genius, his spiritual power as seen in the Divine Comedy. Dante has been regarded as the greatest moral and religious poet outside the Bible. Says James Russell Lowell, "We cannot help thinking that if Shakespeare's be the most comprehensive intellect, so Dante's is the highest spiritual nature that has expressed itself in rhythmical form."

Coventry Patmore declares that in the world's history there

are only two religious poets, David and Dante; while Schelling calls him a high priest who stands in the holy sanctuary where poetry and religion are one.

In order to better understand the Divine Comedy I must give at least a few details of Dante's life: how he was born in Florence in 1265; how he grew up in that beautiful city on the banks of the Arno; how he entered politics and became one of the magistrates of the city; how in order to quell the incessant conflicts between the two parties of Whites and Blacks who filled the city with their broils he with others caused the ringleaders to be banished from Florence, thus incurring the hatred of both parties, so that he himself in the course of time was banished from his native city under the charge of graft. Thus in 1301 began the long and dolorous period of his exile which lasted till his death in Ravenna in 1321. During all these years he was a wanderer, a beggar, knowing how salt is the taste of another's bread, how hard a thing it is to climb another's stairs. A pathetic story is told of how one day at sunset a weary, travel-stained traveler knocked at the door of the Monastery of Saint Ilario, and when the monk who came to the door asked what he wanted, uttered the single word, "Peace." Longfellow, whose sonnets on Dante are the highest expression of his poetic power, has described this scene in beautiful words:

> Methinks I see thee stand with pallid cheeks
> By Fra Ilario in his diocese,
> As up the convent walls, in golden streaks,
> The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;
> And as he asks what there the stranger seeks
> Thy voice along the cloister whispers, "Peace."

One outstanding event in Dante's life is that beautiful scene in early youth where he met for the first time the fair young daughter of one of Florence's most distinguished citizens, Beatrice Portinari. No more beautiful love story exists in literature than the Vita Nuova, in which Dante tells how a "new life" came to him through his love for Beatrice. She became to him the symbol of all that is good and beautiful and true in life. "Her beauty, her goodness, all her perfections, are to him but proofs of God's

unending love." When Beatrice died she became to Dante a holy, tender, reminiscent affection and a lofty symbol, "who," he says, "dwells in heaven with the angels and on earth with my soul."

Dante's apotheosis of Beatrice has been called by Shelley the noblest imagination in all literature. Inflamed with holy zeal, he determined to build about her beloved personality the mighty structure of the Divine Comedy. It is she who induced Vergil to come to Dante's aid in the dark forest of sin. She comes to him and reveals her glory in the Earthly Paradise, and it is by looking into her eyes that he receives the power to rise from star to star on the steps of the celestial staircase that leads him to the throne of God.

I cannot discuss here the various books written by Dante, not even the Vita Nuova. I must confine myself entirely to the Divine Comedy. This was written toward the end of his life. During all the years of his exile he had ever nursed the hope of some day going back to his beloved Florence, and when, in 1310, Henry VII of Luxembourg came to Italy to restore order in Church and State, Dante hailed his coming with words of exultation and delight. But alas, his hopes were soon to die out forever. Henry suddenly died at Buonconvento in 1313, of poison, it was said, and Dante saw the last chance of return disappear. His life now seemed an irremediable failure. What should he do? Like so many others of the defeated in life, shake off forever the burdens of his world-weary flesh? No, he was too strong for that. He sat down and looked over the course of his own life, with its joys and pains, its hopes and despairs, and its apparent failure at the end. He saw the awful sin and vice around him, and the crimes that stained the annals of mankind; but he saw also the world filled with good men and women; saw sinners repenting and striving to climb slowly from sin to holiness. He saw the evidence of God's love over all things, and, believing as he did in the divine origin of the Bible and the adamantine foundation of the Holy Church, he lifted his eyes to the brighter glories of the world to come, where

> Anthems of rapture unceasingly roll
> And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

And these things he strove to put into poetic form, so that all men might see, as he did, this world of ours against the background of eternity.

The form he chose was that of an allegory, in which the soul of man, a pilgrim of the Infinite, made his journey from time to eternity. Many men before Dante had described the world beyond the grave—Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise—such as Alberico, Tundal, Saint Brendan, and others. Only their descriptions were crude and unartistic. Dante differed from all his predecessors in the consummate art in which all his vision of the unseen world is clothed. He tells how on Easter Day in the year 1300 he found himself astray in a dark forest, how Vergil, the symbol of reason, appears to him and conducts him to the gates of Hell, with the fateful words engraved thereon: "All hope abandon, Ye who enter here." He goes through the nine circles of Hell, sees the punishment of the wretched sinners there, the licentious and the misers and the atheists, the murderers and suicides, the hydra-headed monster of fraud, and, lowest of all, the traitors against God and country. Climbing through a narrow passage, he with Vergil issues out upon the shore of an island rising steeply in the midst of the great southern ocean. This Mount of Purgatory is divided into seven terraces where those guilty of pride, envy, anger, avarice, sloth, gluttony, and licentiousness purge away their sins by terrible sufferings, which, however, are lightened by the hope of pardon and peace at last. At the top of the Mount of Purgatory he beholds a lovely landscape, Earthly Paradise, where finally Beatrice comes in all her celestial beauty to take the place of Vergil as his guide. Drinking the waters of the rivers of Lethe and Eunöe, he loses the bitterness of the sense of sin, and becomes pure and fit to ascend to the stars. Then begins the journey through the nine celestial spheres. Beatrice gazes at the heavens and thinks of God, Dante gazes into the eyes of Beatrice, and so together they are wafted away to Paradise. The celestial journey ends in the Empyrean, the heaven of light and love, the seat of God, who is surrounded by the nine orders of cherubim and seraphim and archangels and angels, while gathered around are the saints of all ages, whose hearts are filled with love and adoration.

Then Dante, in one blinding flash of insight, catches the glimpse of the mystery of the Trinity, and, overcome by this view, his mighty genius sinks and the vision comes to an end.

In all three parts of the Divine Comedy there are famous scenes. In Hell we have the story of the guilty love of Francesca da Rimini, where the

> dusky strand of death inwoven here
> With dear love's tie makes love himself more dear.

We have the infinite pathos and pity of the scene in the Wood of Suicides, the City of Dis, the last journey of Ulysses, and the story of Ugolino and how he with his children were starved to death in the Tower of Hunger at Pisa. In the Purgatory we have the scene in the first canto, the lovely morning with the sun shining on the mass of the Southern Sea, the angel boatman, the landing of the spirits, and Dante's friend Casella singing as of old to comfort his friend. We have the idyllic beauty of the twilight scene in the Valley of the Princes, and the beautiful landscape in the Earthly Paradise, where Dante sees a lovely lady walking over the meadows, singing, and plucking flowers to make a wreath for herself. Then in the Paradise we see Piccarda in the heaven of the Moon, telling how all are content with the station God has assigned to them, uttering what Matthew Arnold calls the one incomparable line: *In la sua volontade è nostra pace.* In his will is our peace. In the heaven of Mars he meets his ancestor Cacciguida, who predicts his exile, and in the Empyrean he sees the spirits of the saved of all ages seated in the form of a celestial rose around the liquid lake of God's light and love. And each of these three great divisions of the Divine Comedy has an atmosphere of its own. Hell is filled with darkness, broken only by the fitful glare of lurid flames; the air is full of groans and lamentations, curses loud and deep, shrieks of despair. Purgatory is surrounded by a lovely atmosphere of peace and joy. The sky is blue above; the spirits as they purge away their sin are filled with love and adoration, and kindly words and holy songs meet the pilgrims as they mount from terrace to terrace, while all Paradise is one blaze of glory.

Such is a brief outline of Dante's three-fold journey to the world beyond the grave.

What makes the spiritual value of the Divine Comedy so great is the sincerity and truth of it all. It is a piece of human life. It is Dante himself whose soul wanders through the scenes. And what he saw is just as true to-day as it was in his own times. This makes the unique attraction of the poem. It is not something that happened ages ago, but we see the same things all around us at the present time. For, to-day as we look out over the world, we can too see Hell and Purgatory and Paradise. No more awful sights did Dante describe in his Inferno than the description of the opium joint in Hartford published in the Courant a few months ago, with its reeking, filthy rooms, where drunken men and women lay promiscuously in the same beds. Was the story of Francesca da Rimini more poignantly tragic than that of the Boston clergyman Richeson, who a couple of years ago poisoned the fair young girl who had trusted him, in order that he might be free to marry a rich girl? And that pathetic scene in the Wood of the Suicides, in the seventh circle of the Inferno, is as nothing to the multiplied examples reported in the papers every day of those who see no other escape from their difficulties than that of a voluntary death. Like Dean Huffcut of Cornell, who, worn out by overwork, shot himself on a Hudson River steamer and who left a note with these words:

> Sweet after toil is rest.
> Then wherefore should we sorrow
> For those who fall asleep to-night
> And shall not wake to-morrow?

or that poor young girl who lost her lover and jumped into the Niagara River, and turned and smiled and shook her head at her would-be rescuers. Or finally like the English poet John Davidson, who, unable to earn a living, went off one day and never came back, and left these lines behind him:

> Farewell the hopes that mocked, farewell despair
> That went before me still and made the pace.
> The earth is full of graves, and mine was there
> Before my life began, my resting place,

> And I shall find it out, and with the dead
> Lie down forever, all my sayings said;
> Deeds all done; songs all sung;
> While others chant in sun and rain;
> Heel and toe from dawn to dusk;
> Round the world and home again.

This seems to me to represent a whole multitude of men and women to-day to whom this life, which we think is so beautiful, is as full of hopelessness and despair as the Inferno of Dante.

But, just as we can see Hell all about us if we turn our eyes that way, so we can see the purer and sweeter sight of men striving to better themselves, the reformed sinner saved by grace, the drunkard and even the convict repenting in the hopelessness of prison. One can hardly read with dry eyes the story of the conversion of Colonel H. H. Hadley, told in his own words: "On July 26, 1886, at midnight, I entered a saloon at the corner of Third Avenue and One Hundred and Seventieth Street, and with a lawyer who was also a heavy drinker, had six brandy cocktails. I had been drinking terribly all day. I had fifty-three drinks that day and night. I thought I would drop dead. Two days later, trembling in every nerve, with a thirst no man can describe, I concluded to call at the McAuley Mission and see my brother, who was then superintendent, himself a saved drunkard. As I sat there listening to the testimonies, I thought how true he had been for more than three years and what a hopeless drunkard he used to be. I stood up and told the condition I was in and then coming forward with all my sin, I fell down on my knees at the bench in front and cried to God with all my heart for mercy and forgiveness. As I asked God to forgive me for the sake of his dear Son I felt that Jesus died for me alone. Somehow I had lost my load. I could feel sad no longer, and from that moment to this I have had no desire nor thirst for alcoholic beverages. I went home and told my wife. 'You need not have told me, darling boy, I knew it when you came in.' O, the tears of joy that night. When at last I slept I dreamed I was in the Mission, singing the hymn they sang that night: 'I have found refuge for my weary soul.' The next morning I awoke singing. I felt I was free. The birds

never sang so sweetly as then, and the very rocks seemed to wear smiling faces for me."

The whole atmosphere of this story is the same as that which envelops the Purgatory of Dante.

It is this perfect application to the facts of everyday life around us that has made men not merely admire the Divine Comedy as a great work of poetic genius, but as a means of moral uplift and spiritual growth. Says Mr. Gladstone, "The reading of Dante is not merely a pleasure, a *tour de force* or a lesson; it is a vigorous discipline for the heart, the intellect, the whole man. In the school of Dante I have learned a great part of that mental provision which has served me to make the journey of human life up to the term of nearly seventy-three years."

So, too, Longfellow, when the awful tragedy of the death of his wife by fire came to him, found peace and consolation in the study and translation of the Divine Comedy. In the sonnet he wrote about it he compares it to a cathedral where the weary burden-bearers of life can find rest and peace:

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden and with reverent feet
Enter and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er.
Far off the noises of the world's retreat,
The loud vociferations of the street,
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So as I enter here from day to day
And lay my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer—and not ashamed to pray—
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmur dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

A whole book could be made up of what men have said about the spiritual and religious influence of Dante. Instead of quoting from others, however, I may perhaps be allowed to give a page out of my own personal experience with the great Florentine poet. For some reason or other the one great passion of my life has been the Divine Comedy. From my earliest youth I have been fascinated by its pages. I was only sixteen years old when I

slowly and painfully made my way through the original Italian. The reading of this book was even at that early stage of my life fraught with the highest intellectual pleasure I have ever known. I remember one night at midnight, in the silence of the sleep time, finishing the Vita Nuova and the strange feeling of uplift I experienced as I read the last words:

"After writing this sonnet it was given me to behold a wonderful vision, wherein I saw things which determined me to say nothing further of this most blessed one until I might more worthily magnify her; and to this end I labor, as she knows truly. Wherefore if it be the pleasure of God that my life continue yet a few years, I hope to write that about her which has never yet been written of mortal woman. After which may it be the will of him who is Lord of all grace that my spirit go to heaven to behold the glory of its lady, to wit, this most blessed Beatrice, who now gazeth upon the face of Him *qui est per omnia secula benedictus.*"

Since then I have read him over and over again; I have studied and written about him, and have taught him to my college classes. I admire him for his greatness, but I love him for what he has been to me. He has colored my whole view of life. Through his eyes I have looked out upon the world of sin and crime, seeing its awful consequences, the hopelessness of certain deeds, symbolized in the Inferno. I have seen how we may, by purging our hearts of pride, envy, avarice, passion, alone insure ourselves of a happy life here and salvation in the world to come. With Dante I climb the higher plane of the spirit, see God's way with men and learn how we may approach him. What may be the state of my own moral and spiritual life at present I do not know, but there is no doubt in my own mind that it is largely the result of my love for Dante. I, too, can say, with Dean Church, that the seriousness of the Divine Comedy "has put to shame my trifling; its magnanimity, my faint-heartedness; its living energy, my indolence; its stern and sad grandeur rebuked low thoughts, its thrilling tenderness overcome sullenness and assuaged distress, its strong faith quelled despair and soothed perplexity, its vast grasp imparted the sense of harmony to the view of clashing truths."

But above all I owe to Dante something of his own lofty view

of the ultimate goal of the intellectual life; that glimpse into the unspeakable love of God which shows itself in all the infinite variety of this world of ours, which although at times it seems so cruel and harsh is yet so full of the beautiful and the strange. No deeper experience has come to me in recent years than this almost physical sense of abstract beauty and harmony; the beauty of nature, of field and forest, bird and flower, sea and sky; the beauty of the little child with its

> locks of golden hue,
> Cheeks so soft and eyes so blue,
> Voice so piercing sweet, it seems
> Angel music heard in dreams;

the beauty of love, who keepeth his vigil on the soft cheeks of the maiden and sitteth enthroned beside the eternal laws; the beauty of heroic deeds, high thinking, kindly words and sympathy; the beauty born of goodness that never dies; the beauty of a soul in prayer, of the mother smiling upon her sleeping babe, the beauty of the thought of God, the immortality of the soul and that spiritual perfection which is its far-away goal.

And perhaps I cannot better close this talk of mine about the spiritual influence of Dante on my own life than by relating a dream I had not long ago, when, thinking over these things, I fell asleep. I seemed to be walking down the slopes of a mountain road. Above me rose the snowy summits of the Alps piercing the blue sky that bent above them. On all sides were running streams, trees with singing birds, grassy meadows, bright with flowers, where groups of little children were playing, themselves the fairest flowers of all. Along the pleasant roads and in the sylvan glades young girls were walking arm in arm singing the old familiar songs of love and joy and knightly deeds of long ago. Far below I could see the towns and cities of men with the blue lake flowing around them. I could see the smoke of factories and hear the busy hum of the market-place, the church bells ringing out the silvery music of the Angelus, and the sound of voices mingled with organ notes that came from the open doors of the churches, with their kneeling worshipers within. And in the late afternoon sunshine I could see a bridal procession moving slowly

along; while at a cottage door a young mother was sitting bent over her babe, crooning it to sleep with soft and tender words. A strange thrill of joy seemed to pass through me as I looked at these things in my dreams. Tears came to my eyes.

> O happy living things, no tongue
> Their beauty might declare;
> A spring of love gushed my heart
> And I blessed them unaware.

And with that I woke and found that it was morning. The soft light of the dawn was gilding the eastern horizon; all nature was full of the hushed expectancy that marks the coming in of the morn. For a long time I lay thinking of my dream, and as my mind wandered over all the beautiful things it had been my privilege in life to see I found myself softly murmuring, "Yes, my dream is true." And outside my window the soft rustling of the breeze among the leaves, the rosy tints that stained the brightening east, all the beautiful things that mark the birth of a new day kept whispering

> persistent and low
> With their all-but-hushed voices, E'en so; it is so.

Oscar Kuhns.

THE SHEPHERD WHO DID NOT HASTEN TO BETHLEHEM, BUT ARRIVED

It was mid-winter of the year seven hundred and fifty since the founding of Rome. A half-mile east of Bethlehem, in one of the broad hilly pastures, four shepherds were keeping watch over a flock of a couple thousand sheep. Although it was almost midnight, a bright moon and innumerable twinkling stars shone down with almost uncanny brightness upon the backs of the great gray flock, and disclosed in a near-by corner of the field the sturdy structure of stone "Migdol Eder," or "the Shepherds' Tower." It was a month later than the sheep were ordinarily kept out in the pasture here, but the extraordinary crowds coming up to the City of David for the enrollment had made accommodations for men and animals very scarce. Three of the watchers of the sheep were lying on the ground, still enough to be asleep. One other, his rod and staff in hand, stood at a little distance, motionless, but alert. Closely seen, even by the moonlight, the faces of these shepherds betokened men of higher grade than were usually found in the occupation of shepherding. Except perhaps for the one who stood aloof, who had a harder look than the others, they appeared to be clean, honest, and high-thinking men, and not a bit like the ruffians who usually watched the sheep of Palestine. And these *were* better men, for these were better sheep—the sheep destined for the sacrifices in the temple services in Jerusalem, six miles to the north.

Noticing a slight stir by one of his companions lying near him, one prostrate shepherd, Acheel by name, said, "The night is too bright to sleep, Cynacus. I haven't even dozed."

"True," answered the one addressed, "it is uncommon bright, but something else seems to keep me wakeful—a strange presentiment, a sense of some unusual happening as imminent. I don't know why. But look at the sheep even. They are not as interested as usual in their feeding. See how they look up and around every little while? But—it may be a wolf edging near. Still,

you know, Acheel, as we lay here I have been thinking that momentous things have happened right in this vicinity of Bethlehem. Around these fields somewhere Boaz reaped and Ruth gleaned. Not very far south are the pastures where Amos kept his herd and dressed his sycamore trees. Great David was born yonder in the town; this is his city, and I have read, I think in the roll of Miçah, that this same little town, though overshadowed by her great neighbor Jerusalem, is to be highly honored some day and produce again some great one, a 'governor,' who shall be a 'shepherd' to the people of Israel. 'Shepherd' is the word, Acheel, that's how I happened to remember it. And while I lay here thinking, I could not help but feel that as such great things have transpired hereabout, more great or greater things may still occur. We children of Abraham have certainly waited a long time for something to happen—for One to come. I get disheartened sometimes, the Messiah delays so long his coming. And they say that from the tower yonder, too, the announcement of his advent will first be made. How fine 'twould be to hear the proclamation made, Acheel. Stephanus, here, does not seem to be disturbed or hindered from his sleep by either moonlight or forebodings."

"You're wrong therein," said the third shepherd, turning squarely toward them as he lay on the ground. "I haven't slept a wink, either, nor have I missed a word of your none too subdued conversation with Acheel. Ever since I came off watch, I have been looking up at the stars, and thinking of that old song of David's about the 'heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.' My mind, too, has been turning back to the splendid history of our nation, and dwelling on some of the blessed promises that have occurred to you, Cynacus. But I am amazed at the discouraged tone in which you speak, as though you despaired of their coming true. Think you those promises of Jehovah which Isaiah declared to us about the 'shoot out of the stock of Jesse and branch out of the roots,' and the 'child' who is to be called 'wonderful' have been forgot? Do you think, indeed, that the Shepherd whom Ezekiel wrote about to gather the scattered sheep of Israel will not appear? Have you forgotten

the 'zeal of the Lord of Hosts' who surely 'will perform this'? I'm confident that the 'sure mercies of David' are 'sure,' though they may be long in coming to us. Jehovah doesn't forget his oath, which he sware to our father Abraham—no, never. It may be a long time yet, my friends. But let us not give up our confidence in the God of our fathers, nor the hope of Him who is to come. It may be long, it may be soon. But, be sure, it *will be*. A thousand years is but a day, remember, unto Jehovah, and a day like a thousand years. When we give up our faith in Jehovah, then we would do well to quit this work of keeping sheep for his offerings. If we do not trust him for whom they're slain, we are close to hypocrites, and they are, as far as we can make them, 'vain oblations.' Don't let that despondent strain steal into your tone, Cynacus, when you recount the achievements and the promises of Jehovah again. That sounded more like Missael here."

Although the last remark was in a somewhat lower tone, it reached the ears of the shepherd standing not far removed from the three. With an impatient move he turned directly toward the three, who now were sitting up, scowled at them, and said with a half-sneer on his face.

"Wakeful fellows, I've heard, also, most of your conversation, as well as the last complimentary remark of Stephanus. You'd better sleep than indulge in this moonshining nonsense that I've overheard. Arrant folly, that's how it sounds. This raving about promises and deliverers, child to be born, and shoots and roots—much better dream and rest than keep yourselves awake with these old wives' tales. Those promises of kings and conquerors are all fulfilled as much as ever they will be. The glorious kingdom of Abraham has reached its zenith. The splendor of Solomon's realm will never be equaled. You put fond hopes, but vain, in those old dreams and poetic effusions. Israel's history is writ; and 'finis' has been written after all there is worth telling of the Jewish nation. Our golden age is in the past, that's clear to any man who's not a fool or dreamer—or a sleepy shepherd in the moonshine. Looks like 'deliverance'—doesn't it! This tyrant Augustus stamping his iron foot on all the Jews. Now stirring up this mess of 'enrollment,' driving families across the country

to write down their names and possessions in their native village census list. And what for? To grind out more taxes from us—to squeeze us a little tighter for revenue! We surely need a 'prince,' though not 'of peace,' and there is poor chance of having any kind." So blurted out Missael, venom, unbelief, sarcasm hissing in every word. And then with a little less of sneer he went on, since no one offered to answer him. "There was a time when I believed all that stuff and had some beautiful hopes of my own. But that's all gone away and done with. I doubt whether there is a Jehovah, sometimes, and am sure that he has no care for us poor creatures, Jews or Gentiles. Just work, eat, drink, die some day and go somewhere—or nowhere, who knows?—that's my philosophy. This sacrificing business and the temple and so on—it provides a living for us, and for the grafting priests and Levites; the worship and sacrifice don't hurt the dupes who believe in it, except the very poor. But it is all vain and simply form, as far as interesting any God is concerned. It's sad, maybe, but true; I've felt it so for long."

The three men on the ground who listened in silence thought they knew about *how* long. Though Missael had lately come among them as a shepherd, they had heard of him before, and knew something of his sad history. Years ago he had married a sweet wife from the tribe of Levi, a beautiful and pure-souled girl, who had exerted a powerful and refining influence on Missael. Their home had been a happy one, but she had died when their joy would have been greatest, at the birth of a baby boy. Then, in two years more, the boy had died. This double loss had hardened the soul of Missael and driven him away from God—steeled him against all that was good and gentle. Instead of being refined by the fire, he had been coarsened. Instead of dross, the gold had all been lost, and his heart made like flint. A sort of vagabond he wandered around the land. He had no friends, and wanted none. Offers of friendship were repelled; self-sufficient, cynical, cold, sullen, he drifted from town to town, an utterly miserable but unapproachable figure, caring for neither God nor man.

Stephanus was the only one who ventured any answer to the outburst of Missael, and that a brief one. "Be not too sure and

hasty in throwing over those childhood hopes and that early faith of yours, Missael. Just wait. You may see something better, in yourself and in Israel, some day. For one, I look *forward,* not backward; and to a Child that shall be born, not to great kings that *have* lived and died. There is more comfort in the forward look at least."

"O, idle prattle. Hug your precious comforting beliefs and vain hopes if you want to. But to a sane man, who has lived long and much and sees straight, it is like clutching at a straw when drowning. What ails those sheep?"

. . . . . .

This last ejaculation was called forth by a sudden huddling together of the flocks, as though in self-protection against some new strange enemy. Before the duller sense of the men had realized it, the sheep, perhaps, had caught sight of the dazzling shaft of light descending, meteorlike, from the sky. But in a second the men, too, had seen it: a glowing path of fire, brighter than the stars by far, brighter than a comet's trail, descending from the heavens down to the field. And near the earth, just a little above them, there stood a figure glistering white, angelic, awe-inspiring. At the sight of that effulgent visitor the four fell, dazed and speechless. Could Moses in the mount of God look at him or his glory? Could Isaiah stand and gaze, undismayed, upon the Holy One in the temple? And so in terror these simple shepherds all fell flat, except for Missael, who went only as far as his knees, clutching as he fell at his rod as though it might be some defense against this awful visitation from above. There, on his knees, with his face averted, he stayed while a voice sounded clear, limpid, unearthly, and yet not terrifying but reassuring.

"Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you: ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger."

The moment that the voice was still there broke out, as though it had been long pent-up and waiting, a song of heavenly

voices, singing together and accompanied by a thousand harps, though not of "solemn sound," but most joyful,

> Glory to God in the highest,
> And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.

Almost as quickly as it had come the brilliance in the sky was gone, the anthem ceased. It was night again and sky and earth just as before, save for one star in the east, which had not shone, at least so brightly, until now. It was long before the men arose, and then with faces blanched and full of awe, but eyes all agleam with some new light. Instinctively, as when men have come together through some great disaster, as shipwreck or fire, they drew a little closer to one another, even Missael did. The latter's face was white, but still he gripped his cudgel; his face was set in lines which deepened against the pallor of his countenance, and revealed a struggle going on within. The joy and the responsiveness which the others showed through their alarm was lacking in his sterner face.

As they arose, they all—even Missael—looked upward. And so they stood in quiet until at last Acheel spoke out, "Come—why do we stand here and gaze up? He said, 'Ye shall find a babe'; did he not?"

"True," shortly said Cynacus. "Let us hurry—let us see. Can it be these portents were well grounded? Have we, the common shepherds of the field, been highly honored with the news of that Child so long awaited?"

Stephanus simply picked up his staff from the ground and started toward the village, saying, half to himself, "I said it might be soon, and *might* be here. Here is Bethlehem; here is Eder; he is to be a Shepherd of his flock. 'Tis not unlike Jehovah to show his glory to humble folk. It may be that the 'dayspring from on high has visited us' this early morning. Come, Missael" (who showed no signs of moving), "your doubts can now be settled once for all."

Missael's face darkened with scorn. If any emotion of love or wonder was within, only cold hate showed on the exterior, as he said in answer, "Not I. Run on, if you will. I'll stay and

do the work. Some one must watch the sheep while dazed dreamers search out babies. They'll think, in the village, you have turned lunatics in the night. But, go on," this last as though he was glad to see them hurrying away. But as they disappeared below the knoll, and he saw them no more, a change came over Missael. His austerity melted; the sullenness and sarcasm on his face softened into bewilderment. "What was it that had happened? A falling star? Did lightning ever come from a sky like that? The music—was it borne from the chanting choirs in the temple at some midnight service?" So he questioned, groped, and struggled with himself. Catching sight of the shepherds hurrying over another hill near the town he said, without the sneer now, "They go as if they really expected to find something or some one. 'A child is born,' was it?" At that memory his face grew hard again, but his eye was almost moist with something like a tear. "I had one born to me once, long, long ago, it seems. We had a son. If only he had lived—or she—this heart might not have been so heavy nor hateful. I might be hurrying with the other three there. But now—" He sank down on the ground and buried his head in his hands, while the sheep wandered where they would, unguarded and unhindered.

It was forty-odd days after that eventful night. The streets of Bethlehem were not so thronged with visitors as they had been a month before. The inn was well-nigh deserted on this particular evening. Near it on the ground sat Missael. He looked older, more coarse and unapproachable than ever. His memories were not pleasant at sundown that day, nor were they ever nowadays. He was thinking of that strange bewildering midnight on the plains with Acheel, Cynacus, and Stephanus. He had stayed there that night with his thoughts, and they had grown bitterer every hour his companions tarried. He had heard their wonderful tales when they came back. But the more they glowed, and the happier they waxed, as they described the manger and the little family, the angrier he became, the worse he hated them all. He had flung out some cruel and mocking word at them and left them there. Since then he had drifted around in and near Bethlehem.

In the town he kept hearing about the wonderful birth, the baby born in a manger, and he wanted to get away from it all. And yet something held him there. A few days' work at the inn he had done, but mostly he had idled, and drunk more old wine than usual. Somehow he wanted to be away from this cursed city of David, yet he stayed. He wished he would never hear again about the family and the baby of that Nazarene, but still he heard and remembered every detail of the incident, whether it was told by the host of the inn or the stable boy and village gossips.

As he sat there, utterly miserable, through the dusk he caught sight of three camels entering the village. They were richly caparisoned; their riders were plainly Easterners, and yet not traders. As they came up to the inn, he could see that they were too dignified and noble looking to be merchants, and too finely dressed. They looked like Babylonians, rich and aristocratic. The host was out to greet them, bowing and offering to help the strangers dismount. But they seemed not inclined to tarry at the inn, but said with unusual directness for Easterners, "We are travelers from Babylon searching for a child [Missael started, scowled, and listened intently]. We saw the star of some great prince some weeks ago, and have come hither looking for a new-born King of Jews. The advisers of Herod say he will be found in Bethlehem, if anywhere. Is there any child in the village of ten days past a month or so in age?"

"Ah, yes," said the host. "That must be the one who was born in my inn during the rush of the enrollment time. [He did not mention that it was not *in* the inn.] Shepherds came in from the fields that night saying incredible things about the birth of a Saviour or King. He was the child of a Nazarene carpenter and wife, both of David lineage. They are all here yet. They have found a house now and dwell now at the end of this street, almost without the village."

The men upon the camels exchanged satisfied glances, expressed their gratitude, and rode on with scant courtesy, as though the business on which they were bent allowed no delay. For some reason, he hardly knew why, Missael, the shepherd who had one time refused to go with his comrades to look for the child,

followed them. If he had tried to explain such unexpected conduct to himself he would have probably reasoned thus: These men are no idle dreamers. They are learned men. If they too have heard about the child there must be something in it. At least it would be no harm to follow them. No one would see him in the dusk, and he might get a glimpse of this wonderful child that everybody was talking about, and slink away unnoticed.

Thus it happened that Missael walked down the street behind the wise men, and easily kept up with the slow-gaited camels. At last, as they came to a humble house at the outskirts of the village, the foremost one halted, looked up, and said, "Ah! the star; the very star."

And there, sure enough, was one bright star above them—the evening star, and the only one yet visible. "It is an auspicious omen. At the start and at the end of our quest the star appears. And this must be the house." "And here must be the child," another said in joy.

The camels knelt. The men dismounted. Each took a shining box in his hand and entered the door of the humble house. Close behind, unseen by any, came Missael. As they entered the main room, which was not large, Missael drew close behind them, and a strange new feeling of expectancy possessed him. Half-ashamed of what he did, and yet half-glad, he sought a shadowed corner of the room and stood behind the flowing garments of the Magi.

The reverent seekers from the Orient and the cynical shepherd of Judæa, they in the foreground, he in the background, all looked upon the same entrancing scene of homely beauty, of simple charm and vast significance, which gifted artists have but feebly put on canvas. By the light of a single lamp they saw three persons, yet there was but One who held the eye and gripped the attention. Half concealed in the shadow behind stood the elderly husband, with a face benign, strong, tender, as he looked down on the two within the circle of the lamp's illumination. The mother seemed hardly more than a maiden; but motherhood had written lines of love and joy and responsibility upon her face. A pensiveness like that of one who thinks much of high and holy

things was on her countenance; a seer's look, as though she could discern things hidden to ordinary people, was in her eyes while she gazed, not on the visitors, but at the child she held. And in her expression there was more than mother's love, there was holy awe, a reverence for One divine. That same ineffable sense of holy reverence crept into the hearts of all the four who watched, as they too looked upon the babe. Besides the innocence and charm of all babyhood, there was in this infant here some sort of loveliness and winsomeness that would draw forth responsive love from the coldest heart, and made one think of God and heaven.

As the belated shepherd looked past the fine garments of the Wise Men to that adorable mother and child his mind was wooed backward to his past, inward to his heart, and upward to his God. The pure mothering face above the child had brought before him his own sweet wife of years ago—her goodness and her reverence, her unbounded love. It all came back to him as clearly as though it were but yesterday they were betrothed. The baby face there in the room reminded him of the baby he and she had looked upon. She had prayed for a boy and promised Jehovah he should be given to the temple service. He, too, had promised the dying mother that sad day she died that he would train the lad for God's service. And, maybe, he would have done it, but—another blow, unforeseen, inexplicable, had fallen. The boy was taken too. And he had forgotten God, and hated him, almost, when he thought of him who did such cruel things. He knew it was not just as she would have him be, but that sense of injury, that deep, brooding resentment was there, and nothing since had lightened it.

"Yes," the mother was saying, without a glance toward the noble visitors, "his name is Jesus, for the angel said, 'It is he that shall save his people from their sins.'"

"From their sins," the shepherd in the corner heard her say. Did she look up then, and see him, half-hidden in the corner? Perhaps it was just imagination, but Missael felt somehow that a mother's pure eye had pierced him through and seen there in his heart, and revealed to him as well, sin—hatred, unbelief—which for years he had been hiding from himself. With this brief

look, which he may have imagined, there came into his mind, out of those halcyon days, the prayer they were to teach the boy: "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Jehovah, my Rock and my Redeemer." Ah, yes. He was willing to face it now—he had sinned, against her, against the boy, against his God. His thoughts, how bitter and evil they had been. His words, how blasphemous, and how cruel to men. O God of Abraham, was there forgiveness for such triple sin? And then it seemed as though he heard her say it again, "He shall save his people from their sins."

When the Magi bowed down to lay before the child gold, frankincense, and myrrh, Missael slipped out into the street—but not the same Missael. While under the spell of that Holy Child he had seen and felt enough to send him out a different man. As when the warm sun of spring shines down upon the frozen river and releases the great cakes of ice and sends them sweeping down stream, so in the presence of the sinless Child, the holy mother, all the pent-up hatred and unbelief of years had broken down and been swept away. And as the same sun touches into bloom the tulips long covered with snow, and kisses into color the flowers of the wood, so, as he stood and looked on that charming circle, a new and gentle warmth had crept into his heart—such love and rapture toward God and all men as he had not felt since the day when love had gone out of his life with the death of his dearest ones.

Out he came from the sight of the Child a new creature, a different man from the one who had slunk in behind the Magi. The silent stars above him were not more peaceful than his heart now. The bright evening star that seemed to twinkle down upon the house was not more bright than his heart with its new-found joy. Out past the inn he went, straight toward the pasture to the east where he knew his three comrades of the great night were still keeping watch. "First," he was saying, "I must find them. I hurt them with my sarcasm. I grieved the faithful friends and mocked their simple faith. Jehovah, forgive me. I must tell Stephanus I have seen the child too, and he has made me different. He may be the long-awaited Messiah for our nation. I know

not. But this I do know, he has brought God back to me. He is Immanuel, for God is with me now. I love him, I love them, and all men, since I have seen the child. A little child, I will tell them, a little child has led me back to God and back to them to ask forgiveness."

From a knoll he saw them a little way ahead keeping watch once more over their flocks by night. And as he went, with love in his heart, he heard again, what they had heard one night in the heaven, but which now was music in his soul,

Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray.
Cast out our sin, and enter in—
Be born in us, to-day.

John Leonard Cole

THE LITERARY WORKMANSHIP OF "MATTHEW"

After nearly two thousand years of study we know very little about the Gospels. We do not so much as know their literary form, or forms, or whether they have any. Eminent scholars are in utter darkness on this subject. Some of the learned men who have put forth the volumes of the incomparable International Critical Commentary deny that there is any literary workmanship to be found in the Gospels, one of them excepting the Fourth. The importance of their literary character can scarcely be exaggerated. Until the form of any work is in some degree understood it will not be easy to understand its heart or spirit, and it is not to be supposed that the Gospels would prove an exception. The fact is that the exposition of the First, Third, and Fourth Gospels and the Acts is well-nigh impossible, because we have not the forms upon which these works were written; and it would be difficult to name a subject of greater importance to the Bible student than the literary craftsmanship of these precious writings. I wish to ask the readers of the Methodist Review to examine with me the literary scheme of the First Gospel; a piece of writing of the highest literary character and a work worthy of a foremost place among the world's masterpieces. If the following exhibit is correct, it is safe to say that to create the First Gospel required gifts and training of a far higher order than to create the greatest piece of architecture the world has ever known, or the Moses of the Italian master in sculpture, or the Madonna of Raphael, or the Messiah by Handel, or anything done by Homer or Shakespeare. This will surprise numberless literary devotees of to-day, and yet it will be admitted by every one of them, and in the literary workmanship of the First Gospel will be found the choicest field imaginable for the training of the genius that would do really great work. Renan once said that the Gospel by Matthew is the greatest, or, rather, the most important book ever written. The famous French critic thought only of the amazing grasp of history shown by the book. He might have added the equal comprehension of personal character

or biography which the book shows and, especially, the unapproachable gift of the essayist, which is apparent at every step as we pass through the work.

Evidently the artist had prepared for his guidance a very exact framework or model of most attractive design, and he has followed its requirements with slavish as well as brilliant skill. It will be very interesting for us at this place to make a sketch or drawing of the design, which is shown on the following page. Such is the preliminary draft of the artist for his work. We know of nothing like it in secular literature. The Old Testament or Hebrew writers of the later periods—exilic and post-exilic—used the seven-fold model or draft for other purposes, but this is the first instance in which anything like this form was used for a treatise or essay. It is a highly featured model. The gospel story is told in seven parts. There are an introductory prologue, a clever device, contrived with fine literary skill and executed with telling force, connecting the parts, and an epilogue containing a seven-fold concluding summary.

The prologue contains a three-part genealogy setting forth the prophetic, kingly, and priestly ancestry of Jesus Christ.

The first part identifies Jesus as the Jewish Messiah, in a portraiture setting forth the nativity, the manifestation thirty years after, the Messianic temptation, and the settlement in Gentile Galilee, by seven proof-citations from the Hebrew Scriptures. The story is very skillfully told, the requirements of the form or model are obediently observed, and the work is craftsmanship of the highest order.

The second part presents Jesus as the Messiah in his prophetic character, the author assembling the logia, or sayings, of Jesus in a seven-fold address of great power and beauty. This address is well known as the "Sermon on the Mount," and almost completely occupies the area of the frame designed for the second part. Such a piece of work is altogether unknown in literature. The first of the seven sections of the compiled address shows a seven-fold beatitude, with prologue and epilogue, and when properly edited is one of the treasures of language.

The third part contains a portraiture of the Messiah in his

PROLOGUE	
1. 1–17.	
PART ONE	
i. 18–ii. 23.	iii. 1–17.
iv. 1–11.	iv. 12–16.
FIRST SUMMARY	
iv. 17.	
PART TWO	
iv. 18–22.	iv. 23–25.
v. 1—	—vii. 27.
SECOND SUMMARY	
vii. 28, 29.	
PART THREE	
viii. 1–17.	viii. 18–34.
ix. 1–34.	ix. 35–x. 42.
THIRD SUMMARY	
xi. 1.	
PART FOUR	
xi. 2–30.	xii. 1–50.
xiii. 1–35.	xiii. 36–52.
FOURTH SUMMARY	
xiii. 53.	
PART FIVE	
xiii. 54–xiv. 36.	xv. 1–xvi. 12.
xvi. 13–xvii. 21.	xvii. 22–xviii. 35.
FIFTH SUMMARY	
xix. 1, 2.	
PART SIX	
xix. 3–xx. 16.	xx. 17–34.
xxi. 1–xxii. 14.	xxii. 15–xxv. 46.
SIXTH SUMMARY	
xxvi. 1, 2.	
PART SEVEN	
xxvi. 3–16.	xxvi. 17–35.
xxvi. 36–xxvii. 26.	xxvii. 27–xxviii. 15.
EPILOGUE	
xxviii. 16–20.	

priestly character, and is wholly occupied with instances of the healing ministry of Jesus. It begins at the eighth chapter and closes with the tenth chapter, the eighth, ninth, and tenth chapters being contained in exactly the area assigned for the third part of the story. As in the other parts, there is a four-sectional narrative, relating the healing ministry of Jesus, first in Galilee, secondly in Gadara, thirdly in Galilee again, where there is a ministry of social as well as physical healing, and fourthly in the mission of the twelve to the Jews, where we find the second of the seven great discourses contained in this Gospel. It is interesting to note that the healings in Galilee are ministries to the body; those in Gadara to the soul in its struggle with evil; and those in Galilee, after the return, to the social organization—outcasts being restored to proper standing in the community—while the closing section shows a complete healing ministry for all the children of Israel.

The fourth part contains a brilliant portrait of the Messiah as the King of Israel, and completes the demonstration, begun in the second section, that Jesus is proven to be the Messiah of the Jews by his personal ministry as prophet, priest, and king. This idea is not new, but the literary workmanship of the author of the First Gospel has not been so determined heretofore that the proof of the Messianic argument may be placed beyond cavil. This part begins at the second verse of the eleventh chapter and concludes at the fifty-second verse of the thirteenth chapter. In the first section of this part Jesus replies to the inquiry of John the Baptist by showing his personal power; in the second section he is shown in his authority over the law, concluding with the third of the seven great discourses; while the third and fourth sections show the kingly Messiah in the delivery of the seven parables of the kingdom of heaven. Here the literary artist as well as the Christian or Messianic philosopher is at his best.

The fifth, sixth, and seventh parts portray Jesus, not in relation to the Messiah, which portrait is now complete, but in relation to the kingdom of heaven. The fifth part is prophetic, and portrays the glory of Jesus over against a background of shame in his rejection by the Galileans. Herod and the elders reject him, but Peter confesses his unquestionable Messiahship and is rewarded

by the Transfiguration vision of the glory of Jesus. The section begins at the fifty-fourth verse of the thirteenth chapter, and is completed at the end of the eighteenth chapter, the portrait being concluded by the fifth of the seven great discourses found in this Gospel.

The sixth part portrays the great triumph of Jesus in Jerusalem, beginning at the third verse of the nineteenth chapter and ending with the close of the twenty-fifth chapter. The Son of David and King of the Jews stands forth vividly in this part and the work is sustained with great ability by the author-artist. There are four sections; the first showing the sojourn in Judæa, the second the approach of Jesus to Jerusalem, the third his triumphal entry, and the remainder of the part setting forth the kingly utterances of Jesus, first in his denunciation of the false kingdom established at Jerusalem, and secondly in his marvelous address on the end of the world and second coming and judgment. The work of the artist, both in conception and execution, seems masterly and altogether finished and perfect. There must have been extraordinary power of vision and comprehension, the human genius being overwhelmed by a supreme mastery of expression such as is rare in biblical history; not greatly surpassed by such workmen as Isaiah and David in Old Testament prophecy and psalm.

The seventh section, which begins at the third verse of the twenty-sixth chapter and concludes at the fifteenth verse of the twenty-eighth chapter, deals with the Messiah in his priestly relation to the kingdom of heaven as the Lamb of God slain for the sins of the world and raised again for the justification of all. There are no addresses in this part, the last two of the seven great discourses which are included in this book being set in the previous part and known as the Indictment of the Pharisees and the Eschatological Discourse. The first section narrates the approaching feast of the Passover, the second the observance of the feast, the third the arrest and condemnation of Jesus, and the fourth the death and resurrection. In this as in the preceding parts the artist works strictly within the scheme made before his work began. The model is carefully drawn and as painstakingly followed.

The one feature of the entire creation now to be noted is the

summary; the unique device of the artist by which the various parts are bound together. They are interesting when taken out of the story and placed together:

1. "From that time Jesus began to preach, and to *say,* 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' "

2. "*And it came to pass,* that when Jesus had ended these *sayings,* the people were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes."

3. "*And it came to pass,* that when Jesus had made an end of *commanding* his twelve disciples, he departed thence to preach and to teach in their cities."

4. "*And it came to pass,* that when Jesus had finished these *parables,* he departed thence."

5. "*And it came to pass,* that when Jesus had finished these *sayings,* he departed from Galilee, and came into the borders of Judæa beyond the Jordan."

6. "*And it came to pass,* that when Jesus had finished *all these sayings,* he said unto his disciples, 'You know that after two days is the feast of the Passover, and the Son of man is betrayed to be crucified.' "

The above exhibit needs no word of exposition. There is no darkness that can conceal the purpose of the artist in writing these summaries. The introductory phrase is instantly arresting, and the purpose further shown, of setting forth the Messiah and his kingdom in the logia, or sayings, is not to be mistaken by the veriest blindness or dullness.

The closing summary, drawn in the epilogue or closing outline of the scheme or sketch set forth above, is not only marvelous as doctrine but strikingly beautiful as art. The following editorial arrangement will show its doctrinal and poetical character at the same time:

"Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And when they saw him, they worshiped him; but some doubted. And Jesus came and spoke to them, saying:

*

" 'All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth,

* *

"'Go ye therefore and teach all nations,

* * *

"'Baptizing them in the name of the Father,

** **

"'And of the Son,

** * **

"'And of the Holy Spirit;

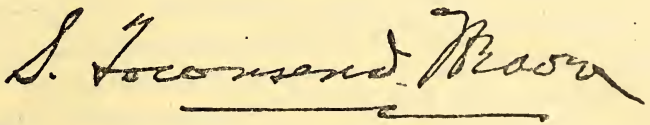
*** ***

"'Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you:'

*** * ***

"'And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'"

Notwithstanding the importance and value of this study I have doubtless used all the space that should be devoted to one article in any magazine. It remains to be observed that, when the student of literary history reflects that the only predecessors "Matthew" has are the "logia," or sayings of Jesus—written by Matthew at Jerusalem in the year 42, at the time of the new organization of the Church and the departure of the apostles from the city—and the Gospel of Mark, he cannot deny that in the First Gospel there lies before him a piece of work in both philosophy and art which it would be quite difficult, if not altogether impossible, to duplicate; and the conclusion is not doubtful that this is the greatest piece of work the human mind ever did.



THE MINISTERIAL VOCATION

When you call the roll of the literary lights of England you cannot afford to omit the name of George Eliot. While much that she wrote will, in common with the production of many others, be forgotten, of other of her writings a fair degree of immortality may be predicated. Once she remarked, so it has been said, "There are three sexes: men, women, and clergymen." A bit of biting sarcasm that which had for its objective the assertion that clergymen were neither men nor women; a species of humanity of such mongrel or hybrid types as to defy classification. The sarcasm may have been deserved by some "gentlemen of the cloth" with whom the novelist was familiar, but surely not by all. As I have reasoned it out, either her acquaintance with ministers was singularly limited or she must have been grossly unjust in her characterization, for one may easily demonstrate that among the manliest men who ever graced the earth with their personality and enriched it by their works conspicuous place must be accorded ministers of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Well, let it go. I have referred to it in order to lead up to this statement: While to-day but few would care to go to the unwarranted extreme of George Eliot, there are a great many who, to say the least, entertain very curious notions of the ministry. Time would fail to adequately represent the varied views altogether too current; suffice it to say that there is to-day a quite prevalent idea that the ministry as a class is a sort of fifth wheel, an unnecessary luxury. Indifference easily becomes disrespect, and it is a by no means uncommon thing for folks, in free-and-easy intercourse, to say with elevated eyebrows, and more than the suggestion of a sneer, "The preacher! Indeed, I'm not afraid of the preacher!" As though any preacher worthy of the name desired his people to fear him! No reason in the world for fear; all the reason in the world for love. Fine are the words of the greatest of the apostles: "Esteem them highly in love for their work's sake." However, in passing, it may be said it is not difficult to find a

plausible reason for such boasted freedom from fear; you may find it in the suggestion that such emancipation is but the reflex of the dread often and for a long time felt by papists toward their priestly confessors, men who swayed an arbitrary scepter, an exercise of authority justified to them by a perversion of the "doctrine of the keys." To us it seems curious that intelligent people should allow themselves to be thus affected, or permit themselves to believe that in the word of a man should inhere such tremendous power as the determination of immortal destiny; heaven's doors be opened or closed at will; souls prayed out of purgatory or consigned to perdition eternal according to priestly caprice plus lay generosity or the reverse. Small wonder that the pendulum should swing wide, or that conscious freedom from that old dread should beget such license in thought as to explain the liberty of speech adverted to. But such superficial reasoning as is illustrated in such flippant remark does not seriously affect the basis on which the gospel ministry rests, and we may, unabashed, look into the eyes of our critics and say, "Ah, but you need us still! The help we can afford you is beyond price. You place emphasis on 'the life that now is'; it is for us to challenge your attention with greater emphasis to 'the life that is to come.'" And, doing that well, the ministry will win the regard the apostle enjoins in the words, "Esteem them highly in love for their work's sake." "But preachers don't work!" a thousand voices exclaim. "They have a cinch! Such pleasant pastime as they know isn't work!" Well, let us see.

The accomplishment of the work the world requires imposes a huge task. Rightly to undertake it demands large faith, large hope, large love. It can only be accomplished as the result of sustained endeavor on the part of a multitude of toilers, and this multitudinousness characteristic not alone of numbers but of variety of workers. No one can excel in all lines of activity. This it was that led to the discovery and application of the great principle, Division of Labor; a principle fundamental to all real success. This it is that explains the trades: the farmer, tailor, blacksmith, etc. As in the industrial so likewise in the professional realm: law, medicine, pedagogy, art, science, philosophy. There can be no thoughtful dissent from the statement that to-day it is

better understood than ever before that the "Jack of all trades and master of none" cannot be depended upon to play a conspicuous part in helping forward the world's destiny. This is the day of specialists because it is the day of specialties. Well, what of it all? Why, when all these varied toilers of both brawn and brain have been employed, and have each successively and successfully carried out his program in the service of humanity, and man has been fed by farmer, butcher, and baker; been clothed by tailor, shoemaker, and hatter; housed by carpenter, blacksmith, mason, and bricklayer; warmed by woodchopper and miner; instructed by teacher; cured by physician and healed by surgeon; conserved in civic rights and reputation by lawyer; delighted by poet, musician, dramatist, artist, sculptor, and historian; further initiated and inspired by scientist and philosopher—have all man's needs been met? all his desires been gratified? Think of it carefully for a while and you will come to see that it is indisputably true that the very utmost reach of the endeavors of all these artisans of head and hand is but the conservation of man's physical and intellectual well-being, and it is only a fair question we ask: When all that is done, and well done, has everything been done that needs doing? What says your judgment in the light of the knowledge acquired with the passing years? Let another question be asked: Is man only body and mind? Is there not another aspect of his nature, in addition to and distinct from those to which reference has already been made? I need not press that question; your mind is already made up; the truth appears and compels expression: Ay, man is other than mere body and mind; he is soul and spirit as well; nay, soul and spirit even more than these. And here we get a glimpse of the profound meaning of Christ's word, "The life is more than meat. . . . A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth." And but a short study is required to prove that that inner, deeper life is not apprehended by nor satisfied with the utmost achievements of either or all of the several ingenious artisans of brawn and brain.

Ah, there is a sense of hunger known by the human soul that no product of field, garden, or orchard can satisfy; a consuming thirst that neither fountain nor stream can slake, nor concoction

of vat or still; a feeling of nakedness not relieved by any fabric of cotton, flax, wool, or silk, product of finest human looms; a conscious home-sickness unprovided for by tent, cottage, mansion, or palace; a realization of ignorance beyond the power of pedagogy, science, or philosophy to remove; an intense suffering from a disease for which the physician's *materia medica* is wholly inadequate; a sense of hurt past remedy by human surgery, however potent the anesthetic or keen the blade; an esthetic yearning that fails of satisfaction before glowing canvas or speaking marble; a profound disquiet not soothed by poet's muse nor allayed by composer's symphony. Ay, when we come to cognize the spiritual nature of man, the divine soul of him, which is as distinct from his physical nature as the bird is distinct from the cage which confines it, it is then that we realize the reason of the utter failure of all human expedients. External, material supplies can never fully or finally gratify internal, spiritual appetites. O this mysterious spirit of man! It is an abyss in our nature absolutely past sounding by any plummet reason has devised. Such are its nature, possibilities, value, that it is not difficult to understand why it is the object of both divine solicitude and satanic solicitation. For its possession the powers of heaven and hell are engaged in fierce and well-nigh interminable conflict. The original pronunciamiento, "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel," was prophetic, and the prophecy is ever in process of fulfillment; and the conflict, inevitable as the operation of the law of gravitation, is destined to continue until the dawn of the day when "the seed of the woman," the "fullness of time" having again come, shall lift His conquering heel and "bruise Satan's head" with the eternally unhealable wound. Not without reason was it that the Master distinguished the spirit of man in the never-to-be-forgotten words, "For what shall a man be profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

A very impressive side-light is afforded by a study of the creation, as distinguishing between the universe and man. Distinctness of origin is implicit in the ancient narrative. Take just a hint. This universe with all its wealth of wonder and beauty

came, according to the Genesis account, in obedience to the successive fiats of the Creator. God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." Thus, as the psalmist puts it, "He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast." But when man's creation was contemplated, how changed the statement: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." So "God made man in his image; in the image of God created he him." He made "man's body of the dust of the ground," and, later, he "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Just as distinct as the flame is from the lamp so is the soul, which God inbreathed (the inspiration of the Almighty), distinct from the body. Fine is Alexander Pope's phrasing, "Vital spark of heavenly flame." This essential distinctness from all nature, inherent unlikeness to the material universe, is of itself a cogent reason why all things that are "of the earth, earthy," must necessarily come short of satisfying the cravings of the soul, or with adequate recompense match the aspirings of the unearthly spirit.

Hence it is a very clear proposition which we now discuss, growing out of a demonstrable fact, that the soul's hunger can be appeased only by "the living bread"—heavenly manna; its thirst be slaked only by the gushing waters of life and truth—waters not distilled by cloud nor sent gushing up through the soil, but flowing free from the throne of God; its nakedness be covered only by the contents of a divine wardrobe, "robe of righteousness and garments of salvation"; its ignorance be instructed only by the "Teacher sent from God," who "spake as never man spake"; its leprosy be cleansed only by the Great Physician who alone knows the secret of Gilead's balm and the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness—who alone has supreme knowledge of the surgery of the soul and can bind up the broken heart and heal the wounded spirit; its home-sickness be allayed only by the possession of "a title clear to mansions in the skies," "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens"; its esthetic longings be fully met only in the revelations of the "beauty of holiness" and the transcendent effulgence of the glory of God; its capacity for profound insight be met alone by "the mystery of godliness," and utmost effort be

courted by the "philosophy of the plan of salvation," which "things the angels desire to look into."

Now, since these needs are thus really existent, and matter of universal consciousness and individual realization, and since all human artisans—workers of brawn and brain—have not met and, so far as we can foresee the future in the light of the present, cannot ever meet these needs, then how are they to be met and satisfied? Clearly only by another class of workers, a distinct type of effort, and already you have guessed the riddle; already you have answered the question—What other class of workers? The ministry of the "gospel of the blessed God"; that is, a class of men divinely chosen and ordained, and by them the effort is initiated and prosecuted by which these insistent desires of the spirit of man are to be met and satisfied. Following that assertion this statement is reasonable: It is only justice to affirm that the Christian ministry is a class of workmen as distinct in its vocation, as special in its qualifications, as particular in its preparation, as devoted in its activities, as any of the other classes of toilers referred to as essential to the doing of the work the wide, wide world requires. Moreover, in the deeper reasoning, by so much as the soul is superior to the body, by so much as the spiritual transcends the material, by so much as eternity outlasts time, by that much does the service rendered humanity by these craftsmen of the soul transcend in value of service that rendered by their compeers in the varied "arts and crafts" required to promote man's physical and mental wellbeing.

The next step in the argument takes us into a very sanctuary, in which if we heed the divine mandate addressed to Moses when he drew near unto the burning bush, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," we shall find the conclusive answer to the questions, Why the ministry at all? and, Why a divine call, expressive of a divine choice, essential to the successful outworking of its service? Here is revealed the inherent, vital, essential difference between this vocation and all other work, in the specific, personal and definite calling of God to "the office and work of the ministry." How full and explicit are the statements of Scripture on this point!

By way of suggestion take the following: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit." "No man taketh this honor upon himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron." And is it not plain that it is indisputably right that thus it should be? For think again of the soul, that divine part of us which, as we have already seen, allies us to God; that on which his image was originally imprinted, an image which, though lost by sin, is possible of recovery through the redemptive work of Jesus Christ, by the Holy Spirit inspiring the truth preached by the disciples of the Saviour. The nature, necessities, aspirations and destiny of the soul all transcend this earthly environment and all that such an environment can evolve. So it is perfectly natural that God, the soul's Creator, should reserve to himself the prerogative of choosing and designating those whom he will have represent him to men and so bring them to him for salvation. Having chosen and called, he endows, furnishes with the gifts and graces of the Spirit, and thus qualifies by special enduement those who are to carry on the work through which the "knowledge of God," which is salvation, may come to the souls of men.

Other workers, whatever may be the fields toward which they may direct their attention and in which they may come later to exercise their talents, are at liberty to choose their work, and should evidence accrue of mistaken choice in impending failure they are at liberty to discontinue their employment, repudiate their choice, and choose again—and again, and again, if need be. But here it is vastly otherwise. Jonah in the Old Testament and Demas in the New Testament may be cited as suggestive examples of possibilities. How fraught with significance is the conception of Paul, "For necessity is laid upon me, yea, woe is me if I preach not the gospel." And how stern the commands, "Go preach the preaching that I bid thee." "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." "He that endureth unto the end shall be saved." Then how startling the contrast in the sentiments of these passages: "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man

can work." "He that putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of God."

We come now to inquire to what specific service the Divine Master chooses, calls, and ordains men. The writer is conscious that it is but a bare remove from presumption to attempt to say anything new on this time-honored theme, the dignity, solemnity, and variety of the ministerial vocation, but perhaps a ministry covering well-nigh thirty-eight years may plead exemption from that charge and entitle to a hearing views long considered. And, let it be suggested, this analysis may further answer the criticism adverted to in the introductory words of this essay as to the quality of the work done by the ministry.

I. To Preach. That is, to "proclaim the gospel"; declare the glad tidings of peace; "preach the unsearchable riches of Christ"; call men to "repentance" and declare the advent of "the kingdom of God." "Well, that's easy, is it not?" "Easy?" Yes, very easy, if preachers were altogether such as these believe them to be, or such as they themselves are; yes, very easy, if preachers gave themselves to the simple requirements of the times and people among whom they live, those people and times being judges of what those requirements are; yes, very easy, if preachers will but square the sails of their ecclesiastical craft to the shifting currents of public and popular opinion; yes, very easy, if they will subserviently heed the demands of the human nature which to-day is identical with that of the olden time when it perverted prophets by its clamors, "Speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits!" Yes, then indeed preaching would be an easy thing. But the preacher who, in order that he may faithfully preach the truth as "the truth is in Jesus," will get so close to the heart of Jesus as to hear and interpret its throbbings; will be as attentive to the "still small voice" as to the "thunders of Sinai"; will strive to ascertain the will of his Lord, and then, without fear or favor, will definitely consecrate his life to doing that will and "cry aloud, and spare not," declaring "unto Jacob his transgression and to Israel his sin"; will give fresh emphasis to the Old Testament "The soul that sinneth it shall die," and to the New Testament "The wages of sin is death," and will unfold the dread content of

the grim word death so that people shall apprehend its threefold doom, certifying it as "death physical, death spiritual, and death eternal"; and will do all this with the passion of Gethsemane and the abandonment of Calvary, having come to see and know, as did Paul, "the terror of the Lord" and therefore saying, "We beseech you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God"—that preacher will not find preaching easy work.

In proof of this the history of preaching through the ages may be cited. Ask Nathan when he confronted the sinning king with the words, "Thou art the man!" Ask Elijah when he stood before Ahab in the vineyard of Naboth; ask Micaiah when he said to King Ahab, in defiance of Zedekiah and the rest of the prophets, who had prophesied the success of the pending battle, "I saw all Israel scattered upon the mountains as sheep that have no shepherd; and Jehovah said, These have no master." Ask Daniel when he interpreted the dreams to Nebuchadnezzar and the handwriting on the wall to Belshazzar; ask Isaiah when he had to tell Hezekiah the penalty due to his pride in the matter of the ambassadors from Babylon; ask Jeremiah of many a painful circumstance in his pathetic career. Ask John Baptist when he confronted Herod and gazed into the revengeful face of Herodias; ask the Lord Jesus when he, time and again, came in conflict with the perverted and perverting leaders of the people and, at last, faced the Sanhedrin and Pilate; ask Paul when he appeared before the Council, then Felix, then Festus, then Agrippa, and finally Cæsar. Ask Polycarp, Huss, Lattimer, Cranmer, Ridley, Savonarola, Beza, Luther, Zwingli, Knox, Wesley, Whitefield, and a host of others, and they will all say that to preach the truth without fear or favor, in strict fidelity to the God who calls and the man to whom he is sent, is the hardest work to which a life may be consecrated. Ah, full well did the Master know, and it is worth while to hear again his words, "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you." And the brief record is, "They crucified him!" And yet in view of it all his command is, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

II. To Shepherd the Flock. The common synonym of shepherd is "pastor," a word as beautiful and descriptive of an-

other aspect of the minister's life and work as it is familiar. It is a "picture word." Many to whom the word is familiar as the name of mother have never considered the picture it enshrines. For a moment regard the letters p-a-s-t-o-r as a frame and look through to see what I behold. A lovely landscape presents itself to view: verdant meadows, quiet pools, leafy shade, a flock of sheep. The shepherd hard by, with affectionate interest attending to his task. Yonder, in the near distance, are undulating foothills, while just beyond them tall mountains lift themselves toward the clouds. Here and there are dark shadows, suggesting deep ravines and dark clumps of thick bushes and tangled brush, and in the night-time you may see in the gloom the gleam of fierce fangs and the glare of savage eyes of the wolves, lions, and bears that infest those shadowy ravines and underbrush, threatening the safety of the flock. That is the picture.

Now to "shepherd the flock of God" is no small part of the "office and work of the ministry." And how well the analogy holds! How like sheep people are! Innocent, heedless, prone to wander—even the "bell-sheep." And how defenseless and, alas, often how willful! And what dangers impend! Dangers from deceitful quagmires, precipitous slopes, ravenous beasts! Ah, what a menagerie of wild beasts can easily be conjured up as threatening the security of the fold and safety of the flock! And to shepherd the flock, be a pastor to the church, the minister is called. Does a heedless lamb leave the flock and frisk and gambol too near danger? The watchful shepherd sees and, with gentle movement of crook (staff), he checks the advance and catching the little thing folds it to his bosom and replaces it in safety. Does a young sheep, proud of approaching maturity, venture at a rapid pace away toward the danger zone of precipitous cliffs, and will not the sharp recall avail? Swiftly the shepherd follows and with firm strokes of staff halts the headlong flight and compels return. Does an old sheep, perchance a "bell-wether," insist upon special privileges because of age and experience and, defiant of shepherd's remonstrance, rush pell-mell towards doom? Again, with the energy of determination, almost despair, the shepherd rushes after, nor relaxes zeal in effort, passion of endeavor, until the recalci-

trant sheep, thrown hard upon its side, is saved. Has the flight (backsliding) gone to the very verge of the ravine and are the wild beasts already whetting their fangs in anticipation of the feast? Laying aside his staff, he seizes his "rod," which you should spell c-l-u-b, and, flinging himself between the bloodthirsty pack and the devoted sheep, he swings his club to protect and defend it at the risk of his life. Ay, even to that limit! Hear now the Master, the pastor's Pattern: "For the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." And as the type-shepherd he said, "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. He that is an hireling, and not a shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, beholdeth the wolf coming and leaveth the sheep and fleeth, and the wolf catcheth them and scattereth them: he fleeth because he is an hireling and careth not for the sheep. I am the good shepherd, . . . and I lay down my life for the sheep." This is the test that determines between hireling and shepherd: "faithful unto death!"

Nor is this all. In addition to dangers incident to protecting the flock there are grave perils of a personal sort, perils peculiar to the shepherd himself. How striking the words of the Master, "Behold, I send you forth as lambs in the midst of wolves"; and who can adequately set forth the wolf-pack that, with insatiable blood-thirst, seek the high game of the ministry? But multiply the difficulties and dangers, and enhance the dread of it all, yet this duty of shepherding must be done! O the insistence on it in the ringing tones of the head-shepherd when, in that thrice directed question to Peter, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" he urged, "Feed my lambs. . . . Tend my sheep. . . . Feed my sheep." And O! failing in the supreme duty, coming up to the inevitable judgment, how shall the unfaithful pastor face the searching inquiry, "Where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?" Ah, looking at the task as thus hurriedly outlined, need we be reminded that the work of daily and nightly shepherding the flock is not only not easy, but hard; past the measure of human speech to describe!

III. To Edify the Church. "Edify?" The word sounds

familiar, and it is common enough, but, again be it said, it is curiously meaningless to many who use it. And again we deal with a picture-word. As before, let us make a frame of the letters and look through in order that the content of the term may be cognized. Look! and you may see a huge pile of rough stones, shapeless rocks, huge in size, flinty in hardness and full of jagged points and sharp angles. Standing nearby is a man; he is stalwart and strong, brawny of arm and broad of chest. His sleeves are rolled up above his elbows and in his hands is a ponderous iron sledge which he swings with strength and brings down with heavy blows upon the rocks. Stroke follows stroke with but slight appreciable result. Who is he, and to what end is his labor? He is a mason, a builder, and he will erect a building, and is here busy preparing the material that is to enter into the makeup of the walls. And that is the significance of the word "edify"—to build up; and the mason-builder must, by sledge, smaller hammer and chisel, reduce these rocks into workable sizes suitable for his plans. And that is a picture of what the minister is called to do in the church. And how apposite is the analogy! All around the preacher is a mass of humanity, unregenerate, rough, unshapely, hard, full of angles and unloveliness, and out of this mass of crude material he is to edify, build up, the church of God. How? By the use of the divinely appointed means. "Is not my word like a fire, saith the Lord, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" And, that accomplished, then must come the employment of smaller tools, like hammer, chisel, trowel, square, plumb, and by and by these crude materials take form and after awhile each one appears "polished after the similitude of a palace," and finds incorporation in the walls of the rising spiritual temple of God. Otherwise expressed, humanity, under the influences of grace, convicted, repentant, believing, regenerated, justified, adopted, sanctified, is accepted as an integral part of the spiritual church, the "body of which Christ is the head," a Temple the cap-stone of which will presently be laid with "shoutings of Grace, grace unto it!"

Thus the picture and its meaning. Follow a step or two further and you will see that this work is not easy; nay, verily. In-

deed, the preacher who aims to be after the Pauline type, "a wise master-builder," studying to "show himself approved unto God, a workman needing not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," will find the same rebellion in the human nature he hammers, chisels, squares, plumbs, and polishes as does the true preacher and faithful pastor. But, notwithstanding all, to this he is chosen, called, ordained, to "edify"—build up—the church of God; and whether men will hear or forbear the process must go on in the employment of the sledge of the law, the hammer of the gospel, the chisel of discipline, and all the rest of it, until the roughness, angularity, and unsightliness have all gone, and the perfected "living stones" are incorporated in their destined place in the structure of the Church of the Living God.

Thus the argument might progress, but surely enough has been said to silence those who insinuate the easy character of the ministry of the Word, and to vindicate the emphasis attaching to the work-aspect of it. How specific the Master's conception: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. . . . I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work. . . . I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." That is our pattern. The reason for God's choice to the ministry, the significance of God's call to the ministry, the solemnity of ordination in the ministry, and the tremendous need of this sin-cursed world for all that the ministry is or can be, should stimulate us to the very uttermost endeavor in closet, study, pulpit, homes, streets, shops, stores, offices, factories, farms, or wherever we may confront the call to duty and face the opportunity of service.

Some time ago I had the privilege of hearing the famous Belgian violinist, Eugene Ysaye. He was accompanied by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. One of his masterly renditions took thirty-five minutes, another forty-five minutes, and without halt or stop, with neither hesitation nor uncertainty, for every one of those eighty minutes that majestic bow swept with the dignity and grace of conscious mastery over the vibrating strings, filling the great auditorium of Massey Hall with entrancing melody. Of

course, the great orchestra was heard, but, even when in crescendo burst of thrilling harmony the fine combination of instruments flooded the room, the leadership of the master's violin was always distinctly perceptible. As I listened I wondered: How was it that for so long he could read into those unerring bow-movements the exquisite conception of the masters he interpreted for us without a single scrap of notes; marched into and on through those bewildering intricacies of music without once resorting to the crutch of sheet-music? After wondering a while I reasoned: Because of the love in his heart for his work, the care of his mind for the perfection of his art, the keen desire that those who came to hear should have pleasure unalloyed, that each rendition should stimulate the desire of his hearers for more, and that sympathetic souls might come to know something of the paradise of harmony into which he had passed and whose gates he would fain open wider for their more abundant entrance. And was Ysaye justified in the weary hours, days, weeks, months, years, decades he had spent in laborious study and nerve-taxing practice to acquire that consummate ability? Ay, surely. And to what end was it all? To entertain, perchance thrill for a passing hour, those who might choose to invest their money in such pleasure and find in punctuating life's drudgery by such delight some surcease from fatigue, grief, or care.

Have my readers guessed the wherefore of such an illustration in bringing this study to a conclusion? Surely it is plain! Contrast the preachers' calling with that of Ysaye, their opportunities with his, their resources with his, their instructors with his, the need for their best with his, the reward they are to have with his, and then say what should be the measure of their devotion, the facility of their skill, the spirit of their consecration. Ah, it seems to me I had better not attempt in lame phrase of my own to close this essay, but rather let Paul in inspired eloquence do it for me. Hear him, then: "Herein I also exercise myself, to have a conscience void of offense toward God and man always." Sent unto the Gentiles "to open their eyes that they may turn from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God; that they may receive remission of sin and an inheritance among them

that are sanctified. . . . Ye yourselves know, from the first day that I set foot in Asia, after what manner I was with you all the time, serving the Lord with all lowliness of mind, and with tears, and with trials which befell me by the plots of the Jews; how I shrank not from declaring unto you anything that was profitable and teaching you publicly and from house to house, testifying both to Jews and to Greeks repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there; save that the Holy Spirit testifieth unto me in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But I hold not my life of any account as dear unto myself, so that I may accomplish my course, and the ministry which I received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. And now, behold, I know that ye all among whom I went about preaching the kingdom shall see my face no more. Wherefore I testify unto you this day that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I shrank not from declaring unto you the whole counsel of God. . . . For I am already being offered, and the time of my departure is come; I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to me at that day; and not to me only, but also to all them that have loved his appearing."

Richard H. Gilbert.

ROMANISM AND SCIENCE

THERE is a most interesting book, that has appeared within the last few years, by one of the living English scientists. It is not only interesting; its content is a real contribution to scientific as well as to religious thought. So important is this contribution to religious thought that one feels the book should be especially recognized in some religious periodical like the METHODIST REVIEW. Without venturing to project at this time many of his own opinions, the one responsible for the present paper merely bespeaks the ear and the clear judgment of the REVIEW's readers, while this scientist speaks to us at intervals from his book.

That the book's author is a scientist is enough to command attention in this science-loving age, when men are realizing as never before the debt the world owes to science, a debt that is ever increasing. That he is an English scientist should lend particular interest to his words, for we remember a galaxy of brilliant scientific men with whom this man has been in touch, if not personally, at least through a technical knowledge of their work: such men as Kelvin, to whom Cyrus Field and his engineers used to go for advice and help when they encountered peculiarly great difficulties in the laying of the first Atlantic cable; Faraday, who laid the broad foundations for our present achievements in electricity; Clerk-Maxwell, who in a wonderful mathematical prophecy predicted the use of wireless waves, subsequently discovered by Hertz and applied by Marconi; Rayleigh, the dairyman, a giant in science; Rutherford, the master mind of radioactivity; Sir J. J. Thomson, the genius responsible to a high degree for the development of the physics of the electron. This English scientist-writer is William C. D. Whetham, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Fellow of the Royal Society of England. The book is called Science and the Human Mind. It was written in collaboration with Mrs. Whetham, and was published in 1912 by Longmans, Green & Company. The title page states that the book is "a critical and historical account of the development of natural

knowledge," from the beginnings of that knowledge to the present. Being an historical treatment, its function is to present the relations between the development of science and prevailing beliefs and modes of thought at different periods of time and in various localities. And so a discussion of the relation of science and Romanism, which has been a mode of thought of considerable consequence, is inevitable in such a book, and is not inspired by any purely religious point of view. We listen to Professor Whetham's words with deference, for they are spoken in the restrained tone of the schooled scientist, as a scientist, and not as his antipode, a ranting dogmatist, nor yet as a pure religionist.

Introduction, p. 15: "The essence of the mental state favorable to the growth of science seems to be a recognition of the fact that the careful and patient study of nature is the true method to obtain a knowledge of this aspect of the universe. . . . From this attitude of mind, common to all the heroes of the romance of science, it is but a step to the religious position which regards inward spiritual experience and direct personal apprehension of God as the fundamental religious verity. This is the position of the moderate and sane mystic, who, declaring that the Kingdom of God is within, studies the soul in its relations with the rest of God's creation by an inward extension of the open-minded method of experience proper to natural science. The passionate love of nature, which is characteristic of such great mystics as Saint Francis of Assisi, gives, when directed to its systematic study, an intuitive insight concerning its workings that bears other fruit in the life and work of Paracelsus, of Kepler, of Newton, and countless pioneers, who turned at times from the laborious methods of observation, experiment, and mathematical calculation to fare forth in travel, 'voyaging over strange seas of thought alone.' If we contrast this attitude of mind (of Northern Europe) with that prevalent among the peoples of the south of Europe, and with that of the early inhabitants of Assyria and Egypt, we are at once struck with a complete difference of outlook. Saint Francis, the Northerner, . . . preached to his brothers, the birds. The Southern Italian ill-treats his mules on the understanding that they have

neither souls nor feelings; while the modern Levantine pursues the same course, dubbing the four-footed creation collectively 'the unreasoning ones.' . . . The Northern mind is not a thing apart from nature, but readily acknowledges his kinships, bestowing spirits and souls of like kind to his own on the animate and inanimate objects by which he is surrounded. . . . The Southerner in his pagan moods reverses the process, and to express his religious convictions adds bestial countenances to the human form in order to obtain his inhuman gods. . . . Throughout the ages, the Southern races appear to have emphasized the necessity of form, of definite and concrete statement such as finds its highest expression in clear-cut dogma. There is a finite tree of knowledge in their philosophy, attainable somewhere, yet impious for the ordinary mortal to aspire to. Religion becomes an affair of the priesthood, of those set aside and devoted to the service, the propitiation, or, it may well be, the outwitting of the gods. There is a desire to get the conflict over, ascertain the limitation of human will and power, produce a clear-cut scheme of salvation, set the machinery in order under suitable supervision, so that humanity may continue with its worldly avocations and cease from troubling about its internal relations with God and the Universe."

And now Mr. Whetham becomes more specific: "The Jewish Law, the Roman Empire, and the Ultra-Montane Roman Church represent the culminating achievements of the advocates of universal form and dogma. In none of these instances can criticism be tolerated, nor is conscious expansion of thought permissible. It is symbolic of the two opposite types of mind, that Saint Peter, the Jew and upholder of the Law, with his very concrete keys of the Babylonian heaven and hell, should rule in Rome, the religious gathering place of the Southern race, while Saint Paul, with his Hellenic affinities and mystical outlook, should hold sway in the cathedral church of the Northern metropolis.

"Now the thought, the essence of which is to create, cannot long brook rigid forms or the constraint of unchanging dogma, and the soul which acknowledges a relationship with nature demands the liberty to consort freely with its kith and kin. Hence

it has been said that 'the real high school of freedom from hieratic and historical shackles is mysticism.' . . . The light by which science ultimately advanced on its way has always come from the North. . . . The Northern mind, while quick and sure in intuition, is slow and persistent in reasoning power, and pursues its age-long enemy, intellectual authority, with the unerring instinct of a bloodhound; for the thought, the essence of which is to create and reinterpret, can make no lasting truce with the priests of the unchanging law. Erigena, Occam, and Martin Luther, the great apostles of mysticism, are not more effective in the society of their day and century than Petrarch with his daring criticism, Erasmus with his 'Praise of Folly' in bitter satire of the whole external paraphernalia of the Roman Church, or Voltaire and the rationalists of the eighteenth century. Once the true conception of historical events had been obtained, the free mind of the Northern race set to work to find the correct interpretation of present tendencies in the light of past history and thought. . . . It is not a fortuitous chance that Isaac Newton, who represents the supreme triumph of mathematical and physical thought, should have been tall, fair- or ruddy-haired and gray-eyed, and should have seen light on a Lincolnshire freehold, in the central home of that Anglo-Danish stock which has proved the most fertile nursing mother of pure science. Whoever is unable to appreciate the inward meaning of these facts—often deemed irrelevant by folk who are prepared to see miracles everywhere—will never comprehend the interrelations of science and the human mind."

To sum up, then, these extracts from Professor Whetham's book. The attitude of mind of the races of Southern Europe has been one of abject subservience to authority, a characteristic essentially pagan; a man must get his ideas from authority and not through his own open-minded experience. This attitude of mind is clearly that of the Roman Catholic Church, as witness the present tendency, unmistakable, even in this twentieth century, to suppress facts, to throw the masses back into the slough of ignorance from which they have so painfully begun to emerge, and to keep them there.

This attitude is utterly opposed to the development of science: "the thought, the essence of which is to create, cannot long brook rigid forms or the constraint of unchanging dogma." Therefore, history has shown that science owes little to the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church, unless indeed that church may have rendered a service in driving men to seek relief in contrast, by going to the extremes of open-mindedness.

On the other hand, the attitude of mind of the races of Northern Europe has been one of love of nature, and a desire to learn more about her laws, with ever an open mind and an acceptance of all facts that might come to light. And thus the great Newton, a supreme example of "man with his miraculous brain," as Carlyle would say, came out of Northern Europe. And thus, also, "the light by which science ultimately advanced on its way has always come from the North. The Northern mind . . . is slow and persistent in reasoning power, and pursues its age-long enemy, intellectual authority, with the unerring instinct of a bloodhound; for the thought the essence of which is to create and reinterpret can make no lasting truce with the prophets and priests of the unchanging law."

Therefore, in conclusion, had the spirit of the ultramontane Roman Church completely dominated the whole of Europe, we should not now, as Professor Whetham's argument adequately shows, be enjoying the benefits of telegraphy, telephony, wireless telegraphy, electric lights, trolleys, interurbans, steam railways, phonographs, modern surgery and treatment of disease, modern agriculture, etc.

An intelligent public patiently awaits from men of scholarly caliber in the Roman church a reply that will satisfactorily refute this argument of Mr. Whetham. But there will be no reply, or it should have been heard long since. If the intelligent public were made up of ignorant, superstitious adherents of the Roman church, the reply would doubtless be a terrible threat of denial of absolution, or some like disaster equally horrible.

We close with a poem used at the opening of Professor Whetham's book. In this poem, it will be noticed, disposal of the priests is made in the first stanza:

"Hark," cried the priest of old,
"Within mine ear God breathed the hidden word."
Men came and listened, whispered, shook their heads:
"He hath not wholly heard."

"Stay," cried the gray-haired sage,
"Within my mind the plan, laid out, I see."
His fellows drew around;—"Not so," they said;
"He has not found the key."

"Here," cries the latest age,
"The atom breaks, and life gives up her tale."
"Is the soul nought?" the world-worn spirit sighs;
"These men must also fail."

"Lo," wise men cry, "we stand,
Like children, picking pebbles on the shore;
God of our fathers, give us still Thy light,
And when that fades, give more!"

L. E. Dodd

METHODISM AND THE HIGHEST CRITICISM

"One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." The skeptical neighbors could not deny this much. They could question the man's own interpretation of the fact, but they could not question the fact itself. They could deny any authority on the part of the healer. They might criticize his method of healing. They could philosophize concerning the origin of the sin of which this blindness appeared to be the penalty. But there was one thing they must concede, that this man who was blind could now see. For here was an actual result in terms of personal experience which no skepticism could face. Here was a good effect, whatever the nature of the cause. But why quibble about the cause? It was sufficient to produce this worthy result. Is not that enough?

No, not even the man who had received his sight could vouch for this strange healer any more than to say that a certain man whom the people called Jesus had placed clay upon his eyes and commanded him to wash it off. This Jesus might have been a good man or a bad man. He knew nothing of his history. He might have been a Pharisee or a Sadducee or neither. The happy man could only rub his eyes and stare at the great world that had suddenly been thrust before him. Just one thing he knew—he could see now.

But that was such a simple faith, too short for a creed. There was no system about it, no premise, no argument, no rhetoric. Well, what of it? Simplicity is an advantage in mechanics and a merit in art. And in a man's religious faith truth of experience is better than length of analysis. Just one thing it was, but through that one simple fact of consciousness this poor man who had been groping helplessly in a dark and formless world now strode confidently forth in a beautiful universe flooded with celestial light. Now he could keep his bearings. He could see where he was going. He could arrive. Was not that enough? One thing—but everything.

It is evident that Jesus went among men not to win applause

for himself, but to help them to see. It is materialistic blindness, spiritual ignorance, that causes men to fall into the ditch. A man's most helpful friend is that one who helps him most to see. Blessed is he, whoever he may be, who giveth light unto his brother that he fall not into a snare. Jesus would be a light to men, a light to the whole world. Men are saved through light. Only light can dispel the darkness. Jesus made himself a light unto men by revealing to them in his own choices, desires, and ideals the eternal verities and values of life. And it is this revealed light we need more than we need to hold any one or another particular theory of that light. The actual benefits derived from the sunlight were as great for the man who believed the sun revolved around the earth as they are to him who now believes the contrary. The light, warmth, and resultant life are the chief concern in both cases. Christ is the Light. Christology is the theory of the Light. It is Christ the person, not Christology the theory, that men need most of all. Some men are skeptical of some Christologies, but no man is skeptical of Christ. In these days when doctrines and dogmas out-rivaled Jesus himself there were many arrogant atheists, and skepticism harassed the church. In these days when religion is more a matter of personal life than of metaphysical creed there are no "Tom" Paines or "Bob" Ingersolls. Christ is the constant; Christology is the variable. Of course there must be creeds. Every man who has a mind has a creed, more or less clearly defined. But it is the inductive, empirical method that yields the safest and sanest results in the matter both of inquiry and application of knowledge, and likewise it would seem most reasonable to begin with the ennobling religious experience in the individual life, and therefrom to form our creed, than to begin with formal statements of doctrine and by suppressing the individual's personality and intelligence to attempt to produce an experience which could be nothing more to him than artificial, unsatisfying, and disconcertingly irrelative to all truth that was actually his by virtue of experience.

Thus it must seem that whatever is truly worthy to hold such an important place in a man's life as what he calls his creed must be the resultant of the combination of the best intelligence and

most universal experience. A borrowed creed must also bring with it a borrowed experience, the result being that the individual has neither creed nor experience of his own, and since they do not fit nor serve the borrower he sets them upon the shelf, and from time to time, when caught in the whirlpool of difficulties, doubts, and temptations, he cries out despairingly to the impotent, half-forgotten idols on the shelf—but they answer not, for they are not his gods, but another's. Yet there are those who say that all men must have the same type of experience and must express that identical experience in the same terminology and manner. And we have heard it rumored that there are some even more unreasonable who would have all men hold the same creed and intellectual conceptions on religious matters; and if any should vary from the well-beaten path of dogma (not of virtue) let him be "anathema." Yet, thank God for this great truth, we can be one in Christ even if we vary in interpretation. There was a day when men were entirely confident that they could explain the personality of Jesus, deeming that such explanations were to be taken by all succeeding generations as final and complete. But in the sober second thought of the present the man who really knows anything of the matter knows that *personality* in himself or in any other man is so vast, so complex, so mysterious, so elusive, so divine a thing that he modestly refrains from dealing out metaphysical powders, hurriedly compounded, to be taken by his (patient) parishioners at a gulp to effect a final cure for all Christological questions of little or no practical bearing. He is satisfied rather to turn on the great white light of the Christ life and focus it upon the lives of the men before him, for by its warmth and radiance it draws them to itself. Regardless of the varying interpretations of the light, there is the light itself; regardless of what may be the truly scientific theory of that power, there is the wonderful, compelling power of his life over the human heart. Indeed, if he be lifted up he will draw men, all men, unto him, for he is a life, a character, a person. No creed, no "articles," no mere theological interpretation of Christ will draw all men, but Christ himself; not the analysis of the light, but the *Light*. Some have faith *about* Christ; some have faith *in* him.

An occasional rash critic has thought to forward the cause of the church by loudly heralding a twentieth-century interpretation of Jesus as antagonistic to a sixteenth-century conception of him. And, to oppose the "false prophet," there has always been a sufficient number of zealots who have grasped the sword of orthodoxy and gone out, crusaderlike, to reclaim their priceless dogmas from the unreverential hands of the unholy destructionists. Is there not some mediator, some true prophet of eternal verities at hand to help both sides to understand that it is not a head full of orthodox or of liberal *views* of Jesus, but a heart full of his *spirit* that saves men? Systematic theology has its essential place, as does the theologian his very important relation to every age. Theology as a science attempts to rationalize. But to *rationalize* a conception of God is not to *realize* an experience of God; and if the former is necessary it is because the latter is essential. God as a fact of intelligence makes theists. God as a fact of consciousness makes prophets. The scholastic theist writes a few books to mold on a shelf; the prophet shakes a universe, upsetting some things, righting up others.

Formerly the man *believed* in a universe. Now that his eyes were opened he *saw* it. His belief was determined and strengthened and "rationalized" by an experience. He was the highest critic now. The others were theorists; he an empiricist. They "believed" many things; he *knew* one thing. Let us utilize the many good things that men believe, but let us give first consideration to the empirical knowledge of the new life in Christ Jesus.

Is not this the characteristic accent of the Methodist tongue? Methodism was born in the consciousness of a heart "strangely warmed," not in a barren theology, orthodox or revised. And in this age, when everything must pass the laboratory method of investigation and bear the scientist's inspection tag before it is worthy of popular acceptance, when Christ himself has had to pass through the crucible of the modern mind, is it not imperative that this great church keep the emphasis upon that realistic common factor, the "experimental note" in religion? If this has characterized the denomination and yielded prime fruitage in her past history, let her realize both her obligation and her opportunity

of service in this new day when men are turning *en masse* from antediluvian theories to facts of experience, from abstractions to personal factors. No longer is the great question in religion to be one of historicity, but of vital efficiency. What spirit within will bear the best ethics without? The old traditional line artificially drawn between "religion" and "morality" must be blotted out. No religion is worthy of mankind that does not produce the highest type of morals. And no system of morals, however ethically perfect, can effectualize itself in the actions of man unless it is spiritually energized from within. True religion is a spirit within expressed consistently without; a spiritual germination which bears ethical fruitage. Is Methodism "adrift"? Not if she can still say, "One thing I know," and that knowing is a knowing of Jesus rather than any dogmas of him. Is the church of Wesley upon "breakers"? We do not perceive it to be so. Of course the ripples on a pool are "breakers" to a toy craft watched by a boy. But Methodism will not come to her own upon stagnant pools, but out in the ocean of mankind where none but the strongest craft go. After all, the life boat that rides the breakers for souls is more honorable than the slimy old "junk" asleep in the harbor. However, if the church should be, as some seem to fear, dangerously near such "breakers" as would imperil her usefulness, it is not because "liberalism" or "orthodoxy" is gaining or losing, but rather because of a weakening of the emphasis upon religion as a fact of consciousness.

And if, by virtue of this psychological factor, the church ever won spiritual victories, her possibilities of achievement in this day are immeasurable. We are appalled at the turmoil of international war. It is the travail hour when a new era is to be born on the earth. It could not be otherwise. The house built upon the sand could not stand always. This awful phenomenon we call a war is the crash of a failing and falling civilization. It was not the Christ-type; it had to fall. The wonder is the crash had not come sooner. But the new day cometh, is even near at hand, when strong hands must clear away the debris and lay the foundation for a humanitarianism broader than the national ideals and so-called "civilization" of any past age, a humanitarianism which

takes into account the solidarity of the human race, and is identical with that universal brotherhood, the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. The task is for the church. It is a spiritual task, and to accomplish it the church must remain a spiritual force. She must not crystallize theologically, or the swiftly flying ages will leave her as a landmark in the progress of the race. She must be more than an institution, for as such she will prove a poor rival to the state. Her ministry must be messengers rather than mere managers, prophets rather than priests. The church cannot always carry all that was useful in one age into the next. Her ritual, her laws, her interpretations—these are necessary, but they are the *variables;* not ends in themselves, but aids toward an end—*Virtue.* And as means toward an end they are governed by the law of utility. But there is one thing that is constant—Jesus, "the way, the truth, and the life," and, as such, Saviour. It is not a first-century or a sixteenth-century or a twentieth-century Christology that the church is to hold up, but Jesus as the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and that Way, Truth, and Life not simply perceived objectively, but realized subjectively as the greatest factor of consciousness, the empirical knowledge of the *new life in Christ Jesus.*

Hugh R. Orr

THE RELIGION OF NEW YORK

Now that New York is the largest city in the world, is building the fourth largest cathedral in the world, and has invited a "Billy Sunday Campaign," it is proper to discuss its religious status.

The Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, now building on Morningside Heights, will rank fourth in amount of floor space among the world's cathedrals, the floor space of each, according to The World Almanac, being as follows:

	SQUARE FEET
Saint Peter's, at Rome	227,069
Seville, Spain	124,000
Milano, Italy	107,000
Saint John the Divine, New York (according to present plans)	99,500
Cologne, Germany	91,464
Saint Paul's London	84,025
York, England	72,860
Amiens, France	71,208
Saint Sophia, Constantinople	70,000
Chartres, France	68,260
Lincoln, England	66,900
Winchester, England	64,200
Notre Dame, Paris	64,108
Westminster, England	61,729
Saint Patrick's, New York	55,000

The figures have little to do with the religion of New York and are merely given for the benefit of the reader, and because America is beginning a period of cathedral building if peace can be maintained for another half century.

The first thing noticed by the traveler who goes from city to city is the great difference of the people of one city from another in social customs, business methods, and what might be termed the city consciousness. Cities differ from each other almost as much as individuals differ. This is specially true in church and religious work. For orthodox religious work Philadelphia is probably

the most fruitful city field of its size in the world. Much of this is due to the Quaker influence which founded it. New York looks at things commercially. Her first question is, "Does it pay?" Her chief text is, "Godliness is profitable for all things." While New York city furnishes headquarters for many who experiment upon the country, those who go there to experiment upon the old inhabitants of the city will probably go hungry if they do not go to jail. Some 250,000 people are said to enter New York every day. A large number of these are careless dispensers of cash in small or large quantities. It is safe to say that almost every fraud —religious, financial, medical, commercial, or otherwise—which exists in New York largely depends for existence upon outsiders and visitors. After for several months making a special study of the religious work in New York I have been gladly surprised at the orthodox, business-like, aggressive work done in the churches. The leading pulpits dispense the most orthodox, common-sense, and evangelistic gospel to be found in America. To describe the personal experiences in churches served by such preachers as Jowett, Burrell, Hillis, Cadman, Parkhurst, Jefferson, and others, is not possible in space allotted here. The real weakness of the churches in New York seems to be their inability to present a united simultaneous movement against a united foe. Some of them are not unlike Elijah under the juniper tree, unconscious of the real number who have not bowed the kneel to Baal. Some of the problems of New York, which because of the very size of the city are intensified, are the conditions which change so rapidly, the ever moving population, the yielding of many church people who move to New York to the temptation to become church tramps, as they visit from church to church with no tie anywhere, or to seclude themselves altogether and become lost. Pastoral work among so many types of people is peculiarly difficult in New York. It cannot be done as in smaller cities and country towns.

The Field. The Church Census Bureau reports for its last census 1,070 Protestant religious organizations with 372,690 communicants. In round figures, they are divided as follows among the leading denominations:

	CONGREGATIONS	COMMUNICANTS
Protestant Episcopal	188	92,000
Methodist—all branches	196	56,000
Baptist—all branches	119	46,000
Presbyterian—all branches	126	52,000
Lutheran—all branches	127	50,000
Congregationalist	47	21,000
Reformed—all branches	86	26,000
Independent Churches	33	7,000

Various other small Protestant bodies have less than 5,000 each. The Catholics report 1,413,775, which is approximately the Catholic population among the 5,500,000 inhabitants. These are distributed into 278 organizations. The Jews report 30,414 heads of families distributed among 615 organizations. This is far from complete in reporting for the Jewish population, estimated by careful workers at 900,000. It is probably, in round figures, an even million, as compared with 200,000 in Chicago, 75,000 in Philadelphia, and 150,000 in London, and over 2,000,000 in the United States.

The analysis of the divisions of Greater New York shows, in round figures, a population estimated at the present time of nearly 6,000,000. Of these we may place under Catholic influence 2,000,000; under Jewish influence, 1,000,000. The other half expect to be buried by a Protestant minister, if by any.

In the last church census which compares Protestants, Catholics, all other bodies, non-church members, and total population, New York is number thirty-four, with a little less than ten per cent of its population at that time communicants of some Protestant church. As compared with some other cities Washington had thirty per cent; Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Denver, and others over twenty per cent; Philadelphia, Cleveland, Buffalo, and others over fifteen per cent; Saint Louis, Chicago, and others less than fifteen per cent. The "all other" branches are comparatively such a small part of the total population that they can be ignored. As compared with Philadelphia and Chicago, the two nearest rivals in population, Philadelphia is first, Chicago second, and New York a close third in proportion of Protestant communicants to the total population. When the Catholic and Protestant com-

municants are added New York is first, Chicago second, and Philadelphia is a close third as compared with total population. The table below is approximately correct:

	Protestant Communicants to Population Per cent	Catholic Communicants to Population Per cent	Non-Communicants to Population Per cent
Philadelphia	18	20	62
Chicago	12	28	60
New York	9	36	55

Of course it is to be remembered that the Protestant following is frequently five times as great as the communicant membership. The better way for making comparisons of this kind is to deduct the Catholic and Jewish populations from the total and class the others as Protestant. Those who were classed as non-communicants are Hebrews and Protestant followers, barring a small per-cent of unbelievers. The real problem of Protestantism is to reach the non-members, that of Catholicism is to keep its communicants. While a surprisingly large number of Jews become Christians this phase of the question need not be considered here.

To understand the New York problem it should be remembered that by far the larger part of the foreign born population is found among the Jews and Catholics. Under the conditions it should be far easier for the Protestants to care for their followers than for either of the other two classes. The Protestants have the home born; they should have a larger per capita wealth; they should have a higher average of intelligence and education; the activity of their laity should be far greater.

Of course it is understood that every Christian is responsible to a certain extent for every non-Christian, regardless of classification. While Protestantism must not evade its responsibility to the half of the population which is non-Protestant, its first work is among the more than two million Protestants who are not identified with any church and who have no consciousness of pardoned sin.

Some Real Needs. One of the first needs in New York seems to be the realization that modern church work cannot be done in

a divided manner, as in former years, and that a few hundred sharpshooters cannot win a battle against modern artillery. I am willing to admit that the churches as individuals are working as consistently as ever. I am sure that standards of conduct are higher. The average per capita giving is ten times that of half a century ago. The weakness of the church is that it has not learned to practice the lessons already learned in the business world. Lost motion must be eliminated. Wasted energy must be utilized. Effort must be united, and concentrated, and directed. The enthusiasm of the mass movement must meet the indifference everywhere. The assurance that numbers will bring victory makes many willing to die who would not volunteer to die a useless death. Churches have much to learn from labor organizations, modern business, the European war, and "Billy" Sunday. Organized and united *right* must meet organized and united *wrong*. Divide Niagara Falls into individual drops of water and its power is lost. The constant flow of immigrants must be assimilated. The ever-drifting and moving population must be followed. The indifferent must be interested. There is no time for two preachers to be at work on one preacher's job. The unreached must be reached. Best and quickest and most economical methods must be used. It is time for organization and concentration of effort. The religion of the religious in New York is as nearly perfect as in any large city. It needs the encouragement of united, organized, concentrated action. This will doubtless come in the readjustment of things, and when it comes New York churches will become a mighty factor in American church work.

W. C. Poole

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

We have obtained permission to state that the letters from An American Girl at the French Battle Front which appeared in the July-August and September-October numbers of this Review were written to a relative in America by Miss Norman Derr, daughter of Doctor and Mrs. Ezra Z. Derr, of Decatur, Georgia. The letters were written in family privacy with no expectation or desire for publication, and were published without Miss Derr's knowledge, on the urgency of literary advisers among whom was the editor of the Methodist Review.

A JOYFUL MELODY UNTO THE BIBLE[1]

The Chairman, Hon. Joseph H. Choate: Don't go; don't go—the best is yet to come. [It is now 10:10 p. m., and several have started as if to leave the auditorium.] If Jonathan Edwards had found any in his congregation leaving before the service ended he would have commended them to a very warm place. Now I have the pleasure of presenting to you for the final address the Rev. Bishop William Alfred Quayle, who has come all the way from St. Paul, Minn., to speak to you. (Applause.)

The Rev. Bishop William Alfred Quayle: *Mr. Chairman*—I greatly regret to keep anybody out of bed. I am not a dweller in the village of New York and don't just know the time of retirement of these citizens; but the Honorable Chairman intimated at the beginning of the meeting that they went to bed early, and I suppose

[1] It is said that when Satan, after his fall, was asked what part of the heavenly life he missed most, he answered, "The sound of the trumpets in the morning." In the doleful depths to which he had descended there was no sound of jubilation; no *Sursum Corda* was ever lifted there. The heavenly trumpets blow through the joyful melody which one man's soul, kindled by the hallowed glory of the Christian faith, lifted at the centennial of the American Bible Society in Carnegie Hall, New York, last May, in an address which pressed God's lamp against each hearer's heart and made the Bible's splendors pierce the gloom: an address more affecting, persuasive, winning and effectual in glorifying the Divine Word in the eyes of men than Biblical polemics, apologetics or criticism. It is worth tons of such; it voices the response which the common human heart has made through the ages to the Holy Book.

they sleep. Is it bedtime now? That is what I am interested in specially. (Applause, *and several voices—"Not at all!"*) If peradventure we might stay awake for a few moments I might venture a few remarks; but I don't want to hazard them to those that are asleep or sleepy, though I think, if let alone, I can put 'most anybody asleep by my talk.

We have witnessed a great matter here to-night, and if we have nerves that are accessible we have had strange thrills. We have been speaking in the language of a century and of a planet and of the kingdom of God. If a century may not stir us mayhap a planet will; and if a planet will not stir us surely the kingdom of God must stir us.

We have been talking about the Book that proceeds through the centuries and through the earth and to that majestical mystery called the kingdom of God. Now I am to pitch a love note for the Bible to-night. I am simply here as a child of the Bible, to carol out a little music of it from my own heart, and in it, as the robin-redbreasts in the spring carol, not knowing why they carol, but God knows why they carol—because it is spring. So to-night I would lift a note of laughter and of singing because of what the Bible is to me; and what the Bible is to me it is to you, the strange, beautiful Book that goeth everywhither, that knocks at everybody's heart—"Good morning!" You cannot feel of the Bible that it is a miscellaneous Book. It is so personal, it calls you by your name. It is like somebody in a crowded thoroughfare or through the jangle of the traffic of a crowd: when his name rings out, your name rings out and you knew not anyone knew you were there at all, or anywhere at all, but—Oh, the beautiful Book that comes and calls you by your name and me by mine! Oh, the beautiful Book of the beautiful voice of the beautiful Christ which cometh and calleth us, like Christ does his own sheep, by name! We can no more get along without this winsome loveliness called the Bible, than we can get along without our mothers. Having had them we are miserable for them forever. And we would have to have our mothers in eternity to make eternity seem glad. And I have not found anybody that understood mothers, and I have not found anybody that understood the Bible. But mothers are lovely, though misunderstood, and non-understandable; and because we don't know so much about mothers as we might they are mighty lovely to have around and figure them out and have a chance to wonder what they mean. And the Bible—the Bible is without comment. Why so? The answer—so everybody can become acquainted with it. Why so? So that every-

body can say his own word. Is a body's mother's love written? No, it is not written, it is caroled out of her son's heart. He writeth his mother's story. He singeth his mother's love. He writeth her wonders, not on the gravestone but on his heart and on his hands, washed with his tears; and in the opening heavens when he crieth to God, "Oh God, for a mother that I had I bless Thee!" Even so we lift our voices and our songs for the Book of God that cometh to everybody and says, *"I am Thy Book."*

Now, I am the son of a foreign man and a foreign woman, and they came over here so they could get to see each other. And they saw each other—that is sure. And by and by, as the woman and man have seen each other, and seeing each other have loved each other, and loving each other have married each other, so my father and mother did. You can fall in love in any language, thank the Lord! (Laughter and applause.) And you can marry in any language, thank the Lord! And this is the thing that I have remembered about it, never having known my mother, waiting now and waiting yet, and waiting for some dreamy, shadow face to come—waiting for my mother's face—my father having long since slipped out into the land of morning to clasp my mother by the hand and walk the shining ways called the ways of the Providence of God. Yet this I know, that my mother and my father afterward met and married and were beautifully poor, so that I, a Methodist preacher, have never had to learn poverty, having known it from the first (applause). And my father gone to heaven years since, and my mother who had gone before him, from the summits of the Rocky Mountains years and years ago, before I knew her kiss, left no library to me—no other books but only these, "The Saints' Everlasting Rest," and the Bible in two volumes. O me! There are ancestors of great repute for some. As Tennyson has said, "There be those sprung from the midriff of an hundred kings"; but I would rather have been the son of a woman and man who in their penury could not leave to the child of their love, to the child of their heart and hearth, anything but a Bible, than to have been descended from all the majesties of history. It was better so. You will excuse me, won't you, though it is sleepy-time and the babies already are abed, and the birds long since have tucked their heads under their wings and are soundly asleep. Here now I lift a note of laughter for the Book of God—just a note of laughter for the Book of God.

A man some time ago said to me, "The Bible has had many critics"; and he said, "It is made up of many things," as if I, being

only a minister, knew none of these matters. Oh, it is lovely to be ignorant! (Laughter and applause.) And it is calamitous to know so much that you must tell it all the time to everybody. This is a thing I have noticed, that the Bible is a wonderful symposium of God, and tells about wandering minstrels and beggars and poets and prophets and kings that lost their crowns; but God never thought it worth while to hunt them up because they have a heart—and those sunburned sons of deserts, those laughter-makers of the world, those people who turned midnight into the minstrelsy of morning because they saw God! Through them all we got together that strange, composite, eternal music called the Bible. What I rejoice in to-night is that the Bible can by its shaping words make the world anew. (*A voice*—Amen!)

You don't have to have a Congregational minister with it to give explanations of it. And you don't have to have a Methodist minister to exhort on it—thank God! And you don't have to have anybody to speak about it. No, verily. Or not to speak about it—like the Quakers. When they do speak they say something when they talk. And it might be well for some of us to hold our peace until we have something to say. But in anywise the Book of God can be trusted alone.

I have heard the cry of death in the dark, with no star to lighten the way, and only the muttering thunder as an accompaniment to the rustle of the sable wing of the Angel of Death. I have held the Book at the dying pillow and the dying eyes shone out and saw a great light, thank God! It is good to have a book like that around. You are never alone when you have that Book of Books with you. I have preached a good deal about the Bible. I was hired to preach, but really I always knew enough to know that the most important and beautiful part of the sermon was never the sermon but the text. And the text came from the Bible, thank God! I knew that if I planted the text in the soil of the soul I might go away, but the text would take root and grow, and by and by become like the cedars of Lebanon.

Now I know we do not understand it very well; but, honestly, we understand it better than we think we do if we only use the little sense that we have. I was a farmer boy and I knew so little that it was lovely, and I never enjoyed anything more than the little I knew, because every day I learned a lot more, and at the end of the day I did not know much, but a little more than in the morning. So every day in the year was a kingdom of prosperity in the kingdom of my

knowledge. And I was a farmer boy and I kept the New Testament in my back trousers pocket. And when the horses would stop to consider at the end of the row (laughter)—horses are great on ruminating and considering—but when they would stop to consider at the end of the row, I would take the Book of God out and I would read a little Scripture, and then I would parse it, for I had no grammar; yes, I would parse a little Scripture and learn my grammar. What happened to me was this: I did not misunderstand the things very much. I did not have to be rectified very much in my theology. When I got to be theological and became a D.D., and an LL.D., I did not have to change it very much. But I know it was beautiful, and the farmer lad, knowing nothing but the west and south wind in his face, and the blowing to and fro of the tasseling corn, and the growing of the corn, and reading God's Book out of doors—that is how he became matriculated to literature and history and nature and astronomy and the wide world and the world to come—just because he had the Bible. It was quite a book. I did not understand it much, but I understood more than people reckoned on. And all of us understand more than we reckon on. If we would read commentaries less and trust in His Word more and use our imagination (such as we have), and dream and live over it and pray and hope over it, we would have more sense and better theology. Now, that is the truth.

When I heard the word that this dignitary used it made me so inclined to anger that I repressed it. He used the word "predestinate." That always makes a Methodist angry. He said we were predestined. Why! Methodists are predestined to nothing but backsliding. For years I have heard people talking about the immanency of God, and they said we had lost God, and they have said that in the present century people were under the impression that God had gone over and become a carpenter and left his job. I tell you, that as a farmer boy in Kansas, plowing the fields and shucking corn, I just read the beautiful Book that Jesus Christ left, that he wrote no word of, and I never got the notion that God had gone away. I got the notion that God was around but was not noisy (laughter). I got the notion, too, that he was around picking flowers like Jesus did, that he was around loving the babies like Jesus did, that he was around calling people by their first names, as Jesus did; and sometimes as I went along I heard a voice in my ear and it said— "William, William"—and I said—"Oh, Christ, here—here—here!"

I rather wonder whether if we only took the Bible as a lamp-

light to the path, love to the heart, a candle to the soul, whether we should not find the rapture that anyone feels in the first intimation of God and the realization that he is ever recurring? The Book of God is right here. You know, when the Book of God comes around it is beautiful, and wholesome too; and how homely it is, and how usual it is, and how unusual, and how everybody does not mind it much, and yet how everybody minds it a lot (applause and laughter).

When I was in the old country some time among my ancestors, whom I was glad to forget and forsake, I could tell where all stood in the social status by how they bowed to each other; and by the grace of God and the kindness of my parents I was born in a country where you could not tell anybody's social status by how he bowed. You could not tell that the chairman of to-night had been the guest of kings and feasted with emperors. You could not tell one man's place from another's. Why? Because, before God, in America, we be equal by the Bible! (*A voice*—Thanks be to God!)

You know we Methodists have a habit of calling each other brothers. Excuse me—we have a habit of calling all the folks that are not women brothers, and all the folks that are not men we call sisters (laughter). And you know when sometimes I, a Methodist preacher, say Brother So-and-So it may sound foolish; and when I say Sister So-and-So, just as society says "Mrs.," people smile a little; yet I take their smile as a kind of cordiality and thank God. I like it. Why? Because I am following the program of God. (*Several voices* —Hear, hear!)

We be brothers. We be brothers and we be friends of Christ. He said we were his mother and his sister and his brother. Ah me! We be the household of Christ.

And, do you know, I love the Bible because anywhere I go it is such a good sword for fighting if fighting be necessary. It is a sword, and sometimes you have to fight. No doubt about it. The members have to be whipped. No doubt that is true. And sometimes the preacher has to be thrown out. That is true. And a sword is very profitable, and sometimes we need a lot of punishment—and it does us good.

And sometimes, too, we need a light—not the stars. I have traveled many dark nights when I would have traded all the stars for one lantern (laughter). It is not that I do not love the stars; it is not that I have not sat under their drip of beauty; it is not that I have not held out my hands and felt the light of the stars fairly splash

upon my palms. Please God, I will feel that way many times hereafter. But when I want to go some place in a hurry I cannot keep my head in the air, but must keep my feet on the ground. That is, where the walking is good. And the lantern is a lamp to the feet. And so the Bible is a lamp to the soul, a light to a path. Where is the path going? It says—"Everywhere—everywhere." To the grave? No, everywhere. To the grave? No, to look in it. And, into a grave to walk in it; and out of a grave to go past it; and on the rest of the road to eternity. I love that. I love to know that the walking shall be good, by the grace of God, and by the Book of God; and that I shall walk up over the land and come to the sea and shall remember how Christ walked on the water, and I shall see his path and walk after him, and the walking shall be good. And then I remember he walked on the land and he walked on the sea and he climbed on the mountains, and the climbing was sweet; and then one morning he got eager for his Father's house, and he walked across lots up through the sky; and I shall see his path and walk thither and find him in his Father's house—thank God! What is that? That is the Bible, the sort of book that calms you through desert regions, stormy water, calmitous disasters—all shortness of breath, all reaching of hands, all calling voices, and all fair haven, where in everlasting rest the anchor drops and the sails go out no more with the ship forever. It is the Everlasting Book of the Everlasting Soul!

Now I am grown up. I am a year younger than Darwin's "Origin of Species." I was issued a year after that book, and I have lived through the domineering influence of physical necessity and environment and heredity, and I thank God to-night I have lived through them up into the freedom of the soul. But I always knew it in the Word of God—I always felt the thrill of it in the Word of God. I knew just as well as I knew anything then and know it now; not better, but as certainly, that God had he not meant it would not have said—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man will open the door I will come in." I knew God would not fool me and knock at my door if I could not open it to him. Nothing like sense in the family. What was that? That was the freedom of the soul.

I had a friend who used to belong to my church, and lived through my preaching; and when a man does that we preachers love him. That is a great triumph for a minister. I had a member that did so and I used to love him—love him—love him—love him! I didn't dare to tell him how much I loved him because he was married, and his

wife might get irritated, because a man's wife wants a monopoly of all the loving he gets. And then when he had gone away under another preacher he used to come a thousand miles Sunday to see his minister. And I used to say—"What made you come so far?" And he would say, "Every sermon you preach I think I must hear—because you will be going away some time." Then one time he was himself journeying, and came to a town, and was so sick that they put him in a friend's house he loved. And all the time, as he would stumble out of his stupor, he would say, "Is this the station where I get off—is this the station where I get off?" And they sent for his wife, and she came and he would look at her face and not know her, and only say, dimly, "I must get off now, for this is the station, I reckon, where I get out." And they sent for his son. And when the son arrived he asked the same question, and the boy said to him, "Daddy, this is not the station where you get off"; and he looked up and said again, "Is not this the station where I get off?" And then one night when he said, "Is this the station where I get off?" Christ said, "Yes, this is your station," and he got off at the station of death; and when he looked up to see the name of the place the name of the station was Everlasting Life.

Oh, Bible, stay by me and make it light!

There were a man and woman I knew, once, and all night long she was waiting at her daughter's bedside, and the father of the girl and the husband of the woman was hurrying by the fastest train that ran to get to them; but it came so slowly and the night was so long and the girl was getting ready to go out into the country where the evening has no recurrence and only deathless morning shines, with dew upon the flowers and mercy in the wind; and the mother held her hand and said, "Don't go yet, daughter; don't go yet, daughter; don't go yet, daughter—Daddy will be here in the morning." And the poor tired voice of the poor tired girl who had been slowly dying for thirteen years, and now was dying swiftly, was heard to say, "Oh, I am trying to stay until Daddy comes, but I have not the strength." And then the mother took her hand and said, "You must stay until morning." And then the father came in the morning and the girl had not been able to stay. And the woman lay with her face over the two dead hands of the sweet, dead girl, and the man who loved the mother and the girl most in the world found an envelope torn, and in it was a letter he had written to the wife he loved; and scrawled on the back of the envelope—by the hand of the woman who all night

long had been attending the dying daughter, saying, "Don't go, don't go" (and that dying daughter, the dim voice of the girl saying, "I am trying, but I cannot wait long")—on the envelope was written in the poor, staggering, straggling hand, as if written by a wounded wing of a dying bird—"He giveth power to the faint and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

Oh, no, we have to have the Bible yet. So long as people have to live, so long as people have to have strength, so long as people have to die, we have to have the Bible. Oh, blessed Book! I lift my love note to thee. If any deny, still thou art the language of God. And the wayfaring man though he were blind and dumb and deaf can hear thy voice, can see thy shining way and have a lamp to light him into everlasting light (applause).

A DIVINE INSTITUTION[1]

THE founder, upbuilder and owner of the Sanitarium at Clifton Springs, N. Y., was Dr. Henry Foster, a man of rugged strength of character, mystical piety, sound common sense, business sagacity, rare medical insight, and knowledge of human nature and practical wisdom.

Near the end of his long life, Dr. Foster, instead of retaining for his family or friends the famous institution which was the result of his prayers, his wisdom and his fifty years of toil, gave the entire property away. To whom did he give it? He committed it to the care and control of a Board of Trustees, but they do not own it. They only hold it in trust. Who then, are the owners? By Dr. Foster's decree, a majority of the trustees must always be made up of prominent official representatives of five of the principal religious denominations. Of the thirteen trustees, eight are on the Board automatically by virtue of the positions they hold in their several denominations. By Dr. Foster's order they are as follows: the senior secretaries of the Foreign Missionary Boards in the Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian and Reformed (Dutch) Churches, together with the Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Western New York, and a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, selected by the Board of Bishops of that communion. These eight men are on the

[1] This is in no sense a business advertisement. The institution is a non-commercial enterprise. When the owners of such an institution are unaware of their ownership and unacquainted with their property, it is a favor to them to apprise them. And it may be a duty to mankind to make it known as one of the works of God. The Editor of the METHODIST REVIEW has never been connected with the institution in any way, but has known it intimately for twenty years.

Board of Trustees, not as individuals, nor in any personal capacity, but solely as officials of their respective churches. Through this majority of eight out of thirteen trustees, Clifton Springs Sanitarium is under the control of official representatives of the religious bodies named. The other five trustees are elected by the Board of Trustees of the Sanitarium, and include two eminent physicians in Buffalo and Pittsburgh, one honored Judge and one business man. The Board of Trustees, thus constituted, holds the property, elects the medical superintendent, the business manager, the chaplain and other officers of the Sanitarium, and directs the policy of the institution in accordance with the will of the founder, as expressed in the Deed of Trust.

But who are the real owners of the Sanitarium? We answer, the six bodies, whose official representatives constitute the controlling majority of its trustees, are the owners. *No other owners exist anywhere.* Proof positive of Dr. Foster's intention that it shall belong to them fully and forever, for the benefit of mankind, is found in the Deed of Trust by which he gave away his property. That document orders that if the Sanitarium, in its management, shall ever be prostituted to private and selfish interests, or shall be diverted from the spirit and purpose and directions of its founder, the trustees shall close the institution, sell the property, and divide the amount received therefor equally between the several missionary societies represented by the Board of Trustees, to be used by said societies respectively for foreign missions. Thus, these six religious bodies, through their representatives, control the institution so long as it exists, and if it shall ever be discontinued, the value of the property will be distributed to them.

Clifton Springs Sanitarium, by its long and extraordinary history, its wide benefactions, its large and distinguished clientele, is known to multitudes in many lands; but the many millions of Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians and Reformed Dutch Church members are not aware that this noble institution belongs to them. Those six great bodies are proprietors, unaware of their ownership and unacquainted with their property.

This ownership involves the owners in no financial responsibility. The institution is more than self-supporting and is not a beggar, but a benefactor. The sound and careful business management, which alone could have built up such an institution and maintained it for over half a century, adjusts rates and prices for board and treatment

to the cost of things in a way to maintain financial credit and insure solvency.

Being the property of six religious bodies, the Sanitarium is eminently Christian, but perfectly unsectarian. No denominational predominance or preference is visible anywhere in the institution; not in the personnel of the business management or medical staff or employees, nor in the chapel services, nor among the patrons, guests and patients. Of eight ex-officio trustees, one is Baptist, one Congregational, two Episcopalian, two Methodist, one Presbyterian, one Reformed (Dutch). Of five elected trustees, there is at present one each from the Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian, Congregational, and Baptist Churches.

As owners naturally desire some account of their property, a brief description is here furnished: An attractive, fully equipped, up-to-date Sanitarium, with property valued at $750,000, including the large, modern fire-proof six-story main building, a commodious and comfortable annex, three cottages, electric light plant, three beautiful parks, a dairy farm of three hundred and fifty acres, furnishing meats, poultry, fresh eggs, milk, and vegetables, for the Sanitarium table; complete equipment for scientific diagnosis and for hydropathic, hot air, electrical, and ex-ray treatments; all kinds of baths, including the Nauheim; twelve physicians, one a woman, with Dr. Malcolm S. Woodbury as the wise and capable head of the medical staff and general superintendent of the institution; a fully equipped surgery, with the eminent Dr. Martin B. Tinker of Cornell University as chief surgeon, and two assistant surgeons; a receiving matron; seventy nurses; expert masseurs, masseuses and bath attendants; writing and reading room with sixty periodicals, and a library of three thousand volumes; a very beautiful chapel for religious services, lectures, concerts, and various entertainments; two dining rooms; attractive parlors; gymnasium, bowling alley and amusement rooms; a sun-parlor on the roof; tennis court and golf links on the Sanitarium grounds; the Sanitarium well located in the lovely village of Clifton Springs, conveniently accessible by the Lehigh and the New York Central roads.

The most unusual distinction of this unique institution is that it occupies a superior moral eminence and has a dignity all its own by reason of the fact that in this keenly commercial age, it is an entirely non-commercial "proposition." Its founder, Dr. Foster, in the Deed of Trust by which he turned it over to five great Denomina-

tions, forbade that it shall ever be controlled by selfish interests or lowered from its high and beneficent purpose and made to serve private ends. All the receipts of the Sanitarium, beyond current expenses, cost of maintenance and necessary betterments, go to philanthropy, in concessions for the benefit of three professional classes, missionaries, ministers, and teachers.

We are not losing sight of the fact that the first question sick people and their friends ask concerning a *Sanitarium* is its *medical* standing, its record for curing diseases, the completeness of its equipment for treatment, the trained ability of its physicians and surgeons, the modern scientific up-to-dateness of its methods. To this question the facts answer that a multitude of people in various parts of the world testify to the eminent success of Clifton Springs Sanitarium in curing its patients. In this matter of prime importance it has a record which ranks it with the best of other Sanitariums, no one of which has completer equipment. It has a high reputation for thorough and accurate diagnosis of obscure and complicated conditions.

Two things deserve emphasis: first, the sanity of this Sanitarium. It is free from fads and hobbies of every sort, medical, dietetic, or religious. It has no cranks upon its staff. Its methods of medical practice are such as are approved by the medical profession as being sane, scientific, and judicious. It relies little upon medication by drugs, and most upon corrective and upbuilding treatment, for the restoration of healthy functions. A special diet, suited to the particular case, is prescribed and furnished whenever indicated by the patient's condition: otherwise a normal and relishable table with a wholesome variety of pure and deliciously prepared food is provided.

The second emphasis is on the cheerful and genial atmosphere of the institution, sickness being kept in the background as far as possible, and the friendly social life suggesting a home rather than a hospital; immensely therapeutic to mind and body, especially to those who are nervously exhausted and depressed.

In addition to adequate resources for curing acute and organic diseases, the Clifton Springs Sanitarium is a refuge and haven of rest for tired brain-workers, over-taxed professional men and women, for business men broken by the merciless severity of commercial stress and strife, for convalescents from hard hospital experiences or wasting illnesses, and for all kinds of sufferers from overstrained nerves and exhaustion of vital energies. A great host of these have found rest and comfort and restoration in its soothing and healing ministries.

This article, unsolicited by the institution, is by one fully informed but never connected with the institution and without any personal stake in it; and is prompted solely by the conviction that the members of the six religious bodies to whom the great property belongs should be apprised of their proprietorship. Being apprised, they may possibly care to go and inspect their newly discovered property and ascertain its value. We take the risk of promising that a visit and a fair trial of its advantages, following the reading of this exposition of its character, will convince them that the institution of which they are part-owners is not less than divine in its inception, its intention, its atmosphere, and its long and illustrious service to mankind. It is eminently worthy to be the recipient of gifts from persons of means for the endowment of rooms or for additional buildings to enlarge its usefulness and beneficence. Because it is in very truth a divine institution—sane, scientific, and competent—we count it a Christian duty to spread abroad a knowledge of the truth concerning it.

THE ARENA

[The following letter, recently received by the editor of this REVIEW, is one of many similar. Its publication here will not displease our readers.]

DEAR BROTHER: I joined the Annual Conference on entering De Pauw. I was informed that as a probationer I was supposed to subscribe for the REVIEW. It was a delight to me from the very first number, for I discovered I was not in strange company, as Bishop E. H. Hughes, then president of the university, contributed an article on "The Bible and Education." In the next number the first article was by Dr. Post, subject, "The Small College," and in the same copy my presiding elder, Dr. E. A. Schell, wrote on "The Double" (Isa. 40. 2). The magazine grew on me as I went through school and the Conference course, so that when I was no longer required to take it I continued through sheer love. Since then there have come into my hands back numbers running into the '70s, and I can truthfully say the REVIEW was never better than it is to-day.

I have taken the Homiletic Review, Barton's The Expositor, The Twentieth Century Pastor, besides a little acquaintance with other such magazines, and can assure you that for real homiletic helpfulness nothing equals the REVIEW. Never a number comes without suggestions for some sermons, and there are illustrations in plenty for the spice of sermons. The splendid thing about the REVIEW is that it does not label all this

under "Outlines for Sermons," "Illustrations," etc., but each fellow has the fun of finding these things for himself. I do hope, Dr. Kelley, the dear old magazine will never descend to handing out ready-made sermon material which will save preachers real work in hunting for gems worth using. I have preached three baccalaureate sermons to the high school graduating class on my present charge and two of them were largely taken from material from the REVIEW. For instance, one year I spoke from John 8. 32 and received many helpful suggestions from Dr. Mains's "The Invincibility of Truth" (January-February, 1907), and Dr. Brown's "Absolute Truthfulness" (January-February, 1913). This year I studied Chrisman's "The White Water Lily" (May-June, 1915), Peck's "Along the Beach" (September-October, 1914), Quayle's "Did You get Anything?" (September, 1915), Peck's "Beginner's Luck" (January, 1916), Plantz's "Our Need of the Productive Scholar," and Humphrey's "The Joy of the Amateur" (October, 1913), and from these sources I had an abundance of help. I might go on and speak of numerous sermons that were born of a seed picked up in the REVIEW. The book reviews are the best I have ever seen and they bristle with sermon suggestions. To-morrow night I shall preach on "Apostate Saul," the beginning of which came from reading the book review in the current number of Hastings's "Greater Men of the Bible."

But it is not for homiletic material alone that I read the REVIEW, for really this is only a by-product. Not many of us preachers can buy a great number of new books in the year, but we do want to keep in touch with the latest in biblical, philosophical, and literary criticism, and here we have it in concise form bi-monthly. Take for instance in this current number Dr. Faulkner in his comparison of Ritschl and Wesley, Neeld's "Rabindranath Tagore"; what better treatment could we ask than these articles? In Luccock's "The Advertising Man Talks" we preachers have a store of lessons to think over and practice.

The REVIEW is so superior and fresh that I wonder why any of our preachers fail to see its value and to continue as subscribers after their Conference course days are over. Maybe some of them are like one of our young preachers who recently borrowed a whole volume a few days before Conference to read to meet the requirements. I expect to continue a subscriber as long as the present high grade is maintained.

North Indiana. A WORKING PASTOR.

LIBERALITIS

A YOUNG preacher had been appointed to an important suburban church. His first sermon was lacking in some minor essentials, from the view point of some of his specializing auditors. He was awake to the situation, feeling keenly the critical atmosphere. Before he pronounced the benediction he said: "I am here to serve. I desire to do it in the most effective way. I shall be in my study on Tuesday, and will be glad

to converse with any who may have suggestions to make as to how I may best perform my duties as preacher and pastor."

The first man to call was a Mr. A, prominent in the business and fraternal order circles of his city. After the formal greetings he said: "I am a very busy man, but I wish to take a few minutes to offer a suggestion, since you have invited it. My suggestion is this: If you expect to succeed in this city you will need to be liberal in your views. There are a great many very fine men in this city who may not agree with the revival program that you gave us Sunday morning. Some of them I know will take a glass of wine now and then, but they are good fellows, very charitable, and you should be broad-minded enough to throw over them 'the mantle of charity.' They will stand by you if they find you to be liberal in your views. Think it over. Good morning!"

The next to call was Professor B. "I am glad," said he, "of this opportunity to offer a suggestion to one much younger than myself. I know this church and its needs, and wish to say that this is not an age of theologies, but of psychologies. Doctrinal sermons are out of date. To announce a series is to predispose the people to stay away. I am interested in your revival program, but after many years of thought I am convinced that if people are to be converted it must be at 'the psychological moment.' Our publishers are putting out a stream of books on psychology. Our public school libraries are heavy with books on child psychology. Our Sunday school periodicals and teacher-training courses are full of psychology. If you are to succeed in this age you must understand the laws that govern the mind. I shall be glad to do anything that I can for you. Remember that the modern preacher must be liberal in his views; that the mind is the broadest thing in the universe and that psychology is the science of the mind."

The next to call was a social settlement worker. He began very abruptly: "I liked the spirit of your discourse Sunday morning and I have no objection to your revival program, but it won't work in this city. Here is a program that will." Then he put in the preacher's hands the results of the survey that had been made of the entire city, locating every saloon and place of evil to be removed, every place of business to be encouraged, etc. Then he gave to him plans for a new parish hall, with bowling alleys, pool tables, basketball court, shower baths, Boy Scout room, room for Camp Fire girls, and full gymnasium. "Here is a workable plan. Work it and you will accomplish the results that you desire. A good many preachers are too narrow in their views of the work of the church. We need men of liberal minds who can see the value of the program I have suggested. This is my suggestion. Good morning!"

As the social service worker passed out the young preacher dropped into his study chair and said to himself, "Whatever happens, the members of this church do not want a 'narrow' preacher. I resent that characterization of my Sunday morning sermon, but perhaps my point of emphasis does need to be changed in this city. At least I have received this morning plenty of food for thought." As he was thus meditating the door bell rang again and Dr. R was ushered into the study. In

the most hearty and cordial manner he addressed the young and somewhat perplexed minister.

"I presume I am not the only one who has called to give you good advice."

"Well, no. Three have been here, all urging me to be liberal. The first was Mr. A, the prominent business and lodge man, the second was Professor B, the psychologist, and the third was our social service worker, with his elaborate program."

"I am not at all surprised," said Dr. R. "These are all good men, but they are specialists, and naturally see things from one point of view. I was very much interested in your morning sermon, and in view of what you have just said wish to add another suggestion. The text that you chose, 'Ye must be born again,' gives the fundamental and vital principle for your ministry. The protest of Mr. A is not so much to your sermon as to your text. He is the head of a certain order that recently buried one of our prominent citizens. Although this man was living a double life, and no one knew it better than Mr. A, yet he urged that he be covered with 'the mantle of charity' while he consigned his soul to immortal bliss. Your text and sermon put the lie to what he had said but a week previously, and naturally he resented it.

"As to Professor B the case is different. He is active in the devotional life and will stand by you in your revival work. The difficulty with him is that he has prepared so many charts and has classified so long the faculties of the mind that all must work for him according to fixed laws. But the deeper psychologists, such as Professor James, admit the 'law of the sudden leap,' and the fact that life is a much profounder thing than any expression of it. Miracles, conversion, and the unclassified and unclassifiable effects of prayer are duly recognized. Professor Sweet points in the right direction when he says, 'Back of the mind is the race and the history which made it. Back of the discovery of truth is the search for truth. Back of the search for truth is the longing for truth. Back of conscious longing for truth are the depths of personality reaching down to the secret springs from which our elementary and irresistible impulses flow. This leads us through personality back to God, the Creator of the mind and the Giver of life, and it was God who said, 'Ye must be born again.' I think you are on the right track, even from the standpoint of psychology.

"When it comes to social service, I think that we are all agreed that the church has been long remiss. Social service opens one of the avenues for the larger expression of the Christian spirit. There is, however, in some quarters a radical tendency to make of sociology a whole religion and to worship at the social service shrine. We have advanced far enough to see that not all has been accomplished that was once expected by social service programs. Not all Young Men's Christian Associations have kept the study of the Scriptures and the devotional activity on a par with the 'gym' and the 'pool.' We do not criticize these. 'This ye ought to have done and not to have left the other undone.' Community centers are splendid things, but only as a means to an end, and

that end is the Christian life. When the end is lost in the means a new form of idolatry arises.

"The trouble with this city is that it is infected with a mental disease called liberalitis. It is very contagious, but I trust you are immune. The cure will be found in a close study and daily practice of the Scriptures. When Jesus said to Nicodemus, 'Ye must be born again,' he made the Christian life begin, not in a theology, nor a psychology, nor yet in a sociology, but in a life. He again teaches this truth in the parable of the seed: 'So is the kingdom of God as if a man should cast seed upon the earth and the seed should spring up and grow.' When Paul speaks of the church as the body of which Christ is the head, of which we are members 'fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth,' he is speaking in terms of biology. This gives us the conception of an organism as the fundamental characteristic of the church rather than an organization. The true church is planted, not just organized. Organization has its important place as a means through which life is to express itself. In no sense is it a substitute for regeneration.

"Christianity, then, is a biology; it is a life. Robert E. Speer has well said: 'We shall make a great mistake, and the world will miss the very power which it is needing, if we go into bondage to social forces or to an impersonal order and miss the truth of the incarnation. . . . Christ came as a new person and the gospel is nothing but his offer of an ever-recurrent incarnation, of a ceaseless giving of God in new personality. The need of our new age is simply this: New life from the new man mediated into society through new men.' Christianity, then, as a life, formally stated gives us a correct theology; the faculties of the ego or deeper self related and explained in terms of life give us a correct psychology; and life set in helpful operation for the transforming and uplifting of society gives us our program for social service. The broad-minded man, therefore, is not the man who winks at sin and includes all kinds of conduct among the things allowed, nor the man who explains everything by his theology or his psychology, nor yet the man who does everything by social service, but the man who, born again, knows God and has a theology that grows out of that experience; who knows man not only by a study of the works on psychology, and by personal contact with life, but also by that deeper intuition by which a new-born man recognizes the deeper religious intuitions of the soul. He is the man who goes forth to regenerate and transform and organize society into the Kingdom of God."

As the young preacher came back to his study, after bidding his biological friend good morning, he said to himself, "Who ever dreamed that so much could be found in a single text!"

C. E. Scudder.

Englewood, N. J.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE DISCIPLINED LIFE

2 Tim. 3. 16

THE Greek is a language rich in synonyms, each having its distinct shade of meaning, although often used interchangeably when there is no danger of the misapprehension of its meaning.

A reference to the Greek of 2 Tim. 3. 16 will show the Apostle Paul's care in the selection of his words. The Revised Version renders it: "Every scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness." The marginal reading should be noted here. Instead of "Every scripture inspired of God is also profitable," the margin reads: "Every scripture is inspired of God, and profitable." Again for "instruction" the margin reads "discipline which is in righteousness." The English Lexicon (Webster) gives as synonyms of discipline "correction, chastisement, punishment inflicted by way of correction and training." The writer would employ the word discipline as that kind of training which provides proper instruction, develops character, and molds the life.

It stands for all those influences by means of which a human life advances from its lower to its higher stages, from its actual to its ideal, from the immature to the mature, from babes in Christ to the full-grown disciples. It is the training of man toward the perfected life to which Christianity points the way and provides the means of attainment.

No form of life can reach its best without discipline. The tree must not only be planted on the appropriate soil, it must be directed and pruned from time to time. The dead branches must be taken off, the crooked and undeveloped parts must be removed, space must be provided for its larger growth, the soil must be fertilized afresh. In other words, the tree must submit to discipline. It is so with the life of man. It needs the home with its mellowing and sacred influences, the church with its means of grace, the Word of God which reveals the Christ, the school with its social nurture and intellectual processes adapted to each developing period. It must have "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

The topic, "The Disciplined Life," was suggested to the writer by Bishop Wescott in one of the many suggestive and instructive books which proceeded from his fertile pen, Words of Faith and Hope. He says: "We live commonly (so it seems) at random, without plan, without discipline. We trust to an uncultivated notion of duty for an improvised solution of unforeseen difficulties. We yield to circumstances without the ennobling consciousness of self-sacrifice or the invigorating exercise of will. We fail to test our powers betimes, by voluntary coercion or effort, that so we may be supreme masters of ourselves when the hour of struggle comes. It is as though while pilgrims and strangers we cared to learn nothing of the region which we must traverse, as though while soldiers of Christ we awaited blindly the attack of an unknown enemy; as though while

'fellow workers with God' we were content to use no training for the fulfillment of our part in his designs."

There is probably no sphere of human activity in which the disciplined life is more important than in that of the Christian ministry. The duties of the minister of Christ are so varied, requiring so many qualities of mind and heart, that a life that is untrained cannot achieve the highest results.

There is, first, the disciplining of the heart. It is needless for our present purpose to enter into minute psychological distinctions concerning heart, mind, spirit, but we assume its general meaning, of the affectional or sympathetic nature, which is so necessary in order to meet the full requirements of a Christian pastor. The heart finds its best discipline in communion with God. It is not easy to enter into the heavenly fellowship. It is true that God is ever near us. He is on our right hand and our left, he is in our chamber at night and in our office or place of study in the period of daily activity. We cannot escape from him if we would, nor would the Christian ever be satisfied if he was not conscious of God's presence and fellowship.

But to enter into the fellowship of the heart with God we need also the constant discipline which comes from self-sacrifice. We must be in close communion with the "Father of mercies and the God of all consolation." We do not always keep in mind the tenderness of God toward those that are in trouble and who have wandered from the right way. His constant appeal is "Return, ye backsliding children"; "As a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." The disciplined heart has entered into the fellowship of the All Merciful and thus is able to enter into all human fellowships.

There is next the intellectual discipline. We study to acquire knowledge, but the true object of study lies deeper than that. The disciplined mind is the door by which we enter the palace of knowledge. The mind does not hold its own unless it constantly submits to discipline. The undisciplined garden, in which all the various seeds are sown without plan as to the order of the crops or the fertility of the soil, becomes a waste of desolation in which nothing worth while can flourish. So an intellectual life crammed with all sorts of subjects without plan becomes a medley of confused thought, without vitality and without value.

Discipline of our mental powers requires their exercise upon lofty subjects which demand the use of all the faculties in harmonious proportions. The danger of many is the selection of easy subjects, subjects which require little attention for their mastery, rather than those which require time for their full comprehension.

Intellectual discipline is also secured by concentrating the mind upon some book or some special department of thought. There are some books that no minister should omit, not only for their teachings but also for their intellectual discipline. Such a book is Butler's Analogy, an edition of which was prepared in the last years of his life by the Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, the distinguished scholar and statesman. It is an old book, but it is as fresh and stimulating as when it was issued.

A disciplined life includes moral discipline. There is a sense in which moral conceptions are intuitive. A study of the history of mankind shows that some conception of right and wrong is innate in human nature. There are virtues that are commended and wrongs which are condemned by the conscience anterior to our Christian conceptions.

Christianity has accepted all the good that has been promulgated in all races and civilizations and has given it vitality. It has clothed it in flesh and blood and made it effective in the upbuilding of humanity. In his letter to the Romans Paul declares that even in their heathen state the revelation of God's power and Godhead made them "without excuse."

Notwithstanding this revelation in the conscience and in divine revelations men need moral discipline. Contact with the world blinds the moral sense, the evil tendencies of our nature weaken the moral nature, the flesh and the spirit are so contrary to one another that we cannot do the things which we would. At this point man's helplessness to save himself leads to the humiliating confession, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin" (Rom. 7. 24, 25).

Hence the need of constant self-discipline. The minister must watch the first inroads of low motives and unworthy deeds. He will do well to take note of the temptations to which he is exposed. The minister's temptations are those that belong to humanity as such, but he has temptations peculiar to his office. He must exercise his will power, conquering by divine grace. If his temptation is to earthly ambitions, such as high position and general self-advancement, not taking into account God's will concerning him, he must resist. In other words, he must submit to God's discipline.

The disciplined life can be secured only by the submission of the human to the divine will. In this, as in all other aspects of the minister's work, Christ is the perfect example. Christ said, "I seek not mine own will, but the will of him that sent me" (John 5. 30). It is thus that we are to become acquainted with the true gospel teaching. "If any man will do my will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." More clearly rendered, if any man will to do my will he shall know of the doctrine.

This perfect submission is not easy. It is often a long, weary road before one reaches it. He may fall in many pits, where he seems to have lost his road, but if he looks right ahead he will see clearly, and will hear the voice which says, "This is the way; walk ye in it."

No age in the world's history has made such demand for disciplined lives in the ministry as the age in which we live. The sages of the world are uncertain of the way in which humanity is to come to its own. There is no voice which men recognize as the voice of God. The teachers who are to lead the people require the highest discipline. Without high motives, study, and discipline no life can meet the sublime opportunities which the world offers to the gospel ministry to-day.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE LANGUAGE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

"The New Testament is the most important monument of the East that we possess: those who study it have therefore a claim upon the East." These are the concluding words of Professor Adolph Deissmann's preface to his work, Light From the Ancient East, published some time ago and later translated from the German into English by Lionel R. M. Strachan, M.A. Without this book, from which so many *data* are taken, this article could not have been written.

The main thesis of Professor Deissmann's volume is to prove that a correct understanding of the New Testament is impossible unless we recognize at the start that the apostles and early missionaries had to do chiefly with the non-literary, lower and middle classes of the Mediterranean world. The New Testament, though for all time and for all people, is essentially an eastern book. The thought, though fast becoming the property of all men, was cast in a Semitic mold, and the language, though colored with Aramaic idioms, is, nevertheless what has been termed the popular, non-literary, cosmopolitan Greek of the imperial period, and "is morphologically identical with the Hellenistic language."

The study of the Talmuds and Mishna as well as Greek and Latin literatures will, no doubt, help to a right conception of early Christianity, and no Bible critic can afford to neglect the aid afforded by any of these. We believe with Dr. Deissmann that valuable as these are, the non-literary records from the days of Alexander to the reign of Diocletian are of much greater value. Indeed, it is of the greatest importance that critical students of the New Testament should be familiar with the non-literary records of the period when Jesus and the apostles lived, for these ancient documents on papyri and ostraca reproduce the exact thought and very words of the very people with whom the early missionaries came in most direct contact. They are true, unerring witnesses of the life, customs, mode of thought, desires, as well as the exact words of the uncultured classes to whom the new religion appealed with special force at the outset.

Our Saviour was a plain man, the son of a carpenter, and the apostles, with the possible exception of John and Paul, had but little in common with the higher, cultured classes. Their little world was below the level of the literary men of their age. Their message, as a rule, appealed not to the man "higher up," but took hold immediately of the peasants, the artisans, and the fishermen all along the Mediterranean coast. These toiling masses, though ignorant of the great literary treasures of their age, could, nevertheless, understand and speak cosmopolitan Greek, and welcomed the new preachers of a new gospel. Though the great literary men of the apostolic age have little or nothing to say about the common people, we are not left without more reliable testimony of their state and condition. Though these humbler ones could not inscribe their names

on marble and brass, they made abundant use of papyri and ostraca, that is, broken pieces of potsherd, which having served their purpose were dumped into the dirt-heaps of small Egyptian villages. It is these, after centuries of silence, which reveal to us the condition as well as the language of the poor in the days of Primitive Christianity. Some years ago the Berlin Academy of Science published in three large volumes a kind of "Who was Who" in Imperial Rome from the time of Augustus to Diocletian. It contained the names of 8,644 men and women known from literature and the inscriptions and deemed worthy of a place in this great *Prosopographia*. The names of John the Baptist, Jesus Christ, Paul, and Luke, to say nothing of scores of others mentioned in the New Testament, were conspicuous by their absence. Time, the great avenger of the neglected, has changed all this, for of the 8,644 noticed in this great biographical work no four names are as well known to-day as John, Jesus, Paul, and Luke.

It is fortunate that a scholar of the ability of Professor Deissmann has devoted so much time to the study of papyri and ostraca, these venerable witnesses dug out of ash-piles in the Nile Valley; for by so doing he has made the study of the New Testament the easier. He has dispelled many a learned theory and has pointed out many parallelisms and points of agreement between the language of these vulgar texts and that of the New Testament. He has done his work in a broad-minded way, without ever being dogmatic.

Here let us emphasize the great service of archæology, not simply of the nineteenth and preceding centuries. The great monuments in classic lands on stone, metal, etc., have been most carefully studied by men like Boeck, Mommsen, and other eminent scholars of the past century. The immense collections in our museums have been of incalculable service to the student of history and civilization. But as far as New Testament study is concerned, the work done during the past forty years by scholars of various nations in the ruins of Anatolia, that is, Asia Minor, Egypt, Greece, and the islands of the Mediterranean, etc., has been of far greater value. The revelations have been such as to necessitate the rewriting of grammars and lexicons. And, best of all, it has presented us with a clearer view of the Gospels and Epistles.

By far the greater part of these revelations were on papyri and ostraca, the poor man's material for recording his business and thoughts. Papyrus, as durable as the pyramids, has been employed for millenniums: never more so perhaps than in the days of Saint Paul. It is very probable that some of his epistles were on papyrus. Papyri, though brought into the museums of Europe nearly 200 years ago, were regarded, at first, as nothing more than objects of curiosity, and little or no practical use was made of their contents. There has been a great change in the last half century. Numberless papyri, in more or less perfect condition, have been discovered and deciphered during this period. The services of Grenfell and Hunt in this branch of study are known to all students of archæology.

Now, what makes these papyri recently discovered at Oxyrhyncus and elsewhere of such value is that they are what Dr. Deissmann has called non-

literary, coming from the lower strata of society. They consist of business and legal documents, wills, deeds, bills of divorce, magic formulas, children's school exercises, letters of friendship, etc. There were, too, a few purely literary as well as a number of excerpts from the Greek classics and a few quotations from the Bible. They cover a period of 1,000 years—from about 300 B. C. to 700 A. D. Though there are papyri in the Hieratic, Demotic, Hebrew, Aramaic, Coptic, Arabic, Latin, etc., the bulk of them are in the colloquial, cosmopolitan Greek. These old documents give us a very correct picture of every-day life of the common people, especially those dating from the days of the Primitive Christian Church. Many of them are dated exactly—to the year, month, and even day of the month—just as a letter or contract of to-day. "Paradoxical as it will seem to many," says Deissmann, "let me say that the non-literary papyri are of greater value to the historical inquirer than are the literary." Though but few of them are of Christian origin, they are yet valuable as side-lights, since they often aid greatly in determining the meaning of many words and expressions employed in the New Testament.

The Coptic papyri have been of great help in the study of Gnosticism and other heresies.

But the discovery and decipherment of ostraca have been, if possible, of still greater help to students of the New Testament. These inscribed pieces of broken pottery, apparently useless, and consequently neglected as trash for centuries, have proven quite helpful to the philologist and historian. The scientific study of ostraca is comparatively modern. Two of its chief promoters are Professor Wilcken of Germany and Dr. Crum of the Egyptian Exploration Fund. The ostraca, like the papyri, are written in many languages—mostly, however, in Greek—and for the greater part are non-literary. Few of them have quotations from the Greek authors, the Old and the New Testaments. One ostracon is inscribed with the Lord's Prayer.

These recently discovered papyri and ostraca have shown conclusively that there is no justification for the old belief that the New Testament was written in a language peculiarly its own. On the other hand, the language is precisely the same as that spoken and written by the common people of the Mediterranean basin in the imperial age. It was the non-literary Greek, not the Greek of Plato and Demosthenes, but rather that of the working man, the traveler, and business life of the period.

Christ, no doubt, spoke Aramaic, and possibly Greek. The same will be true of the apostles. The New Testament—Matthew's Gospel excepted—was written in colloquial Greek or the language understood by the common people all along the Mediterranean coast. As Christianity was to be a world religion, it was necessary that the most cosmopolitan language of the age should be used in promulgating the new religion.

It has been aptly said that the New Testament is the best monument of late colloquial Greek. This greatest of all books makes no effort after elegance of diction or even conformity to grammar and the canons of literature. This non-literary style, this colloquial Greek, the language of the shops and market-places, of the peasant and fisherman, must have

been the best adapted for the preaching of the gospel in the various great centers.

The learned expositors of the New Testament of the last century, misled by the grammarians and lexicographers, were fond of labeling a very large number of words as "biblical" or "peculiar to the New Testament and Apocrypha." There were at one time no fewer than 500 to 600 such words. Of these more than one hundred have been found in late classical Greek, and a still greater number on the papyri and ostraca of recent finds. So to-day, instead of five hundred or more "biblical or New Testament words" the number has been reduced to fifty or less. No doubt further investigation will reduce the number still more.

Deissmann gives a long list of such words and expressions, and by so doing successfully refutes the old theory, and shows that Christianity coined but few new terms. But as it did put new life into old religious formulas, so also it did put new meaning into some words. The new religion was for all mankind, beginning at Jerusalem, but branching out from this great center in every direction; the spoken word first, and that in Aramaic, without a single line in writing. Once the narrow borders of Palestine crossed, the non-literary, cosmopolitan language, understood very generally, must be used. The apostles passed on their missionary journeys from one center to another, made converts everywhere as they went, but, not able to remain long anywhere, they were forced to write friendly letters to those left behind, and that in a language understood by both preacher and convert. Most of these letters, especially those of the greatest of the apostles, were private, intended for one person, or at most for a small group of persons—not for the public. It was not in the mind of Paul that any of them should ever become public, any more than the private letters written in our day. The letters of Paul, at first purely private, were raised to the dignity of literature afterward when the piety of the churches collected them by copying and so made them accessible to the whole of Christendom. Had Paul intended to write for posterity—and nothing was further from his mind—his style might have been different. Deissmann well says: "Paul, whose yearning and ardent hope expected the Lord, and with him the judgment and the world to come, . . . Paul, who reckoned the future of this world not by centuries and millenniums, but by years, had no presentiment of the providence that watched over the fate of his letters in the world's history."

As with the bulk of Paul's letters, so with second and third John; they are too purely personal in content and purpose, and written in the same non-literary style peculiar to the common people of that age. When, however, we come to the Epistles of James, Peter, and Jude, they are more general and, consequently, so much the more literary in style and scope. These are addressed not to one person, nor yet to one church, but to the multitudes scattered abroad. As the Jews of the Dispersion, no doubt, for the greater part, were more familiar with Greek than Aramaic, current in Palestine, these Epistles, too, are written in the colloquial Greek tongue.

Strangely enough, Paul, the most cosmopolitan of all the apostles, wrote private letters and did more personal work than any of the others.

Though he traveled more extensively than any other apostle, and knew more men, there is less of the general and more of the particular in all his letters. He did not remain long in Corinth, Ephesus, Thessalonica, Philippi, Rome, or any other large city, so he kept in touch with his beloved converts by means of correspondence.

Now, if we read the papyri and ostraca and other monuments of the apostolic period, and compare them with the New Testament, we see a remarkable correspondence in terms and expressions. This applies especially to the titles given the emperors, to Jesus Christ, and God. The very same appellations applied to the Father and our Saviour are found on the monuments as titles of the emperors and rulers, who, as is well known, were raised to the rank of the gods. If Dr. Deissmann be correct, our Saviour very adroitly set his seal of disapproval upon emperor worship in the familiar passage: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Be that as it may, it is a matter of history, that titles due no human being were freely given to the emperors.

The emperors are constantly addressed as "god" or "divine" on the monuments. Julius Cæsar, for example, is called "the god made manifest, the offspring of Ares and Aphrodite, and common saviour of life." An inscription of 17 B. C. discovered in Egypt speaks of Augustus as "god of god," and even the monster Nero is named "the good god." This, as any one may see, stands in striking contrast with the words of our Lord: "None is good save one, even God."

Take again the title "Son of God," a favorite expression of Paul's and a very common one on the Roman monuments. We find the following inscription to Augustus on a marble pillar at Pergamum: "The emperor Cæsar, son of a god, the god Augustus, of every land and sea the overseer." The term overseer is frequently applied to Jehovah in the apocryphal books. On a votive tablet to Nero at Magnesia occurs the following: "Son of the greatest of the gods, Tiberius Claudius."

The title divine is likewise given to the emperors in both early and late inscriptions. This continued long after the state had become Christian. We also find the word κύριος, translated Lord in our English versions, used in the same way. This is the equivalent of Jehovah of the Old Testament and is constantly applied to Jesus Christ, as in the phrase, our Lord Jesus Christ, and so too to heathen gods and kings. We read on one inscription, "Our Lord Serapis." Ptolemy XIII is addressed on a monument as "the lord king god," and on another he and his associates are called "the lords, the most great gods." On a tablet to Nero we read, "the lord of the whole world."

The apostles, of course, were familiar with the cult of emperors and rulers. No one can read 1 Cor. 8. 5, 6; Phil. 2. 9, 11, and other passages without becoming aware of at least a silent protest from the apostle against the blasphemous practice. Jude must have experienced something of the same resentment when he wrote: "Our *only* Master and *Lord* Jesus Christ." The early Christians, notably Polycarp, felt the wickedness of the custom of deifying the rulers, and suffered death rather than con-

form to the practice. And so did the Jews on more than one occasion. (See Josephus, Wars vii. x. 1.)

And lastly let us mention that the emperors were, likewise, addressed as "Saviour of the world." This what Deissmann calls Johannine expression was very frequently applied to Hadrian, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, and other emperors.

But what is still more striking is the fact that the word εὐαγγέλιον, gospel or good tidings, is not, as we had all been accustomed to believe, of Christian origin, but was used before the beginning of our era. Two inscriptions are quoted by Deissmann. One reads: "But the birthday of the god [Emperor Augustus] was for the world the beginning of *tidings of joy*." The other is in a note of congratulation to an officer, and reads: "Forasmuch as I have become aware of the *tidings of joy* concerning the proclaiming of Emperor Gaius Verus Maximus Augustus, the son of our Lord, most dear to the gods."

No one can read these ancient papyri and ostraca without being struck with the numberless parallels and points of agreement, not only in vocabulary but even in thought, between them and the books of the New Testament, especially the letters of Saint Paul, the great traveler.

"It was no blind chance," says Moulton, "that ordained the time of the Birth at Bethlehem. The ages had long been preparing for the royal visitation. The world was ready to understand those who came to speak in its own tongue the mighty works of God. So with the time came the message and God's heralds went forth to their work, 'Having an eternal gospel to proclaim unto them that dwell on the earth, and unto every nation and tribe and tongue and people.'"

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME RECENT BOOKS ON DOUBT AND FAITH

THERE is a type of apologetic that in recent years has fallen into general disrepute, both abroad and in this country. It is the apologetic that spends itself almost wholly upon the reasoned contradiction of specific doubts and has but little time and strength left for the systematic exposition of the nature and grounds of the Christian certainty. As compared with these occasionalistic and hence rather fugitive apologies of Christianity such fundamental treatises as Frank's System of Christian Certainty and other representative books from various quarters—for example, from Herrmann, Schultz, and Kaftan, from Sabatier and his colleagues in Paris, and from Gaston Frommel in Geneva—marked a very significant advance. Yet of course an apologetic must not be so broadly fundamental as to neglect to give an explicit answer to the current attacks upon the faith. The proof of Christianity is essentially timeless, as above time and for all time; and yet in every age the demonstration of the

grounds of the faith must be eminently timely. It is very interesting to note with what tact and skill some of the modern theologians, both conservative and liberal, weave into their fundamental or systematic apologetic the more pragmatic interest of answering the specific doubts of the time.

In recent years few problems have been so intensively studied as the problem of Christian certainty. The discussion of this theme does not address itself to "those who are without," but belongs to the inevitable task of the self-knowledge of Christianity. Before one can give an answer to the questions of the doubter one needs to have fairly examined the grounds of one's own assurance. The breadth and depth of recent discussions of the theme may be judged in such works as the third edition (1914) of Ihmels' "Die Christliche Wahrheitsgewissheit," Heim's "Das Gewissheitsproblem in der systematischen Theologie bis Schleiermacher," and Kähler's "Die Heilsgewissheit" (1912). Ihmels' book is an exceedingly thorough and able study, and is characterized by an eminent fairness in its historical and controversial parts. The first half of the book is historical, but it deals only with certain typical Protestant theories of Christian certainty: Luther, the dogmatics of the Lutheran orthodoxy, the period of pietism and supernaturalism, Frank, Herrmann, and the history-of-religion school. Heim's book is wider in its scope, but it closes with Schleiermacher. It is a critical history and is designed as a contribution to systematic theology. It is an exceptionally able book. Heim's own position, which is of no little significance, is reflected in his critical observation. Kähler's briefer discussion of the certainty of salvation—it constitutes a double number of the series "Biblische Zeit- und Streitfragen"—was the last complete writing of that eminent theologian, who was great alike as thinker and as Christian. It contains no significant thought that had not already appeared in the author's larger works, his Christian Doctrine and his book on Reconciliation; but it is a most welcome summary and recasting of that which constitutes the heart of his theology. His theme, it will be noted, is the certainty of *salvation*, while Ihmels' is the certainty of Christian *truth*. Heim's critical history includes both parts of the problem of certainty; and of course the two parts are universally regarded as being at bottom inseparable.

Ihmels has earnestly endeavored—in our opinion with good success—to overcome a certain subjectivism in the standpoint of his teacher Frank, who made the self-consciousness of the regenerated Christian the starting-point for his system of Christian certainty and for all his theology. With unmistakable definiteness Ihmels sets the objective revelation in the central place, as that which constitutes both ground and content of Christian experience; but he also shows that the revelation is and can only be certified to the individual by a subjective appropriation. Herein he is in full agreement with Kähler, whose writings it was that influenced him to his significant modification of the "Erlangen theology."

The influence of Albrecht Ritschl upon the development of apologetic theology was peculiarly one-sided. He utilized the Kantian philosophy in such a way as to carry quite beyond bounds the theory of the antithesis

between religious and all scientific and philosophical knowledge. The earlier Ritschlians were so impressed by the thought that faith is independent of "world knowledge" that they too readily inferred that theology too had no interest in the problems of world knowledge. "But" (as Wobbermin, a Ritschlian of the younger generation, has well observed), "what holds good for faith as faith does not necessarily hold good for theology as the scientific exposition of the faith. Even as applied to faith the assertion that faith has no points of contact with world knowledge is one-sided. It is quite true—and to have brought this truth in perfect clearness to the consciousness of Christian thinkers is the great merit of these theologians—that faith does not require such points of contact, that they are not an inevitable necessity to it, and that as faith it has the right—in given cases even the duty—to close its eyes to them. But even for faith itself points of contact with world knowledge can arise. For the God of the Christian faith is the Creator and Ruler of the world. And theology as science is not at liberty simply to ignore the difficulties which here arise for thought. Rather there results from them the task duly to leave to the persuasion of faith and the truth of faith their character as persuasion of faith and truth of faith, but yet to put them in relation to all scientific knowledge and to all philosophical problems, and to strive toward the harmonious working-together of the different fields. Only thus can we hope to attain to a unified total view of the world, in which religion—and I mean particularly the Christian religion in its specifically Christian peculiarity—suffers no prejudice, but has its established place."

These words of Wobbermin's precisely represent the prevailing attitude not only of the younger generation of Ritschlians, but also of the majority of Protestant theologians throughout the world. There must doubtless have been something very refreshing and liberating in the confident and spirited assertion, especially by such men as Ritschl and Herrmann, of the doctrine of the freedom and independence of faith—that faith has not to wait upon science and philosophy, but maintains her own free right. But the over-emphasis of the independence of faith has had to yield in our day to a strong and wholesome reaction.

Perhaps no one has done more in recent years than Wobbermin himself to show the relations of Christian faith and thought to current philosophy and science. Besides his earlier work on Theologie und Metaphysik we would direct special attention to two of his books: "Des Christliche Gottesglaube," etc. (The Christian Belief in God in its Relation to Present-day Philosophy and Natural Science, third edition, 1911, pp. 175) and "Monismus und Monotheismus" (1911, pp. 212). The study of these books (or of the equally able and more systematic work by Wobbermin's successor in the Breslau professorship, Rudolf Otto, entitled "Religiöse und Naturalistische Weltansicht," in the English translation Religion and Science) should effectually dispel for anyone the illusion that with the passing of controversies over such points as "geology and Genesis" the fundamental problem of "faith and natural science" has been definitively settled. One distressing doubt of former years seems, indeed, to have been pretty well cleared up. Most Christian thinkers have come to dis-

tinguish the sphere of revelation from that of "world knowledge," so that no fact belonging to the world-process can stand in conflict with the reality of the personal self-revelation of God. The latter has to do with the personal nature and will of God and his moral purpose in the world. The sacred writings, which bear witness to this revelation, vindicate their divine character solely through their power to mediate the knowledge of God. That their writers in no way differ from their contemporaries in respect of the ground, means, and measures of their knowledge—and ignorance—of nature and history as such in no way damages the grand certainty of their knowledge of God himself. This insight is now happily shared by most evangelical thinkers. Also a certain important implication of this truth now finds pretty general recognition. Kähler has shown that the damage that here and there results from the historico-literary criticism of the Bible never comes from the criticism *as such*, but always and only from the negative or destructive dogmatic motive that uses historical criticism merely as a tool to further its ends. So also by strict analogy we may affirm—and this view now finds the widest acceptance—it is never the particular concrete results nor the recognized methods of natural science that directly occasion difficulties to faith, but only the philosophy of nature that underlies or is associated with the scientific research.

We have had occasion to commend Heim's studies in the problem of certainty, the inner aspect of the problem of the warrant of faith. We must also recognize the unusual vigor and ability with which he handles the questions which arise because of the modern attacks upon Christianity. In the "Apologetic Part" of his "Leitfaden," after setting forth impressively—and from his own rather original standpoint—the fundamental principle of the Christian apologetic, he takes up "the application of the principle to the three most important attacks upon Christianity." These, according to Heim, are: (1) Naturalistic monism (based upon the principles of physics); (2) evolutionism; (3) physiological objections to the soul's independence of the body. Heim's discussion of these matters is keen, original, and stimulating. Incidentally it may be remarked that Heim is undoubtedly one of the coming men in theology. Recognition came to him rather tardily. After a period of pastoral service he was for a few years the general secretary of the German Christian Students' Federation. This was followed by a period of seven years as *privatdocent* in Halle. Shortly before the outbreak of the war he was appointed, at the age of forty, to the chair of systematic theology in the newly created evangelical theological faculty in Münster. But even while yet *privatdocent*, he enjoyed, according to the testimony of American students in Halle, an extraordinary popularity. If some of the regular professors enrolled a larger number of students for their courses, not one held a like proportion in regular attendance, not even Loofs nor Lütgert nor Von Dobschütz. This very unusual attractive power lies not so much in his skill as a lecturer as in the freshness and originality of his thought, and especially in a peculiar faculty of setting the problems before his hearers with such vividness and compelling force as to insure attention and to arouse an

eager desire for the answer. In following Heim's arguments no one can have the feeling of walking in a beaten path.

But what is that "methodic principle" that is to be applied in the answer to the various attacks upon Christianity? Heim argues that the common aim of all the significant modern attacks upon Christianity is to destroy utterly the traditional—essentially mediæval—view of the world, which has been held to be involved in or presupposed by the Christian revelation. This view of the world is characterized by a system of fixed demarcations, such as: man—animal and plant world—inorganic nature; sacred history—profane history—natural history; ethico-religious sphere—natural instincts; mind—matter; ego—world. The seemingly obvious reply to this tendency to obliterate all these absolute distinctions in a universal relativism is to compromise with it. Thus one concedes to it without reservation those domains in which it has already attained to a universal recognition (e. g., astronomy and physics), utilizes as secondary supports of the faith those demarcations concerning which science is divided in opinion (e. g., the relation between the animal and plant world and inorganic nature), and then with all the more decision intrenches itself in the affirmation of those demarcations which for the time being are called in question only by a few radical investigators (e. g., the demarcation between mind and nature, ego and world), in order upon this much reduced basis to erect the Christian system of thought.

Heim regards this compromise procedure as powerless to afford any real relief. "Where relativism in the thinking of a man has attained to an independent dominion, it becomes manifest that it lies in its very nature to proceed irresistibly, and to see in every limitation that is set for it only a new object for its tendency to crush and level everything." Consistently logical relativism cannot be overcome by damming back its stream and limiting it to certain domains. It can be overcome only by showing that relativism, when strictly carried out, proves to be only a gateway to something else—to something absolutely valid.

Heim then shows that the process of reasoning upon the problem of "the acknowledgment of an absolutely valid content" in religion generally passes through five stages. 1. The submission to the absolute content is unquestioningly sincere, and every contrary view appears as sin and not deserving a scientific discussion. (This is the attitude of the simple Christian.) 2. The stage of compromises and concessions, of a division of the field (e. g., the natural and the supernatural, etc.), wherein it is attempted to prove that the absolute content of religion belongs to the higher sphere, out of the reach of scientific research (e. g., that Christ is proved by his miracles to belong to the supernatural sphere). 3. But here the careful thinker is forced to recognize that these divisions into distinct domains must, if they are to serve as a basis for faith, be logically absolutely evident. The attempt, however, to prove them to be necessary leads every time to a *petitio principii* (e. g., the distinction of mind from nature presupposes that the act of self-discrimination is not in turn a product of nature, but the act of a mind distinct from nature, whereas it is the existence of this mind as distinct from nature that was

to be proved). When one perceives that such reasoning in a circle characterizes the dividing into distinct domains at all points, one has reached the stage of skeptical relativism. 4. But just so soon as relativism takes itself seriously as the comprehensive principle of all thought, it is forced to perceive that, in order to exist as a consistent view, it must at one place have broken over its own bounds, since else it must regard itself only as a relative intellectual phenomenon, quite equal in value to any opposing phenomenon (say the mediæval orthodoxy), but also quite devoid of the right to set itself above any. In spite of itself it has recognized the necessity of regarding some one standpoint as absolute, although no theoretical basis for the choice seems possible. "All those demarcations into separate domains, which as inductively demonstrable distinctions had fallen prey to the relativistic disintegration, now receive a new meaning as indirect expressions of the logically inescapable necessity of regarding *some* content as the fixed point by which to orient oneself. Thus there arises the position of abstract antinomy." 5. The abstract antinomy seems to offer a choice among contradictories; but the necessity of submission to unconditionally valid reality must be recognized. The whole process that leads to this abstract position is the product of the sinful desire to escape the reality—that is, the fact of Christ—to which one should simply submit. (Submission to reality is not the false subjection to the authority of church or dogma, or even of the letter of Scripture.) "Thus the repentant return to the first stage is necessary." The fifth stage is identical with the first.

One of the masters of apologetic in our day is Hunzinger, now chief pastor at Saint Michael's, Hamburg. He is not only a man of solid learning and wide reading, but also a writer and speaker of very unusual force. There are several collections of his apologetic lectures and essays. Perhaps the most interesting of these is that which bears the title: "Die religiöse Krisis der Gegenwart." It is made up of ten peculiarly vigorous and illuminating papers. The first two are "Concerning Doubt" ("The Power of Doubt in the Present" and "Illusion and Faith"). Hunzinger is "positive" and evangelical, but few theologians know as well as he how to speak to the modern man.

Another theologian who has rendered excellent service by means of apologetic lectures in various cities is Hilbert, now professor in Rostock. His course of six lectures on "Christianity and Science" have rendered an excellent service, both as spoken and in book-form. But the apologetic lecture has become in a measure the fashion of the time in Germany. Men like Seeberg, Schaeder, Lütgert, Stange, and Dunkmann have had unusual success in these lectures for a larger public. And of course many excellent apologetic papers have appeared in the series: "Biblische Zeit- und Streitfragen."

Herrmann has begun the publication of a series of pamphlets on "The Christian Religion of Our Time." The first number appeared in 1914, and its theme is "The Reality of God." It has all the concentration and force that generally distinguish the writings of this master.

But the book which in its way has interested us more than all the

rest in our list is one by a Danish theologian, Pastor H. Martensen-Larsen, of Copenhagen. Dr. Martensen-Larsen (who is a grandson of the well-known Bishop Martensen) has written a book of enthralling interest on Doubt and Faith. It has made a marked impression in Denmark and the other Scandinavian countries, and (through the translation of Frau Professor Buhl) in Germany. It well deserves translation into English.

The book is a wonderfully frank and vivid account of the soul-history of the author in his struggle for a satisfying faith. A special significance belongs to the book because it is the confession of a pastor. It is a fresh proof of the fact—which should be self-evident, but is so often forgotten—that the pastoral office is no security against crushing doubts. "It is," says a Danish reviewer, "one of the most earnest, most personal books, that ever have appeared in the Danish language. And it gives so penetrating a treatment of the modern religious life-problems that it probably has a service to render even outside of Denmark." Intensely personal as the book is, it is not narrowly personal, not merely individual. The author is a man of wide outlook, varied acquirements, great intellectual sympathy. He is conscious that his case is typical, and he writes for thousands who meet like problems with his own. The wealth of reference to the lives and spiritual struggles and religious persuasions of other men and women, to the great evangelical hymns with their living confession of faith, to significant words of Scripture, to current religious thought and theological controversy, this gives to the book a wonderful charm. The best of all is, the author really attains to a solid, joyful faith, and he is able to show the grounds. His difficulties were both theoretical and practical, but they always concerned the reality of religion. (The German translation, entitled "Zweifel und Glaube," is published by Deichert, Leipzig, popular edition 1916; price, 3.50 marks).

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Book of Devotions. Addresses by the Bishops. 12mo, pp. 189. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

Earnest addresses by the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the devotional meetings held every morning during the General Conference of 1916 preceding the regular daily business session. They are warm from the hearts of the picked men of Methodism, whom the Church has chosen and ordained to be its leaders. Into these addresses they have put brain and soul with force and fervor for spiritual and practical effect. Needless to say, it is a stirring, helpful, stimulating book. We present some extracts without naming in any case the speakers. Our readers may test their familiarity with the style and personality of the different bishops by trying to discern the authorship of each extract.

Guess whose this is: "It is a blessed truth, that the Lord is our helper. But there is something better than that for every Christian heart—we may be helpers of the Lord; and our joy is not in the fact that the Lord helps; and our joy is not in the fact that by-and-by if we are faithful we are going to get through the gates into the city; but, after all, the very crown of our joy is that he calls us friends, and permits us to help him in the great world-task. The greatest joy a Christian can know is in being a worker with God. The branches cannot bear fruit without the vine. But, O mystery and wonder!—the vine cannot bear fruit without the branches; and Jesus Christ in some great sense is dependent upon you and me. He cannot do the work he wishes to do in this world without these men and women who are before me—without his church. [When Stradivari, master maker of incomparable violins, was urged to give himself rest, he answered: "If I cease, I sin, making a blank instead of violins. *God* cannot make *Antonio Stradivari's violins* WITHOUT Antonio."] I have had a good many answers to the inquiry which I have been reading for a good many years in the books, 'Why did Jesus come into the world?' I have been told that Jesus came into the world to teach the Fatherhood of God; and I think he did. And I have been told that Jesus came into the world to work some strange change in the mind of God; and I cannot understand it. And not having had a sufficient answer to that inquiry, I think I have a right to make an answer for myself; and my answer to that question, 'Why did Jesus come into the world?' is this: He came to get some hands and feet. He came to get some hands that he might minister to the wants of mankind, that he might lay them upon blind eyes, and behold, they should see! And put his fingers into deaf ears, and behold, they should be unstopped! And lay his cooling hand upon the fevered brow, and behold, the fever should cease! He came to get some hands, and he came to get some feet that he might go about doing good. He came to get some lips that they might speak messages of love, his matchless parables, his words to the sorrowing and to the sinners. And he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever in his great yearning, my brethren; and his yearning to-day is that he may be incarnated, that he may get some more hands to lay upon blind eyes, that he may get some more feet carrying him about doing good, to get lips to preach his gospel in all the lands. And our joy is that we may be so identified in spirit and in task with Jesus Christ that we can say with the great apostle, understanding at least something of that mystic glory, 'I live, and yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith and impulse of Jesus who loved me, and gave himself for me'—blessed exchange—'gave his glorious self for my selfish self. And now the life I live I live for him and with him.' And, brothers, I want to come back to that great truth, that we may be of help to the Lord. And O what helpers we may be! Someone said—was it Moody?—that the world had never seen what God could do with one consecrated man. I change that a little this morning as I stand in the presence of the representatives of my great church, and say that the world has never seen what God can do with one fully consecrated

church. O that we may see it! O that we may be the body of Christ in very deed, individually and collectively! Reading my Scriptures one day I ran across this expression—I had seen it many times, but it came to me, with new force: 'workers together with God.' And then I thought about it, thought about the possibility of all my church working hand in hand, eye to eye, no divisions, no selfishness any place. Brothers, what is our motive? We must be workers. What shall be our great motives? Sometimes in a pastorate, when I had some difficult task, perhaps had to make some call that seemed to me difficult, I would, before going out, sit down to the piano and run over some of those martial hymns: 'Work, for the night is coming'; 'Onward, Christian soldiers,' and try to inspire myself to my duty by singing some of those hymns. And sometimes it would not work, sometimes it would not inspire me. And I said: 'I worked yesterday and I shall work to-morrow. Why should I work to-day? To-day is vacation time?' And then I would turn over to some of those tender hymns:

> Do you know the world is dying for a little bit of love?
> Everywhere we hear their sighing, for a little bit of love.

And sometimes I was *inspired* by the thought of the need of my people, and would go out and do my duty, and pick out some difficult task. But at other times I said: 'What of it? I too am sighing for a little bit of love, a little bit of comfort, for some one to say a kind word. It is a difficult thing to live in the public eye and have no one that understands. I guess I will rest to-day.' I was *not inspired*. But I will say to you this morning, if my task was difficult, and I turned to some of those hymns and understood the truth of some of those hymns like

> Saviour, thy dying love thou gavest me,
> Nor should I aught withhold, dear Lord, from thee,

I never failed to find some *inspiration* for my task. Corot, the great French painter, said: 'There are days when it is I who paint; in those days the work is bad. The days when it is not I, an angel has come and worked for me; then it is good.' Then Corot *was inspired*."

Whose words are these? "We think of God as our helper who is near at hand. I have often wondered why it is that it seems so easy to picture God as in the far distance. Possibly it is because we always conceive of him as the Infinite One and so disassociate him from everything that is essentially human. I have thanked my heavenly Father, literally hundreds of times, that I cannot remember the time when I began to pray. Before the date that memory records I had learned to lisp my infant prayer at the knee of my Christian mother. But I remember very distinctly my conception of God's relation to the world and his relation to my own life during the early years of my Christian experience. I thought of him as away yonder in the infinite distance. That in the exercise of prayer I must breathe out my petition; that it traveled, to be sure, as if on the wings of the morning, until at last it found God's throne, and then

the answer came back as if with the lightning's flash—that was my conception—God away yonder. I hadn't gone very far in the experience of the Christian life until I began to find in the Bible the corrective of my wrong thinking concerning God's relation to my life. I was reading in the old prophet, and I came upon this: 'Behold, before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.' In the Psalms I found: 'Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.' I turned over to the pages of the New Testament. I heard the great Apostle on one occasion addressing a multitude of people who never before had heard of the true God. I heard him say to them: 'Though he be not far from each one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being.' And so I modified entirely my conception of God's relation to my own life, and now no longer in the exercise of prayer do I picture him at an infinite distance. I love rather to appeal to him under the figure of that beautiful couplet in one of Tennyson's poems:

> Speak to him thou, for he hears, and Spirit with spirit can meet.
> Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

And this is the message of the Word of God regarding God's relation to the world and to our own lives, that God is nearer to us than the friend who sits by our side, closer to us than the companion of the joys and the sorrows of our lives; nearer to us than the very children who are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. I wish we might have the simple faith just to take him at his word. I am not at all afraid of atheism as a philosophy. That any man should be asked to believe that this world with all its marvelous mechanism and its fine adaptation of means to ends happened without intelligence or reason, is about as preposterous a proposition as a rational mind could be asked to entertain. But I am tremendously afraid of that practical sort of atheism which conceives of God remotely, which enables us to come into the house of the Lord one day in seven and recite glibly the words of the Creed, 'I believe in God the Father Almighty'—and all the rest, and then go out and live for six days in the week practically as though there were no God. May I bring an illustration? One of our little girls was having a desperate time some years ago with the table of nines in the multiplication table. She had learned all the rest. I said to her one day when I happened to be at home: 'Now, my dear, I want you just to go into the room and close the door and learn that table.' So she went in and in about three quarters of an hour she came out, her face all aglow. She said, 'Father, I can say it now from beginning to end without hesitation and without mistake,' and so she did. I planted a kiss upon her cheek and told her

how glad I was that she had mastered it. She loitered around a little, and I saw there was something in her mind, and in a moment, she stepped up and putting her arm about my neck, said, 'Father, do you know how I did it?' 'Why, yes, my dear. Of course I do. You just boned down to it in good, earnest, honest fashion, with the determination that you would make it your own.' 'Well,' she said, 'I did, but before I did that, I got down on my knees and asked God to help me.' That is a little child's conception of God's relation to our life, which she had gathered from the instruction largely of her dear mother. But I submit to you that that is the true conception of God's relation to our lives.

> There is no place where earth's sorrows are more felt than up in heaven.
> There is no place where earth's failures have such kindly judgment given.
> For the love of God is broader than the measure of man's mind,
> And the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind.

Philosophy is about done, thank Heaven, with the conception of an absentee God. Let us have done with it in our own thinking, and in our own living, and picture God always as nearer to us than any human friend can possibly be. 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.'"

Who said this? "I read once of an artist who was desirous of painting the picture of the three crosses on Calvary. He painted first the face of the unrepentant thief; that was easy, for he had seen many men like that. Then he painted the face of the repentant thief, upon whose face the light was breaking as he got the glimpse from the other world. That was harder, for he had never seen a face of just that kind. But after weeks and months of endeavor he was measurably satisfied. Then he painted the central cross and the central face. He tried day after day, week after week, month after month, to paint that face, but failed. Then in despair he seized his brush, and simply put upon that central cross one great burst of light—and he could not have done anything more inspired than that if he had worked a thousand years. That is what it is—a great burst of light. There was the agony; and out of that comes the light that reaches down to you and me. An old Roman said, when the Christian system was being introduced: 'This system cannot stand because it is founded upon a cross, upon the death of its own leader, upon a catastrophe; it cannot stand.' That is just why it does stand. It stands because it is founded upon the spirit of self-sacrifice, upon the throne of a God who is willing to give himself with a perpetual burning that he may stand at the center of this system, not for the glory that will come to him, but that out of his suffering and sorrow the light may reach to the sons of men. 'The Lamb is the light thereof.' The self-sacrificing Son of God is the light thereof. The new Jerusalem cannot come in this world, the needed social reorganizations cannot come, the redemption of the nations cannot come, until the spirit of self-sacrifice has spread abroad everywhere. It is your part and my part to put ourselves, by the grace of God, who is the chief burden bearer, where we can make the Lamb the light of this world."

Whose is this? "The holy hour of prayer is sometimes profaned by irreverence. I have heard sometimes in the pulpit, while prayer was being made to God, the turning of leaves of a hymnal or the making of arrangements for the rest of the service that had not been thought out and ordered beforehand. A member of this Conference told me of a rebuke that came to him in his early ministry. There was a rank unbeliever in his town, almost an atheist. One night at a revival service he was surprised and delighted to find him there. Asking a brother to pray, he went to talk with him, while seeking ones were bowing at the altar. Going around to the back of the man, he leaned over and began to approach him as to his soul's welfare. The man lifted his hand and said: 'Hush! Hush! That man is talking with God.' O may prayer be to us more sacred and reverential, may we bow before him as we talk with God! But the basis of all true reverence, my friends, is really reverence for one's self, for the dignity and nobility of one's nature created in the divine image. There is a great word of Milton which Canon Farrar said had exercised a larger influence over his life than any sentence in all literature: 'He that holds himself in reverence and due esteem, both for the dignity of God's image upon him, and for the price of his redemption which he thinks to be visibly stamped upon his forehead, accounts himself both a fit person to do the noblest and godliest deeds, and too much worth to deject or to defile with such a debasement and such a pollution as sin is, *himself*, so highly ransomed and ennobled into a new friendship and filial relation with God.'"

Who said this? "I glory in this, among other facts, concerning the church of Jesus, that it is not a society of the sanctified alone. I glory in the church that it is not a collection of persons perfect in all their reactions to the opportunities of life. I glory in the Christian church that, after all, it is a hospital, in which we have some skilled physicians, and some bright-robed nurses who minister with all the sweetness of woman's loving heart. Thank God, we have also in the church some bruised and broken bodies, some wan and pallid faces, some struggling, imperfect souls that are reaching up into a righteousness which they do not possess. Strengthen ye the weak hands of the feeble folk in the Church of God. Some years ago a relative of my own had a fault, which he escaped at times for weeks and months, but then was tripped again. He was a member of the church, and underneath all, like Peter when the Lord asked him over and over, 'Lovest thou me?' down in his heart he did have the love of God. The church bore with him, and held fast to him. Once in a while the stronger men in the church said a word of cheer to him. Finally God so strengthened him that he mastered the temptation of his life. Then he used to stand in the prayer meeting of that old church and say: 'Brothers, I want to thank the church that when I was disgracing her she held on to me. I would have been in hell had it not been for the mercy and greatness of the church.' 'Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong.' You will recall the incident of General Chaffee at the battle of El Caney. As he was inspecting the forces, the bullets zipping

about him in every direction, he saw a soldier lying face down in a trench: 'Why are you lying there?' he called. 'I am scared,' the soldier answered. 'What business have you in the army, if you are frightened like that?' Then he looked down at the upturned face, and saw it was that of a boy of only eighteen years, who ought to have been at home with his mother. The general said: 'I would like to find the man that put you in the army. But it isn't half as dangerous as you think it is. Just stand up by my side, and I will stand by you.' Then the weak mortal stood up by the side of his commander, and at his direction trained his gun and fired point-blank into the air. The general said: 'That was pretty good, but your hands are trembling. We will try again. Lower your gun a little more.' He lowered the weapon, and this time he fired straight ahead, and it is said that when retreat was ordered a little later they had to take the boy by the collar and drag him away. He had become a soldier because a soldier had given strength to his weakness. Would that God might help us, first to get strength where alone it may be had, and then to impart it to others."

Who told this story: "You remember William Rugh, the newsboy of Gary, Indiana. I may not be fully familiar with all the details of the story, but there was an accident in which a girl was very seriously injured. She was taken to the hospital, and the surgeon said that she could not live, her burns were so serious, unless they could get new skin enough to graft upon her poor burned body. William Rugh, that humble newsboy, read what had happened in the papers that he was crying on the street. He did not know the girl; he never had seen her nor heard of her; but when he read that if they could get enough skin to graft on her body, they could save her life, he said, 'I will offer my "game" leg.' He went to the hospital and they took him at his word. They amputated what he called his 'game' leg, and grafted that skin onto the body of that little girl. She lived, and is living to-day; but William Rugh died. When he was dying of the attack of pneumonia, which set in after the operation, the little girl sent him a bouquet of flowers; and as they laid them on his bed, he looked at them, and with a wan smile said, 'Just tell her I am glad.' He knew he had to die, but he was not sorry. And when his mother was crying by his bedside as if her heart would break, he weakly put his hand on hers and said: 'Don't cry, mother. I never amounted to anything before, but now I have done something for somebody.' And his spirit went home to Him who did something for everybody, thank God, but He did it by giving His life for everybody."

And you can easily guess who is talking now: "Was not beloved Bishop Smith here four years ago? Yes. Where is he now? In heaven. Was not Bishop Walden here four years ago, with his stooped shoulders and his strange, keen eye? Yes. Where is he now? In heaven. Was not Bishop Warren here with his stalwart figure that looked as if he could walk across the landscape of eternity and never get tired? Yes. Where is he? He is on the landscape of eternity, taking his walk. Was not Robert McIntyre here four years ago, with his dreamy, far-away look? Yes. Where is he? He is where he looked. Was not Bishop

Moore here, with the spirit of a soldier and the heart of an angel? Yes. Where is he? He is over where soldiership and angelhood are one. Was not Naphtali Luccock, that crystal soul and winsome personality, here? Where is he now? He is with the crystal Christ. Ah, that company of bishops, brethren! They were here but a few years ago, and they are not here now. But we have got to get acclimated to the country where we are going to be forever. 'Our conversation is in heaven.' What is conversation? Well, I am sure it is all we are in the long run. If you listen to a man talk long enough, you will hear all he knows—plus. 'Our conversation is in heaven.' Ah, brothers, whether it be exegesis or no, let us know this, that whatever we say ends in heaven. Why? This end of the sentence is here, but the other end of the sentence is always in heaven. A woman, a preacher's wife—and her husband is here this morning—said to me with a strange quaver in her voice like music beginning, 'You know that our daughter, our only daughter, is in the glory land.' Ah, me. She began talking of a daughter here, and she ended talking of a daughter there. The other end of our conversation is always in heaven, thank God. We are all orators when we get religion, because the other end of our talk is heavenly eloquence. Some one says, 'This word means 'occupation.' Yes, it does, thank God! It means occupation—our occupation is in heaven. You say 'No. It is in Dover. It is in New York. It is in Kansas City.' Where are Dover, New York, and Kansas City? They are down at the foot of the hill called Zion, right down at the foot of the hill; and if you look up, when the smoke shifts you will see the glittering of the holy towers, and hear the voice of God as he looks over and says, down to the world, 'Good morning, Occupation. Good morning.' Down at the foot of the hill the job goes on, but up at the top of the hill the job concludes. Money—I heard that word once, although I am not strictly familiar with it. I have heard the word. What is money? Something to be earned on the ground and invested in eternity. That is money. And as we work at our work, what are we doing? Said a woman, 'I am just an ordinary woman, and I am taking care of the baby.' Thank God, God is mothering the baby too; and you and God together will rear that baby. A woman who is rearing a baby, what is she doing? Rearing somebody for eternity. Our occupations are all not only under the eye of God, but they are in the territory of eternity. Our occupation is in heaven, thank God! Man, you who sweep the street, sweep it well, and maybe God will give you a job sweeping the golden pavement after a while—if you do your work well here. He will need somebody to do that sort of work, when some of the saints come in and walk over the pavement; he will need some one to sweep the dust away. Man, you who are a statesman, get eager for God, and maybe he will call you into his Cabinet in heaven. Our occupation is in heaven, thank God. But our friendship, where is it? It is in heaven, too. You know, I am one of the vagabonds of God, by the grace of my brethren. They said to me, 'Brother, you go as an itinerant; and out in places where people are not careful what they hear, you speak.' So there I am; and do you know, people sometimes say to me, 'Why, brother, do you not get tired of going

around and seeing people?' No, praise God! Why? Because I am making friendships for eternity. I am just picking up some new friends, so that if I get to heaven, with God lifting a lot and myself lifting a little, when I come to the door of eternity maybe a great company will say, 'Brother, welcome.' Our friendships are in eternity. Here we are, all together, and the next time we meet we will be in heaven. Thank God! We must not miss it. In heaven is our appropriate country. Robert Browning talks about our appropriate country. Our appropriate country is in heaven, and we are in it now, but in which end? The north end. O listen, brothers! The north end of heaven is where the eternal cold stays, where the spring winds have no warmth, where the winters are all the year round wild and tumultuous. What is the south end? Where everlasting spring abides. In the south end of heaven we are going to be put. We are in the north end of heaven now, but flowers are blooming even here on the snowdrifts, thank God! There was a man I knew who had a daughter, and that daughter had never been away from her home at all, to speak of. There came a time when she was going to be married. Her father's custom had always been to tuck that girl in bed at night. No matter how late he got in—and he was out late of nights on the Lord's errands—the door was left ajar and he was ordered by his child to come and tuck her in bed; and so always, whatever time of the night he came in, he would go in softly and tuck her in and kiss her; and sometimes she would partly awaken, and say, 'Hello, daddy,' and he would say, 'Good night, sweetheart.' And so it came to the last night that she should be under his roof. He went in, and his heart was full of aching and full of tears, but he neither showed heartache nor tears. He smiled at her, and she said to him, 'You are going to tuck me in'; and he said, 'Yes, I will tuck you in.' So he went in that last night that she was to be under his roof and under the shadow of his love, and he tucked her in and she put her arms around his neck and drew him close, and he put his arms around her and said, 'O, my daughter'; and she just said, 'Daddy'; and he tucked her in. I wonder if God, in the last night that we are to be in our home on the ground, will not come down and tuck us in. When our eyelids droop, and our voices falter, and we can hear no sound, some one will be there, and it will be God, and he will tuck us in; and he will say, 'Sleep sweetly,' and then he will stay right there and will not go away, and by and by he will awaken us with a kiss and say, 'It is morning.'" And now, what do you think of your bishops, O readers of the Methodist Review?

Ancestral Voices. By John A. Hutton. Crown 8vo, pp. 261. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

If only, instead of a mere notice of this book, we could put a copy of it into the hands of every thoughtful and studious minister! Seldom have we marked and turned down the corners of so many leaves in a first rapid reading. Dr. Hutton sees in these troubled and tragic times a conflict between the "Ancestral Voices of the Soul"—its deepest

intuitions—and the merely rationalistic way of conceiving man's true function in this world. Chapter headings are such as these: "The Twentieth Century—So Far"; "Is an Age of Faith Returning?"; "The Cry for Freedom—Nietzsche"; "The Cry for Control—Tractarianism." But the part our readers will value most is those five intense and searching chapters on "The Sense of Sin in Great Literature," showing by powerful illustrations how the world's great books support the teachings of the Christian Scriptures—greatest of all books. The book grips us on its very first page where the author tells his state of mind just before the outbreak of this gigantic European war: "I had just finished reading a book by Holbrook Jackson, entitled The Eighteen Nineties, in which one was permitted to see, in the light of certain pathetic and terrible examples, the failure and inevitable nausea of naturalism as a formula for life or for art. It was like the reading of a tragedy. Those young bloods set out into life, one and all, as though there were no laws, no nature of things; and one by one they ran their heads against one or other of those stone walls which are there—the rude precaution of society, or the more delicate embarrassment of God, for the defense of some final decency. They all went to the Devil or returned to God; and these last with an abjectness and confusion of the soul which, I believe, must have mixed with grief God's joy at their return. One went mad, one died in prison, and another made a clutch at God as he was slipping out of life, with a cry as much of indignation and despair as of faith. 'I implore you,' wrote Aubrey Beardsley on his death-bed, 'to destroy all copies of ——— and bawdy drawings. Show this to ——— (naming a friend), and conjure him to do same. By all that is holy, all obscene drawings.' And the words, 'in my death-agony,' were added after his signature. There are certain invincible forces working subtilly in the depths of men's souls, to lay them open to the revenge and indignation of something deep and holy. The churches with a future are the churches with a high threshold; when the day comes for any general movement toward faith among the people, they will be attracted, not by appeals which are easy and obvious, but by appeals which are exacting and mysterious, having as little as possible in common with the standards of value which please men in the days of the flesh. There is a charge from outsiders that the present break-down is a reproach to Christianity; in the sense that it is due to the failure of Christianity. We must contradict such a charge. This break-down in civilization is due first and last, in its principles and in its processes, to the neglect, and indeed to the explicit repudiation, of the entire body of ideas, and warnings, and motives, and beliefs—ideas concerning human nature, and the nature of things—which came into the conscience of the world with Jesus, a body of ideas and beliefs for the obedience to which He laid down His life, and for the propagation of which He attached some men to His side and appealed to them never to let them die. This whole tragedy has come about, first and last, because of the neglect or denial of the Christian view of God and the world. For, whatever more we are to learn from this eruption of natural force through the heart of man, which is raging about us like a sea of fire, already surely we have learned that we had all fallen

into a way of dealing with ourselves and with life which, we see now, fails utterly face to face with man in his heights and depths. The fact is, we of this generation for the first time are in a position to understand Christianity and the great insights which Christianity has registered in its doctrines concerning God and man. We are beginning to understand Christianity in the only way in which you can understand anything, namely, by perceiving the kind of thing this life of ours would be were Christianity even now to fail. We have been taught the nature of things in the only way in which people can be taught the nature of things, and that is by seeing things running loose for a time. No argument could ever have led our age even to suspect that human nature when it escapes from the shadow of God is as wild as it ever was. That man by nature is wild, that man by nature is simply a bit of nature, and liable to behave like an earthquake, or like a tidal wave, or like a wild beast in some functional ecstasy—how were ideas of that kind ever to be brought home to us, and made effective for the rebuke of man's headlongness? We had all allowed ourselves to suppose that knowledge, increased amenities, *savoir-faire*, would soften and tame the primitive passions. We see now that we had no reason to think that knowledge and social amenities would have such an influence. We know that knowledge by itself does not make us less selfish or less determined to have our own way, or less churlish if some one gets in front of us. We know that something must take place within us, which is more like crucifixion than anything we can think of, before we ourselves gain a clean victory over some ugly passion or temper. We had no reason whatever to suppose that Europe could for fifty years be steadily undermining the fabric of Christianity in societies, and laying base insinuations all about the roots of the human soul, and yet at the same time would have the power, or would have the wish, to rebuke the ancient lust of the eye, and restrain the ancient pride of life. What has happened in our day is simply this: we are seeing what life will be, and must be, if the great things that Christ means are not true and are *not felt to be necessary*. For until a thing is felt to be necessary it is not believed in: for we believe not with our heads, but most frequently by the help of a shudder passing over us at the prospect of the alternative. What we are seeing to-day is perhaps the first organized and reasoned repudiation of the mind of Christ concerning the nature of true goodness. And the darkness which has come over the whole earth is once again the protest of the wider order against a local and temporary blasphemy. I believe the very depth of the darkness which has fallen upon the modern world will lead the soul of man in our day, and in our children's day, back to humility and faith. We are so made that we do not see things until they are gone from us. We know nothing about ourselves until we have found ourselves out. We were all too secure to feel our need of God. What errors certainly we had fallen into—what assurance, what pride, what dullness toward the very religion we profess! How we had come to look upon faith in Christ as something which a man might have or might not have: that it depended largely upon his temperament or upon his reading! How little we understood

that faith in Christ is an absolute necessity if human existence is to remain sane and not a contradiction in terms! And now the world has gone wild, has broken loose. And why has it broken loose? Through what sluice-gate has the black flood poured? Through what bulwark, ruined now, and shattered, and undermined? Simply for this reason, namely—*Europe to-day is not unanimous about God.* It is without any decisive and implacable sense of the nature of God. The Church must define the nature of God, define the essence and moral quality of the Great Power behind all things, and say explicitly that, for the Church, the character of God is *Christ.* For the name of God—in the sense of the Inscrutable and Infinite Power behind all Creation—is a name which may be invoked by any audacious and sanguine human being. It is simply a 'Graven Image' of the Ineffable. A man's appropriation of the name of God may simply mean that he himself is passionately persuaded of his cause, and that he anticipates great difficulties. But the name of Christ is a name which no one can invoke with any reality if the cause for which he invokes that name is a cause which cannot be made to look harmonious with the mind of Christ. The word of God is a purely human and natural word, and it has for the time being lost its baptismal grace. By itself it has no more moral or intellectual content than the symbol 'x.' The word God is not our characteristic word. And I can now well imagine the circumstances in which Saint Paul broke out with words which have in our day an extraordinary freshness and urgency: 'For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or on earth; as there are gods many, and lords many; yet to *us* there is one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we unto him; and one Lord, Jesus Christ, through whom are all things and we through him." We quote part of Dr. Hutton's chapter on Tractarianism: "Stripped of all that was merely local or temporary, the problem as the tractarians perceived it was precisely the problem which confronted Faust in the very moment of his dying. He saw, you remember, a great wave of secular knowledge let loose from the hard-won maxims of the human race; and in antagonism to them, he saw that wave creeping up over the sand on a long promontory. He saw it rising up and up toward two buildings erected there on the shore of the inexorable ocean of time. The two buildings were the *twin edifices of the Christian spirit in the world—namely, a Christian church and a Christian home.* Heedless of the value of these, he had consented to their destruction. But, as the smoke of their burning blew toward him, he realized how he had injured the human race, and in a cry of agony that he might be spared, if not to replace those ancient haunts of the spirit, at least to offer mankind some other reason and retreat for life, Faust fell down dead. The tractarians set themselves, as they believed, to save society as they and we know society. Society, as we know it, is a Christian product. Marriage, as we know it, is part of the Christian discipline or 'kultur.' The tractarians chose as their way of influencing the world that the church should stand aloof from men. The first thing was for the church to save herself, to establish anew her bodily existence in the midst of all human contentions. The world as such was

almost wholly evil. The contentions of men were all rooted in self-seeking, however their spirit might be cloaked in high-sounding words. The human reason had got out of hand, and was now intruding into matters for which she was in the nature of things not competent. Criticism, analysis, had reached a point where thinking had become a vice—simply another form of self-indulgence, and so on. The tractarians were right in believing that the church is strongest when she is in protest against the spirit of the time. It is minorities which control the world. And in taking the high ground which she did take, it was only a late instance of a recurring and invincible instinct of the Christian spirit. Already we can detect this exclusiveness in the New Testament. 'Beloved, we are of God, and the whole world lieth in the Evil One.' It is the very breath of the Old Testament, subsequent to the Exile. Chronicles may not be good history, but it is excellent devotion, and represents the attitude which the church will always take in a day of general apostasy. The finer souls will draw together, to cherish in each other's breast the sacred fire. The church will always pass into a period when she will cease disputing with the world—as I think she should now cease—and should proceed to cultivate her own life. There are things which are not true for the world, which are binding on members of Christ's body. No good comes of bullying men of the world with the enunciation of our higher principles. These the world rejects because it has no taste for them. We must convict the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment to come. And there are times—I hold the present to be such a time—when we can do this only by the manifestation of a holier and more satisfied life within the Christian community. We must not hesitate to tell men that Christianity is torture to the natural man; and that that is so because, in the bracing language of our fathers, the natural man is damned." We cannot refrain from quoting this: "There is something which claims my allegiance in a saying of Newman's to the effect that the vicissitudes in the soul of a poor Irishwoman are of more consequence to God than the fall and the disintegration of empires. At any rate, I challenge any Christian man to preach the converse. Perhaps it is not too much to say that never, during the course of well-nigh two thousand years in the world, did Christianity so widely lose the character of a spiritual religion as during the last half of the eighteenth century. Not in England only but in all Protestant countries the general aim of its accredited teachers seems to have been to explain away its mysteries and to extenuate its supernatural character; to reduce it to a system of Ethics little differing from the doctrines of Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius. Religious dogmas were almost openly admitted to be nonsense. Religious emotion was stigmatized as enthusiasm. A bishop of that period prepared his own epitaph—which still exists—to the effect that he was, and he thanked God for it, the foe of all enthusiasm. Theology had sunk into an apologetic which seemed to be satisfied if it had demonstrated the possibility of the bare existence of a Deity. Morality rested upon the lowest instincts of human nature, as, for example, that God is stronger than we are and able to denounce us if we do not do good. The categorical imperative was, 'Be

respectable,' and proofs were continually being led in the sermons of the time that religion is on the whole conducive to pleasure. The age seemed smitten with an incapacity for producing deep or strong feeling. . . . Such a state of matters could not continue in a race which, to say no more, had been wont to draw from deeper wells. There was sure to be a cry of hunger which would satisfy itself somehow. Into this emptiness came John Wesley and the grace of God by his word. Though the tractarians had nothing but hard words and an intellectual contempt for evangelicalism as they knew it, they have one and all of them paid tribute to the work of Wesley, acknowledging freely that he restored the ideal of supernatural grace to the religious life of England. Newman himself passed through a spiritual crisis in no way differing from a typical Methodist conversion; and however much he may have resented the surroundings and manners of evangelicalism he never moved away from the discoveries of himself and of God which had been borne in upon him at the first. Christianity was always to him a tragic experience, in which a man is saved from some elementary terror, not by any process of enlightenment or alleviation, but by the reception and acceptance of something proposed and offered, something which his own reason, his taste, his pride may resist, but something which his essential nature is crying out for, something which has its only but sufficient evidence in the utterness of his own collapse, and the certainty of his own ruin if he continues to reject it. The tractarian spirit will always descend upon the church in an age in which serious men feel that it is no time for half-measures." Here is the story of a horse thief who gave the stolen horse to a woman to carry her sick child to a doctor, when he was fleeing for his life. He let the woman and child ride off with the horse, and he stayed behind to be hanged. Looking round upon the court full of wild men and women, he sees that the very telling of the story has made them all go soft. He says: "Gosh, when I think that I might have been safe, and fifty miles away by now, with that horse; and here I am waiting to be hung up and filled with lead! What came to me? What made me such a fool? That's what I want to know. That's the great secret. . . . It wasn't a man. . . . He done me out of it. . . . He means to win the deal and you can't stop Him. . . . Boys, I'm going to preach you a sermon on the moral of this day's proceedings. . . . I started in to be a bad man like the rest of you. . . . I took the broad path because I thought I was a man and not a snivelling, canting, turning-the-other-cheek apprentice angel serving his time in a vale of tears. . . . Why did I go soft? What's *this* game that upsets *our* game? For seems to me there's two games bein' played. Our game is a rotten game that makes me feel I'm dirt, and that you're all rotten dirt as me. T'other game may be a silly game; but it ain't rotten. When I played it, I cursed myself for a fool, but I lost the rotten feel all the same. . . . What about the croup? It was early days when He made the croup, I guess. It was the best He could think of then; but when it turned out wrong in His hands, He made you and me to fight the croup for Him. You bet He didn't make us for nothing, and He wouldn't have made us at all if He could have done His work without us. By

Gum, that must be what we're for! . . . He made me because He had a job for me. He let me run loose till the job was ready, and then I had to come along and do it, hanging or no hanging. And I tell you, it didn't feel rotten: it felt bully, just bully. Anyhow, I got the rotten feel off me for a minute of my life; and I'll go through fire to put it off me again. . . . By Jiminy, gents, there's a rotten game and there's a great game. I played the rotten game; but the great game was played on me; and now I'm for the great game every time. Amen." We cease quoting with this: "There is no single fact about human nature to which one may quote such a unanimous testimony from all great literature as to this fact: that the soul of man lies open, with an incurable openness, to the challenge and appeal of the holier way. It is this very idea, and the fertility of his application of it, which for myself I have always held to be the distinctive message of Robert Browning. Caponsacchi can go on living his double life with only slight spasms of discomfort, until one day he sees the sweet pure face of Pompilia. Whereupon the world begins to give way under him. Away along the corridors of his life tapers begin to light up the darkness. The life he had been leading becomes in one moment impossible forever. Sebald could still hold down the man of God within him, could still confuse his conscience with reasons and examples from the behavior of the world, until Pippa went by that spring morning, singing. Whereupon there was kindled in him, and through him in Ottima, a moral fire which made death more desirable than one further hour of the old dishonor. Ned Bratts and his wife could brazen out the disgrace and punishment of this and that, until, in Bedford Jail, they met John Bunyan, who took down 'the Blessed Book' and spoke to them about God, about Christ, about forgiveness; whereupon it was with them also as if something had been killed forever, and something had been born."

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Society and Prisons. By Thomas Mott Osborne. 8vo, pp. 246. New Haven: Yale University Press. Price, cloth, $1.35 net.

A new and better day has dawned for the unfortunates in our penal institutions, and Mr. Osborne is one of the pioneers, who at serious cost to himself has ushered in this more humane era. His reinstatement as warden of Sing Sing was the result of a victory over the powers of evil—political and otherwise. In connection with this notable event a complete psychopathic clinic was installed at Sing Sing by the Rockefeller Foundation. Its business will be to examine all the prisoners and separate the feeble minded and degenerate from the normal, and thus place the work of prison reform on a scientific and Christian basis. A recent examination by this clinic showed that three convicts were suffering from delusions of persecution; they were promptly sent to the Clinton Prison at Dannemora. This noteworthy advance is of the utmost importance to the preacher because it unfolds a modern method of approach to the outcast

which is in perfect accord with the spirit of Jesus Christ. It is a practical application of what Dr. Hyde has so fascinatingly described in his recent Yale lectures on preaching as "The Gospel of Good Will." One of the chapters of this remarkable volume is on "Restoration to Good Will: Repentance and Forgiveness." It is prefaced by a passage from a speech by Mr. Osborne delivered to the inmates of Auburn Prison when he was chairman of the commission on prison reform. Dr. Hyde's exposition indorses Osborne's principle that the purpose of imprisonment should not be punishment but reform, of a kind that will restore self-respect to the prisoner and send him into society, not as an outcast, but as a respectable citizen. According to a statement published in 1914 by the United States Census Bureau there were in 1910 no less than 2,823 penal institutions, from which 476,468 inmates were discharged. When it is remembered that the real prison problem is that of the recidivist, we are all the more interested in the methods of the new penology, whose aim is "the transformation of the prisoners from vindictive foes of society to its disciplined and well-disposed servants." This is the subject of Osborne's Yale lectures on the "Responsibilities of Citizenship." They breathe the enthusiasm of humanity which was first kindled to a live flame in the heart of the Son of man. He exposes the serious misconceptions which have prevailed concerning the criminal and makes a severe indictment in these burning words: "For, while there is no such thing as a criminal type, there is a 'prison type'; the more shame to us who are responsible for it. Forth from our penal institutions year after year have come large numbers of men, broken in health and spirit, white-faced with the 'prison pallor,' husky in voice—hoarse from disuse, with restless, shifty eyes and the timidity of beaten dogs. But these are creatures whom we ourselves have fashioned; the finished product of our prison system. These are what we have to show for the millions of dollars wasted and the thousands of lives worse than wasted because of our denial of common-sense and humanity." Osborne's contention is that the criminal is a perfectly natural human being, that he can be reclaimed, and that he should not therefore be foreordained to a life of wickedness and social perversion. He criticises those who still urge that it is useless to deal kindly with the prisoner, that appeal to their manhood is wasted, and that the old system of severity, stupidity, and brutality is all that society owes to the criminal. He justifies his sharp criticisms by offering numerous illustrations in support of his better thesis. Chapter II on "Courts and Punishment" reveals a condition of affairs which are in themselves criminal and which explain how the course of justice has been so frequently thwarted. The next chapter is a searching discussion of the ineffectual attempts to deal constructively with the prisoner, due largely to ignorance of his character, vagueness concerning the nature and purpose of punishment, and the indifference of society to these wards of the State. Mr. Osborne obtained his information of prison life at first hand by serving one week as a voluntary convict with one of the roughest gangs in Auburn Prison. The story of this experience is given on pages 119-137. It throws a lurid light on conditions that should

never be tolerated. The Mutual Welfare League was organized by the prisoners of Auburn in the interest of self-government. One chapter is devoted to the activities of this organization, which has already done so much to restore confidence to the prisoner in his struggle back to citizenship. Its motto is "Do Good—Make Good," and what it has accomplished in Auburn and Sing Sing is an earnest of yet larger usefulness in these and other penal institutions throughout the country. The basic principle of the new penology is stated in these words: "The problem of crime is primarily neither a mental nor a physical problem, but a moral one. No man can be reformed except his conscience be quickened; unless there be established, either consciously or unconsciously, natural and healthy relations between the criminal and society—between the sinner and God. The successful prison system must approach the problem from the spiritual side; aiming to solve it by making men *feel* right." This last chapter is of the utmost value and should be carefully studied by all who are interested not only in the welfare of the criminal but in the general wellbeing of society. The advantages of the new system are: 1. In the matter of physical health no doctor's reports are necessary; the very appearance of the men speaks for itself. The slouching gait is gone; the prison pallor is gone; the hunted look in the face and the restless eyes are gone. Everywhere about the prison you see men who stand erect and look straight at you; men who can talk with you man-fashion. 2. The improved physical condition is accompanied by improved mental condition. 3. It is, however, the moral improvement that is the most wonderful thing of all. It is not merely that vice has been materially diminished; the very standards of conduct have undergone reconstruction. There is less drug and liquor traffic in Auburn and Sing Sing than ever before in the history of these institutions. Mr. Osborne closes with these optimistic sentences: "But we have not yet realized democracy; we have only made a very small beginning in the work of translating that glorious vision into practical reality. It is our duty, as Americans, to learn to apply the great underlying principles of democracy to all social problems: the family, the school, and college, the factory—and even the prison. The welfare system means a training in democracy; it means applied Christianity—for it is a practical effort to operate the prisons on the basis of the Golden Rule; and *it works*." This is one of the best books on the literature of penology, especially as it blazes a trail which leads prisoners to the City of God through the merits of the only Redeemer.

In Slums and Society. By Rev. James Adderley, Hon. Canon of Birmingham. 12mo, pp. 302. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, cloth, with portrait, $1.50 net.

Described by the publishers as "A book of friendly, intimate, and harmless gossip" about people and things in a long busy life, flavored with kindly and mellow humor. To the sub-title, "Reminiscences of Old Friends," might be added "and Enemies," though in many cases the enemies or opponents of this genial fighter became his personal friends.

A many-sided oddity Adderley is, an actor and friend of actors, an author and friend of authors, an Anglican clergyman in prominent ecclesiastical circles, a socialist with reminiscences running wide in so many different departments, from slums to high society. He speaks in the first person singular because reminiscences compel it, but wishes to call attention to the people he has met, not to himself. Of himself he says: "I am what Dean Farrar called a certain new-made bishop, 'A third-rate ecclesiastic.' Like the late Lord Lyttelton, 'I go third-class because there is no fourth-class.'" When Adderley was quite a little boy he made up his mind that he could not be a parson because he would never be able to give the blessing at the end of the service without a book. He used to wonder what he could do in and for the Church which he always loved. Robert Eyton's wonderful sermons converted him to a practical Christianity and made him offer himself for work in response to a call for helpers. Eyton set him to work as a lay district visitor. Adderley says: "I shall never forget my terror when I first knocked at doors to ask people to come to Church. A woman looked out of an upper window and shouted: 'Well, young man, what do *you* want?'" The author thinks that if the poor are visited thus, so should the well-to-do be. Bishop Wilkinson when vicar in Eaton Square insisted on his curates visiting the rich. One curate on entering a handsome house was ushered respectfully into the midst of a select circle of ladies and gentlemen and began at once, "Do you have family prayers?" Another curate stormed the proprietors of the shops and warehouses in their places of business all over the parish. When Adderley concluded that he was a failure as a district visitor he wrote to "Father" Goulden, the ritualistic rector of Saint Alphege's parish in Southwark, London, offering himself for work. He says, "Goulden had no mercy on the neophytes among his church workers. He planted me down in charge of a club of rough boys with orders to manage them. Those boys were simply terrors. I could not keep them in order. But in the rough discipline they gave me and in my other work I learned much that stood me in good stead in after years. I also learned from dear 'Father' Goulden to combine the best in evangelicalism with the best in ritualism, as the most successful of the ritualists have done, they being intensely bent on the conversion of souls through earnest Gospel services." Goulden was called a Methodist and Adderley, who was called Methodist in Who's Who, says, "It was 'Father' Goulden who made me so, and I thank him for it. It has always kept me in sympathy and fellowship with Nonconformists. The happiest moments of my life have been when fraternizing with the Free Churches, and participating in their services. A Nonconformist minister wrote a book, The Bitter Cry of Outcast London. That book was the turning point of my career. It pleaded the pitiable need of the neglected East End of London, its frightful physical and moral condition. It roused even the universities and the aristocratic West End. Toynbee Hall was started, and Oxford House soon after. Then I wrote to my dear friend Scott Holland and told him I would like to go there. When I went to him to receive advice about working at Oxford House in the slums, he

offered a beautiful prayer over me, asking Him 'who was always loyal to the Father' to bless me and help me in my work." Adderley became head of Oxford House. C. G. Lang was a law student and a Presbyterian. Through lecturing at Oxford House he was led to join the Church of England and prepare for the ministry. When vicar at Portsea he used to have a blackboard in the pulpit and teach the congregation like children without making them feel they were being treated as such. When he had to preach before the Duke of York (now King of England) Lang was told the Duke did not like missionary sermons; so he preached a good strong one on foreign missions. Within a little over twenty years this Presbyterian law student became an archbishop in the Anglican Church. Our author says, "Lang is one of the few who can preach a really good sermon. His sermons are intelligible and intensely practical, at times eloquent. His exposition of Scripture is almost unrivaled. He owes this power to his Presbyterian training, for none knows so well as the Scotsman how to expound. And Lang is also a real orator. Moreover his spirituality is intense. Having to deal officially with a refractory person, he said afterward, 'I felt I could not ask that man to kneel down and let us pray about the matter.' He feared there would be no real response in the man and it would do no good. Lang has all the strong religion of a Scotsman combined with the love of souls which produces the faithful pastor." When the Assembly of the Scottish Church heard of Lang's advancement to a bishopric it wired him, "Come back to us and all will be forgiven." Canon Adderley says, "I have never been so important a person as in those early days at Oxford House. I was the 'ecclesiastical young man' beloved by bishops and church ladies. I was asked to address all sorts of meetings, and was looked upon as a sort of freak—the fellow who might be living in luxury in Belgravia but preferred to live with poverty in Bethnal Green." When the saintly Dr. King first made his bow to an Oxford audience as a bishop, he told them how the Church should treat the poor in the slums. This is part of what he said: "I was wondering where to find a text for my sermon to-night. All my books are packed up. But in my room there was a match-box, and on it was printed 'Rub lightly.' That's it. Beware of the ecclesiastical 'must.' You must rub, but it must be a light rub." When Dr. King was tried for excessively ritualistic practices an American said, "You English are a funny race. You don't often get a saint, but when you do you try to put him in prison." In his diocese Bishop King fascinated the plowboys and farmers. One of them said: "I war cuttin' turnups t'other morning, and they were that awkward, an' I broke out swearing; but then I remembered what t'old bishop said when I war confarmed, an' so down I plunged on my knees among t' turnups an' prayed to be forgiven." Once a Salvation Army officer attended the church service called Evensong; and when the giggling choir boys were singing the words, "Have mercy upon us miserable sinners," he cried out, "Turn us all into good shouting saints, Lord." Our author regards Canon Scott Holland as "the greatest prophet and priest of the Anglican Church." "He is very much alive, one who may

be called the Peter Pan of the Church—the boy who never grows old. Right through all the dreary days of Huxley and Wace, of Temple and the older Kensit, of Liddon and 'Lux Mundi,' of Henson and the Christian Social Union, up to the days of Chesterton and Dr. Saleeby, Redmond and Carson, Lansbury and Lloyd George, Asquith and the Pankhursts, Dr. Holland lives and laughs and loves, and never quarrels with any one. We cannot forgive the tame asses of the desert who cannot detect the tremendous earnestness beneath his fun. His fun is really the exuberance of his Christian joy and hope. He is being 'saved by hope.' He cannot help laughing at a politician floundering in theology; a comfortable statesman looking for votes while the poor are looking for bread; a Radical minister persecuting people for their opinions; or a bishop seriously alarmed because we do not have 'Matins at 11.0' in Tibet, or expound the Act of Uniformity to the Fiji Islanders. [The Bishop of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, preaching to Indians on the reservation actually chose as his subject Apostolic Succession.] British anti-Socialists who do not go to church, but are terrified by reports of continental atheism; political Liberals who have forgotten all their principles of religious equality; the old gentlemen at the Carlton Club who see the pope and his cardinals lurking beneath the folds of an Anglican chasuble; Secularists who, with ponderous mid-Victorian arguments, declare that Christianity is played out—at all these and many others Dr. Holland just smiles and goes on his way, 'walking and leaping and praising God.' He will never give in. He will never despair. All will come right, not, of course, by 'muddling through,' but by active, energetic life which is bubbling and pushing and means to come out. This is what makes him the greatest of all our speakers on foreign missions." Adderley further says of Holland, "He has the mind of a poet." Read this description of spring: "No! There is nothing in the world more beautiful than the coming of spring on an English countryside. Each year we doubt whether it can be so absolutely enthralling as the records in our memory assert. And then right in our face the whole miracle is done again. It is flung at us in its infinite variety, in its rollicking exuberance, in its unstinted and immeasurable splendor. Our former language, excited and ecstatic as it was, turns out to be miserably inadequate to the actual facts which laugh it down into humiliating insignificance. That glow of the gleaming green on the larches is far beyond our finest remembrance of its fascination. The yellow flush on the willows, the purple tufts of the poplars, the sudden outbreak of the hazels, the shimmering glory on the birches, the sheen of the sunlight on the deep lawns of grass. These are what they were when 'the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' And the cherry-blossoms are unimaginable, humming with the live music of the bees. And the sweet breaths of air positively pulse with the song of nightingales; and the dome of heaven rings with the crowded gladness of the lark: and the wise thrush 'recaptures' with overwhelming success 'his first fine careless rapture' and sings and sings it over and over again, as if his and your delight in it could never end." Dr. Joseph Parker called Canon Knox

Little the greatest Anglican preacher of his day, a wonderful teacher of the simple gospel. When this Dean of Manchester started revival services (called a Mission) in his cathedral, he chose Knox Little to be the revival preacher. Multitudes crowded the cathedral and hundreds made their first confession of faith in Christ. Canon Adderley says: "The stories of this great Mission are a romance in themselves. Omnibuses full of people singing hymns on their way to church; hotels emptied during the luncheon hour because the lunchers were hungering and thirsting after something better which they had gone to the cathedral to partake of; enemies of the Church converted into the stanchest of friends; hard-headed business men flocking to the Sacrament—these are only some of the incidents of that great revival." A Methodist revival in an English Episcopalian Cathedral! Are some Episcopal Churches more Methodist, more aggressive and outreaching after souls, than some Methodist churches are? Robert Dolling was a slum parson at Portsmouth. He was a friend of Father Tyrrell. They each had a burning love for souls, Tyrrell for the harassed doubter and Dolling for the tempted and the outcast in all ranks of society. "Authorities" never understood either of these two men. "They would not let him preach the gospel, and now they won't let me," said Tyrrell once, looking at Dolling's portrait. Adderley says, "Dolling was a genius. It is pathetic that he should have had to speak of his mother the Church of England as 'having a perfect genius for destroying enthusiasm.' Bob was a difficult person for the Anglican mother to manage. It is a sad thing that his wonderful work came to an untimely end. The authorities lost a treasure to the Church when they allowed him to go. He had the most extraordinary personal influence of any man I have ever met. Men and boys of all classes simply surrendered to him because they could not resist. He had an intense love which conquered all. Of course such a man could not be constrained by rules, and the Prayer Book is a very provoking book to any priest who wants to save souls. A parson who is filled with the Spirit and longs to get at the souls of poor and rich does find himself handicapped by our antiquated forms." Dolling dared to conduct revival services without the Prayer Book! A heinous offense! Of Philip Napier Waggett the author says, "When Aubrey Moore passed away Waggett was the only man who could succeed to his position in the Church as its best apologist on the side of science and theology. It is his skillful, artistic way of putting things which makes him so powerful an apologist. To him the truly scientific way of apologetic is not by logical reasoning but by experiment. I remember his once telling me that a scientific man is always much more impressed by the holy life of a saint than by any arguments from the professional apologist. He was always a little impatient when people asked him for scientific reassurements in order to bolster up their religion. 'The truly religious man does not want to know why he stands on his hind legs when he prays by the graveside of his wife, but whether he is going to see her again.' All the same, I think Philip is a little provoking sometimes. There are people who are beset by the over-confident unbelievers who tell

us that nearly all scientific men are atheists, and we rather like to have a Cowley Father who can show cause why you can be scientific and Christian at the same time. Of course it is the fashion to say that the quarrel between science and religion is all over now that Queen Victoria is dead, but if you live near factories you cannot feel quite so sure about that." Of Oscar Wilde the author says, "He was a genius in the sense of Sir Herbert Tree's new definition, 'An infinite capacity for not having to take pains.' Yet he must have put himself to a good deal of trouble to think out many of his epigrams, as he also did to prepare his correct costume before going to a party. The quickest repartee he ever made was, I should imagine, when he declared that there was no subject on which he could not speak at once, and some one suggested 'The Queen!' 'She's not a subject,' said Wilde. He was always brilliant, even in prison. I was with him at Reading Jail the day before his release. He was naturally very much excited at the prospect, and chattered away poetically about God's beautiful earth and sea in which he was once more going to revel. 'But think,' he said, 'that I have now got to live for a year on what I used to spend in one week!' He declared that he had learnt a wonderful thing, called 'humility,' during his time in prison, and then sampled it by speaking of his prose as 'the finest prose in the English language with the exception of Pater's.' The nicest thing he said to me was at the beginning of our interview. 'Have you ever visited a prisoner before?' I was obliged to confess that I had not. 'Then, bad as I am, I have done one good thing. I have made you obey your Master.'"

Commencement Days. A Book for Graduates. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. 12mo, pp. 257. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

The New World. By HUGH BLACK. 12mo, pp. 240. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

THESE two volumes are addressed to the youth in our colleges and universities and, indeed, to all thoughtful young people of the adolescent period. Dr. Gladden writes from a friendship of two generations of college and university graduates, to whom he has frequently spoken on commencement seasons, always giving them of his best thought. Some of the choicest of his choice utterances on such occasions are found in this volume. The burden of his discourse is an exposition of Paul's words, which we give in the forceful translation by Weymouth: "Whatever is true, whatever wins respect, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovable, whatever is of good repute—if there is any virtue or anything deemed worthy of praise—cherish the thought of these things." Dr. Gladden is one of the veteran preachers of the United States who has remained young by constant interest in life, and by keeping abreast of the thought and aspiration of the times. These addresses on ideals and standards touch the right note and summon the rising generation to the spiritual heroism and sacrificial service of Jesus Christ. Here are a few

sentences from the chapter on "Castles in the Air": "Experience is a good teacher, her lessons are well worth heeding, but she is by no means infallible. Patrick Henry is reported to have said that he knew of no way of judging of the future but by the past. That was an unguarded saying. Was there no prophetic soul in this fiery orator, dreaming of things to come which the past had never seen? The future grows out of the past as the plant grows from the seed, but you can hardly judge by looking at the seed what the plant shall be. . . . All progress, all reformation of men or societies, all millennial hopes and aims spring from the belief that the thing which hath *not* been is the thing that shall be, and that the thing which hath not been done is the thing that shall be done. And this thing which the past has not seen and the future is to see, this thing that haunts our imagination and kindles our hope, that abides in the realm of the ideal and has not yet been realized, that is still a castle in the air waiting for its foundation—this is one of the great forces of progress, one of the mighty strongholds of freedom and righteousness." In a spirit of healthy catholicism he deals with art, poetry, music, literature, books, and reading, in the light of the needs of youth, and says much that is thought-provoking and which kindles the spirit toward the heights heroic. He warns against the "sectarianism of culture," which is one of the snares of the specialist. "The man of science often sneers at philosophy and history and literature; and they of the other guilds undervalue his pursuits. But we must not disparage any of these." A chapter of special value to the preacher is on "Some Things I Have Learned." The first lesson was the value of punctuality. "It is, indeed, a valuable moral lesson. The lack of promptness and punctuality is a serious fault. It is a bad kind of selfishness. The indolence or carelessness which makes you tardy is a species of self-indulgence. It is not honest." Another lesson was the value of work, and that hard work is good for the health. Another was that it pays for an employee to do his level best all the while for his employer. The best wisdom that he has won in his life work is expressed in these terse sentences: "One thing I am resolved upon: I will not be a sponge or a parasite. I will give an honest equivalent for what I get. I want no man's money for which I haven't rendered a full return. I want no wages that I haven't earned. If I work for any man, or any company, or any institution, I will render a full, ample, generous service. If I work for the city, or the State, or the nation, it shall have my best thought, my best effort, my most conscientious and efficient endeavor. No man, no body of men, shall ever be made poorer by their dealings with me; if I can give a little more than I get every time, in that shall be my happiness. The great commonwealth of human society shall not be the loser through me. I will take good care to put into the common fund more than I take out." This is certainly excellent counsel, and wherever it is followed will make for the establishment of truth and peace. A good address is that on "Short Cuts," whose appeals are both wholesome and timely. The conclusions on the subject of books are worth quoting: "So far as you are able, read your own books. Read the great books carefully. Choose your books as you choose your companions, with a clear view of

what they are able to do for that which is best in your nature. Within the boundaries of sanity and decency cultivate a catholic taste." From this book of healthy suggestions for the practical guidance of life, we turn to Hugh Black's contribution. We take this opportunity of expressing our satisfaction with his decision to remain in this land and not accept the call to the City Temple pulpit, which is acknowledged to be one of the greatest preaching places in the English-speaking world. He is surely rendering a large service in our colleges as well as in the various churches of the country, where he always has interested audiences to listen to his sturdy messages of faith and optimism. This volume is the result of interviews with college youth. Its purpose is to understand the causes of unrest in the religion of our time, to enforce the need of restatement, and to indicate the lines of the probable statement. The breakdown of faith is not confined to any section or church. In one university he dealt with a Jew by blood but not by faith, who confessed to him that his parents belonged to an Ethical Culture Society which had nothing in it for him. In another university he met a student who had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and belonged to a pious family, but he found himself out of sympathy with the dogmas with which he had associated Christianity, and in consequence was desolate in spirit. In a State university, a young woman student, of Puritan ancestry, came to him in similar distress. These typical cases could be duplicated a hundred times. The discussions in this volume have these troubled souls in mind, and we are confident that these lucid interpretations of life in its central and vital interests will revive, restore, and impart faith where it does not exist. On the acid of criticism he says: "We have to beware of the paralyzing effect of criticism on religion, and this is to be done by realizing the limitations of all criticism. We can see this paralysis in literature and art when criticism is allowed too large a place. A poet may be so finical about the right words, so afraid to venture anything, so concerned about perfecting his poetic apparatus, that he can produce nothing, or when he does it may be refined away to mere elegances of speech without virility, without thought, without any spiritual meaning. . . . In all art, such as the interpretation of beauty in painting, or the interpretation of thought by writing in literature, or by speech in oratory, the first and chief factor is intuition. It is not attained by analysis, by criticism, by resolving the thing into its component parts. It is creative, constructive, a great emotion which opens the eyes to the beauty or the truth." He honestly faces the doubt and anxiety of troubled souls and optimistically concludes that spiritual interests are paramount, and that Jesus the Master of the spiritual world is the assurance to us of eternal things, the assurance of God.

Child Study and Child Training. By William Byron Forbush. 12mo, pp. vii+319. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1, net.

A great many books have been published since Horace Bushnell wrote his epoch-making book on "Christian Nurture" in which he set forth the

principles of religious education with prophetic insight. That was in 1847, but since then how numerous and even radical have been the social and industrial changes, and with what subtlety the enemy has been plowing towards the home! Dr. Forbush has written a great deal on the problems of youth and the forces that are working for the betterment of American young people. We mention with special appreciation "The Coming Generation." His latest volume has in mind the needs of parents who are really the teachers of their own children and who must be instructed how best to discharge their sacred responsibilities. The emphasis is laid throughout these chapters on the central significance of the home and its cooperation for the wellbeing of the Church and the advance of Christ's Kingdom. The guidance that is necessary cannot come from indefinite generalizations, pious lamentations that things are bad, or pessimistic outbursts which reflect favorably on the good old times. The new day has its own set of problems, and the most pressing have to do with a closer relationship between the home, the church, and the day school. All this is carefully discussed here, with practical suggestions how best to promote the highest efficiency and the best interests of the family. The pastor who is keenly concerned in this question will find this book of the greatest help; parents will be grateful for its specific considerations; teachers in the day school and the Sunday school will find it most suggestive. Here is a paragraph from the chapter on "What Complete Parenthood Involves": "Each period of childhood brings its own special joys to parental life. The hour of the annunciation has been to many a young man and woman the first sacred contact with reality. The months of waiting are the first experience in meeting a situation which one's own will and efficiency are powerless to control. They represent a veritable waiting upon the fates. The day of birth is the most poignant single experience which man or woman ever faces. Its happy culmination is life's most solemn joy. The pathway of growth along which a young child passes is even to the most unobservant an unbelievable path of light. Adolescence, which has become almost a cant word, is, in fact, the Golden Age. It is followed by a few years, too few, of real companionship with the maturing man. Then comes the excitement of parting, for college, for new fields of work, for a new home, and then the living of life over again in our children's children." From the chapter on "What the Body has to do with Character," we quote a timely warning. After referring to the temptations of our age to stimulate the passions through art and dress and social pleasures, he writes: "This renaissance of bodily pleasures is peculiarly dangerous to the young. The glories awarded by the newspaper press even to high school athletes would turn the heads of anchorites. A life set to the pace of the automobile, to the time of the dance and the exhilaration of football and the hunt does not easily plod on the ways of duty, sanity, and service. It is hard for warm-blooded, virile, and passionate youth to live chastely in a perfumed, sensual, and even degenerate atmosphere. A social atmosphere in which men of middle age can play with comparative safety is maddening or deadening to high school boys and girls." What havoc is being wrought in society by its

false standards has been recently exposed in "The Thirteenth Commandment," by Rupert Hughes, which turns the searchlight on the twentieth century as Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" lashed the sins of the early nineteenth century. The titles of some of the chapters suggest the character of the problems which are discussed, from the standpoint of parents and their children's needs. "Habit-Forming," "Will-Training," "How to Teach a Child to Pray," "Parents' Problems connected with the Day School," "Certain Common Faults of Children," "Amusements and Social Life," "Money," "When the Children Become 'Young People,'" "Vocational Guidance," "The Church and Her Children," "The Goal: Service for the Kingdom." The book brings out the thought repeatedly that parents must live *with* their children in healthy companionship, which is a far deeper matter than living *for* them, and, moreover, more difficult. The responsibility which this involves and the dangers from which the children may be saved are impressively shown. "It is because of the emotional as well as the physical tension of the time that we need to study the problem seriously (of establishing favorable conditions), not only as individual parents, but also to unite in groups sufficiently strong to create public sentiment against the wearying and precocious social demands upon young people's lives in our communities to-day. The parent who tries alone to segregate his own children from such social opportunities as are expressed by the continual round of parties, school dances, automobile trips, theater parties, moving picture shows, has an ungracious and almost impossible task. It is all the more difficult because the restless youth has for a time seemed to outgrow his quiet home, whose resources are with difficulty extended to represent all the excitement and hospitality he craves." The briefly descriptive reading references at the conclusion of each chapter offer guidance for more extended study. The laboratory experiments are intended to aid discussion in parents' classes. The whole question demands serious attention and Dr. Forbush has furnished the best book dealing with it.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

William Newton Clarke. A Biography, with Additional Sketches by His Friends and Colleagues. 8vo, pp. viii+262. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $2 net.

THE life of a quiet scholar and thinker does not have the elements of a man of action, and those who determine personal worth by spectacular tests may conclude that there is in it nothing to record. That this is a popular fallacy can be illustrated by this biography of Doctor Clarke, whose contributions to Christian theology have produced great and beneficial effects. "He was never strong, and the most of his energy went into his work. His life was uneventful, and with the exception of seven years in Canada, it was spent in country places. He was deeply interested in public affairs, and his opinions on social and political questions were

clear and decided and freely expressed. He was in sympathy with all efforts for the removal of unjust and injurious conditions, and worked throughout his life for the uplifting of humanity, yet he was never prominent as the exponent of any movement or cause. In his case no materials existed for a stirring or picturesque biography. From first to last he kept the even tenor of his way, loving the work to which he was called, and doing it easily and with joy." His concise description is a fitting introduction to the story of his life and work, which is written without sentimental eulogy but with a dignity and quietness worthy of the subject of the sketch. Mrs. Clarke has done her work well. The second part of the volume is equally satisfactory. It consists of testimonies and estimates which will be greatly appreciated by those who are familiar with Doctor Clarke's writings, and which will also create a desire in others to become familiar with his most helpful books. It is interesting to read that his early training was received at Cazenovia Seminary. We quote with pleasure what he wrote about our beloved Bishop Andrews, of affectionate memory, in connection with the semi-centennial celebration of Cazenovia in 1908. "I have two visions of Professor Andrews, as we called him then. I see him as he stood addressing us on our graduation day, July 15, 1858, in the old stone Methodist Church, with the platform between the front doors. Handsome, flashing, eloquent, he gave us wise counsel out of a warm heart, and bade us farewell. I see him again as I saw him for the last time, in New York, after he had lived a long life of high service—handsome still, but far more, a lovely presence, serious, dignified, graceful, beautiful in a ripe old age." We must quote another short paragraph, for it has a close relationship with the work which Doctor Clarke so excellently accomplished, and we are grateful to know that Methodism had a share in it. "I have sweet remembrances of the tender and beautiful religious revival that occurred in the spring of 1858, in my last term. My own religious experience then began, in meetings of the young men in the old western building, replaced by the present Callanan Hall. Very delightful are the memories of that time." He worked with industry but without anxiety. His purpose was to be spiritually serviceable to the spiritual needs of all and so he appealed with directness and met with prompt and grateful response. He realized that religion had been too much intellectualized and that there were many who were out of sympathy with current religious thought but who had not yet found spiritual satisfaction. He thus became a reconciler and was peculiarly qualified for this difficult task by his sympathetic comprehension of everyone's point of view. He faithfully discharged his mission and enabled many to adjust their religious thought to the changed conditions of the modern world. Professor Fosdick's testimony is true of others: "There are doubtless many who can say, as I can, that but for Doctor Clarke they would not be to-day in the Christian ministry. When the old theology was clashing with the new, and bitterness was deeply felt upon both sides; when, watching the conflict, the young men of undergraduate years saw clearly that for them it was no longer a question of old or new theology, but of new or no theology,

Doctor Clarke stood as the proof to us that it was possible to be a Christian and reasonable, a disciple and a modern man, at once devout and intelligent. How many of us came to look to him as our spiritual godfather! How many of us are chiefly thankful for this, that he did not leave us to be driven from faith and the church by reactionaries, but made it possible for us to become in the new generation preachers of the Gospel of Christ." It was inevitable for such a teacher to be misunderstood, and even be regarded in some circles as a pernicious perverter of Christian truth. He however remained patient and cheerful, sustained by his unfailing trust in God and his consciousness of the divine presence. His theology was the product of reflection and experience, and yet he was familiar with the best writings in his own and kindred fields of thought. It is this experimental note which is one of the most refreshing features of his books; to this must be added the clear style, the lucid reasoning, the logical arrangement, the simple exposition, which distinguish a master of thought and language. "The spiritual reality that constitutes the heart of Christianity is a divine, holy life in the soul of man, making him a new creature in holy love and godliness." This concise sentence, which was once uttered in the class-room, expresses the deepest convictions of this noble teacher who had the prophet's gift of vision and the mystic's sense of certainty. He once said that if he was arranging the work of a theological school he would put first of all, for beginners, a course in "What the Bible Is." How he reached such a conclusion is memorably described in his volume, "Sixty Years with the Bible." This record of the experience of one who was a student, lover, and user of the Bible relates the processes through which he passed until he came to see that this sacred volume must be read with a sense of its historical and spiritual perspective. By the side of this autobiographical testimony, we would place "The Use of the Scriptures in Theology." Most valuable is the clear way in which he emphasizes that it is the Christian element in the Bible which must be received as the constituent matter into Christian theology. He goes on to explain: "That is Christian which enters into or accords with the view of divine realities which Jesus Christ revealed." Much confusion will be saved where this standard is accepted, and the preacher who makes a careful study of this little volume will be grateful for the expansion of view which it affords. One who walked with God consciously and easily as a man might walk with a familiar friend, and who also knew that the heart of theology is the doctrine of God in his relations with men, would presumably write on this subject with a degree of certitude. This is the case with Doctor Clarke's volume on "The Christian Doctrine of God," which is an interpretation not only in the light of the teaching of the Bible, but also of the Christian life of the centuries, and particularly of the Christian life and knowledge of our own day. Had space permitted we might have enlarged on these and other volumes and especially his latest on "The Ideal of Jesus," which is fittingly dedicated "To the Christian Brotherhood," and in whose chapters he unfolds with the discernment of love and the enthusiasm of loyalty the Master's whole revelation and testimony concerning the life of man. We congratulate

the younger preachers who are required to take for collateral reading and study in the fourth year: "An Outline of Christian Theology." It is indeed a volume which should be mastered by all preachers. Anyone who will read this life of one of the foremost Christian thinkers of our day, who was also a noble Christian saint, and then take up the careful study of his books which have been briefly described in this notice, will get a grip on the Christian message and be able to preach it for the benefit and blessing of needy souls.

The Self-Discovery of Russia. By J. Y. Simpson. 8vo, pp. 227. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $2 net.

There are many reasons why so much interest has been awakened in Russia. Shut off from the rest of the world by reason of distance, difficulty of access, language, political organization, and social conditions and habits, this country of extremes has at last had the veil lifted. This was done for the first time when she was defeated by Japan, but it has been since the European explosion that she has appeared in her true light. The exercise of the imagination is necessary to realize the vastness of the Russian Empire, which exceeds eight million square miles and has a population of one hundred and twenty-five millions with an annual birth-rate of three millions. Napoleon's prediction, that Europe will become Republican or Cossack in a hundred years, awaits fulfillment. Meanwhile strange results are coming out of the crucible of war, which are of the profoundest interest to those who are concerned in the spread of the Kingdom of God. An intimate study of Russian life and ideals has just appeared, written by Professor Simpson, of New College, Edinburgh, the successor of Henry Drummond, and author of "The Spiritual Interpretation of Nature." There is nothing of sentimental gush or vapid cynicism in these pages. The book is dedicated "to Russia, merciful in victory, patient and calm in tribulation, and with the vision to act and to endure." The first chapter discusses with knowledge and insight the possibilities of political freedom and self-government, on the basis of what has already been accomplished by the unions of the towns and zemstvos (county councils) in the interests of the war. The future political progress of Russia will largely depend on the way in which she learns the lesson of trustful cooperation between the people and the government. Indeed this is a lesson that every nation must learn, from newer points of view, for the democratization and Christianization of the world. An important section of this book is devoted to a scientific study of the prohibition of vodka in the villages and towns and the economic results which have already affected every aspect of human life. The chief witnesses to these desirable changes are the insurance agent, the physician, the trader, and large employers of labor. A few testimonies are worth quoting for the encouragement of those interested in the cause of temperance. An official correspondent declares: "I simply cannot describe the good results, because with the shutting of the government shops the people are as if they were

born anew, or as if they were freed from servitude, as it was in 1861." "One hundred million rubles per month used to be spent on vodka; to-day it remains in the economy of peasant life. On all hands the people demand that it shall be banished forever. The last speech I heard in the Duma was that of a peasant delegate insisting that the permanent prohibition of vodka be embodied in legal enactment now." A priest writes: "You cannot see hooligans. The women are grateful; the children rejoice. They all thank God for such good results of temperance. And I, priest of my Church, am rejoicing too, and should like permanent prohibition. Police houses of detention are empty now: there are no drunkards. The wild young people are quite calm and different, showing that vodka was the reason of their wildness." Another testifies: "You cannot see a woman now with bark shoes, nor children going to school in tatters. 'We have war and sorrow, but we have no wine: that is our joy,' say the women." It is acknowledged that the state revenue, the seven first months of 1915, showed a deficit of four hundred and sixty million rubles through the suppression of the liquor monopoly. It is also acknowledged that the beneficial consequences are incalculable in the industries and in all the strata of society. We can therefore confidently predict that an adequate adjustment will be made by the government, that means of education and entertainment will be provided, and that throughout this extensive prohibition territory there will be achieved a great triumph for the welfare of humanity. The progress of this cause deserves our most careful study, for which Professor Simpson furnishes valuable material. The chapter entitled "On the Galician Front" deals with the war situation and the *morale* of the Russian army, which is described as "the greatest democracy in the world." Sidelights of Russian traits are also given in this volume; those who desire to read a graphic description of Russian character under the thin guise of fiction will find it in "The Dark Forest," by Hugh Walpole. What will be the fate of nearly twenty-two million Poles is discussed with statesmanlike grasp in the chapter on "The Future of Poland." What is written about "Religion in Russia To-day" is nothing short of a revelation, even after allowance must be made for the enthusiasm of the author who does not take sufficient note of the brutal religious persecutions inflicted by the Oriental Orthodox Church of Russia on some of the religious sects like the Stundists, the "Old Believers," the Molokans, and the Doukhobors. On the subject of Christian union the following remarks were made to Professor Simpson by a Russian leader: "Inter-ecclesiastical history is much more important than international history, because the life of nations is limited to this earth, whereas a Church is a body constituted both on earth and in heaven. I often think about the question of reunion. It will come first between the Greek Church and Protestantism, not between Rome and the Greek Church. Churches like the Anglican Church and the Greek Church have more psychological affinity with one another than with Rome. Rome is based on subordination, whereas the Eastern Church is based on coordination. The Church of Rome is a monarchy and a despotism, whereas the Greek Church is a federation of fourteen different Churches, a sort of ecclesiastical republic.

In this matter of union no Church should be asked to cede something to the other. They must endeavor to recognize one another as perfectly orthodox, as true, that is, to Scripture and to the spirit and teachings of the Seven Ecumenical Councils." It is very gratifying to read of the spirit of longing shown by the priests of the Greek Orthodox Church for the revival and redemption of religious life generally. Among the laity "there are brotherhoods or unions of zealous orthodox souls who gather in special houses, listen to the preaching of particular priests, and sing evangelical hymns." All these are signs of the better day which will dawn not only for Russia but for the whole world.

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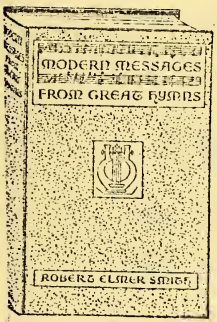

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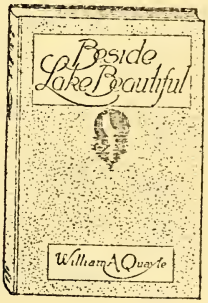

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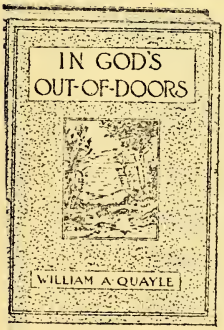

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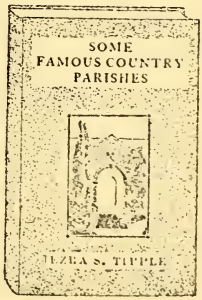

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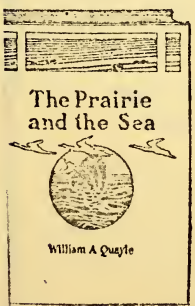

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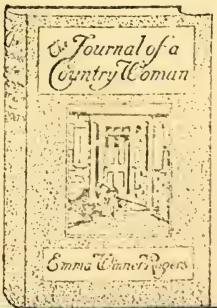

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WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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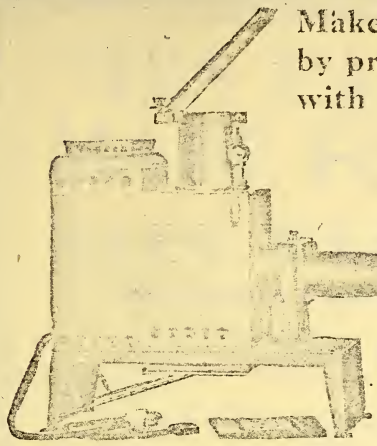

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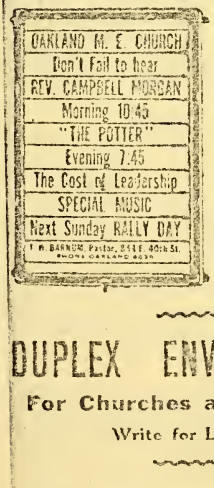

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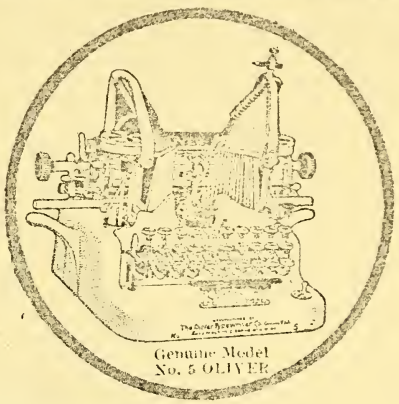

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